

MUSEUM

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1. *Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para, across the Andes and down the Amazon, undertaken with a view of ascertaining the practicability of a Navigable Communication with the Atlantic, by the Rivers Pachitea, the Ayali, and Amazon.* By Lieut. W. Smyth, and Mr. F. Lowe. 8vo. London, 1836.
2. *Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Marañon, or Amazon.* By Henry Lister Maw, Lieut. R. N. 8vo. London. 1829.

It is at least something to be able to say—*non cuivis hominum contingit, &c.*—it does not fall to the lot of every one—to have climbed and traversed, if not the very loftiest, at least the second, and by far the most lengthened chain of mountains, and also to have navigated the largest river, in the world. It is likewise true that Mr. Maw, when he launched upon the Amazon, was right in supposing himself to be the first British officer that had ever embarked on the main trunk of this mighty stream; and that Mr. Smyth may take the credit of being the second. But many other travellers of different nations had long ago preceded both; and among, or rather above the rest, we must not omit the name of Orellana, one of those daring Spanish hidalgos that embarked for the New World with Pizarro, and who, in quest of adventures, but chiefly of gold, crossed the Cordilleras from Peru in 1539, descended the Napo to its confluence with the Amazon, and then proceeded down the gigantic main stream to Para, on the Atlantic. After him was Pedro de Urson, who, in 1568, was sent by the viceroy of Peru in search of the golden lake of Parima, and the city of *El Dorado*, but was cut off by the hand of the rebel assassin Aguirre, who continued his course of murder and rapine in the descent of the great river, and finished his career by being hanged and quartered. Pedro Texeira, in 1638, ascended the Amazon from Para, and also the Napo branch as far as it was navigable, and returned the same way in company with two Jesuits; and M. de la Condamine, in 1743, came back from Peru by the same route.

The merit of the discovery of a passage from the

shores of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic, by means of this grand river, and one of its numerous affluents, belongs undoubtedly to Orellana, whose name ought, therefore, to have been conferred upon it; and so it undoubtedly would, had he not himself prevented it, by publishing an idle story of his having been attacked by a host of armed women, which his vivid imagination led him to proclaim to the world as the discovery of a new nation of Amazons. Such an unexpected adventure with a people, whose habits seemed to authorize the revival of a name celebrated in ancient lore, was quite enough, in those romantic times, teeming with new discovery, to transfer to this mighty river the appellation which it has borne ever since, though not without rival claims. The fact however is, that the first great branch, which takes its rise in the Andes, was the discovery of a Spanish captain of the name of Marañon, in the year 1513, and from him this name is also given to the whole river, indiscriminately with that of the Amazon. Lieutenant Maw's story, therefore, that the first discoverer had supposed it to be the ocean, but afterwards finding the water fresh, made use of the expression *Mare Non*, 'not the sea,' is equally correct with Swift's etymologies of *Archimedes*, *Alexander*, and the Roman God of War.

There is, however, another traveller in more recent times by this route, and a female too, the story of whose adventures and miraculous preservation is most extraordinary and romantic: and we shall not hesitate to give a concise sketch of it, as we believe it will be new to almost every English reader.* This lady was the wife of M. Godin des Odonais, the associate of Bouger and Condamine, in their operations of measuring a degree of the meridian, near the equator, in Peru. Family affairs having suddenly called M. Godin to Cayenne, his lady remained at Riobombo, in Peru, to take care of the property till his return. For many years, however, he applied in vain for passports from the Portuguese government:—such, indeed, was the jealousy existing at that time between the two crowns of Spain and Portugal, that it was not until he obtain-

* It is narrated in a letter written by the husband of the lady to M. de la Condamine, at his particular request, and printed in an edition of his "*Relation d'un Voyage*," &c. published at Maestricht.

ed, at the end of fifteen years, the intercession of the French minister, that the latter power was prevailed on to allow him to return to Quito by the route of the Amazon. It at length, however, granted him, apparently in a liberal spirit, an armed vessel to take him up the Amazon: but just at this time falling dangerously ill, he commissioned a person whom he thought trustworthy, to proceed in the vessel with a packet of letters for Madame Godin, acquainting her with the circumstances of the case, and desiring her to join him at Cayenne. The fellow, instead of proceeding to Quito, betrayed his trust, followed his own private affairs, turned over the packet to a reverend father Jesuit going to Quito, who gave it to another father Jesuit, who handed it over to a third—so that it never reached its owner.

Madame Godin, meanwhile, heard rumours of what was intended for her, and resolved at once to send a faithful negro in search of the man to whom the packet of letters had been originally entrusted. He found him, at a place on the river, trafficking on his own account. Having ascertained the fact, and that the Portuguese vessel was waiting at Tabatinga, the Portuguese frontier on the Amazon, she resolved at once to set out, attended by her two brothers and a nephew about ten years old, three female domestics, *meteses* or Indians, and a young student of medicine. She also took with her a French physician and his companion:—these were added to the party at the request of her brothers, who thought they might be useful on so long a journey, but the arrangement was in fact the main cause of all her misfortunes. The first proceeding was to cross the Cordilleras; and on arriving at Canelos, they embarked on the Borbonasa which falls into the Pastesa, as this does into the Amazon. The small-pox having visited Canelos, the whole population had fled, with the exception of two Indians, who undertook to navigate their canoe down the river;—but on the third morning they too had disappeared. The party, however, resolved to proceed, and the first day passed over without accident. On the second, they fell in with an Indian in a hovel made of branches, just recovering from a fit of illness, who consented to go with them, and to steer the canoe. On the third day, while trying to pick up the hat of the French doctor, the poor Indian followed the hat overboard and was drowned. The canoe, deprived of its helmsman, soon became unmanageable and was swamped, but the river being narrow the party all got on shore. Being only five or six days from Andoas, the Frenchman and his companion determined to make their way by land to that place, promising most faithfully that, in the course of a fortnight at farthest, a boat properly manned should be sent to bring the rest thither. Five-and-twenty days, however, having passed away without any tidings of release, they set about constructing a raft in the best manner they could—placed themselves, their effects, and what provisions they had saved from the canoe, upon it, and launched into the stream. The raft, being carried down it at random, soon struck against a sunken tree, upset, and all their goods went to the bottom, themselves escaping with difficulty. Madame Godin twice sunk, but was saved by the exertions of her brothers.

Their whole property, with every article of provisions, being destroyed by this accident, nothing now remained for them but to traverse on foot the bank of

the river, in the hope of reaching the missionary station of Andoas. The long, coarse grass, the thick shrubbery, and the multitude of creeping plants greatly impeding their progress, and the banks, moreover, winding so as much to prolong the journey, they determined to strike into the wood, in the hope of thereby shortening the distance; but in this attempt they were soon completely bewildered. Excessively fatigued from forcing their way through a thick forest, barely pervious even to its natives, their feet torn by briars and thorns, no sustenance remaining, oppressed by hunger and thirst, their only resource consisted in some seeds, wild fruits, and the palm-cabbage. At length, utterly worn out and exhausted, the lady's companions laid themselves down on the ground, from whence they were doomed never to rise again. "There," says M. Godin, "they were destined to wait for their last moments; and in the course of three or four days the men all expired, one after the other." Madame Godin, stretched by the side of the dead bodies of her brothers and servants, remained eight-and-forty hours in a state of stupor and delirium. At length a merciful Providence, which decreed her preservation, gave her courage and strength to crawl along, and seek for that safety which awaited her. She was almost naked; her clothes, torn in tatters by the thorns and briars, scarcely afforded her any covering; she had cut the shoes from her dead brother's feet, and attached their soles to her own.

It was on the ninth or tenth day (uncertain which) after this only surviving sufferer had quitted the place where she had beheld her brothers and domestics breathe their last, that she succeeded in reaching once more the shore of the Borbonasa. M. Godin says, what may well be believed—"The remembrance of the long and horrible spectacle of which she had been the witness, the horror of the solitude, increased by the darkness of the nights in the wilderness—the terror of death constantly before her eyes—a terror which every moment must have augmented—had made such an impression on her constitution, as to cause her hair to become grey." In traversing the woods she had happily fallen in with a few wild fruits, and some fresh eggs, apparently of a species of partridge, but owing to the long privation of food, it was with the greatest difficulty she could swallow.

Arriving on the bank of the Borbonasa, she saw two Indians launching a canoe into the stream. She asked them to take her to Andoas; they readily consented, received her with great kindness and conducted her in safety to that village. Here a poor Indian woman gave her a cotton petticoat, which, with the sandals made from her poor brother's shoes, her husband says, "she preserves with great care—mournful tokens, rendered dear to me as they are to herself." Having reached Laguna, Madame Godin's unfortunate situation received every attention, and this was unabated throughout the remainder of her long voyage to Cayenne.

It is now time we should revert to our two authors. Mr. Maw being about to return to England, from his majesty's ship *Menai*, of which he was one of the lieutenants, when on the coast of Lima in 1827, was informed that the Peruvian government and the British resident merchants were desirous of having the interior explored, more particularly that part of the Marañon which is contained within the limits of Peru; and he asked and obtained leave from the

senior officer in the Pacific to undertake a voyage down that river, conceiving that such an undertaking would suit himself better than a landsman, and that its accomplishment might essentially benefit his fortunes at a period when opportunities of obtaining distinction, or meriting promotion were rare.

A few years afterwards Lieutenant Smyth, having also obtained leave to return to England by the same route, was encouraged by the Peruvian government and the English merchants, to undertake the examination of a more specific and defined object than that of Lieut. Maw; his scheme was to proceed, in the first instance, to Mayro, to ascertain if the river Pachitea, which rises near that place, was navigable to its confluence with the Ucayali, by which, if found to be so, the most direct communication would be obtained from Lima to the Marañon or Amazon, and by that river with Europe; an object which the several Peruvian republics have considered of the first commercial importance. At present they have only the choice of two modes of conveyance for their produce, both of them objectionable; the one is by the long, circuitous and stormy voyage round Cape Horn—the other across the isthmus of Panama, requiring two transshipments of goods besides the land journey; the produce of the mines, moreover, must cross the Cordilleras before it can be shipped. Mr. Smyth's attempt will enable us to estimate the probable advantages of this third measure, though he did not accomplish all that was intended.

We may here state that, in crossing the Andes from Lima or Truxillo, these mountains are split into three Cordilleras; that the Marañon branch flows to the northward between the first and second chain; the river Huallaga, between the second and third, running parallel to the former; that beyond the third, the great river Ucayali sweeps through the immense plain of Santo Sacramento—and that all three in different places fall into the Amazon.

Mr. Maw and his companion departed from Truxillo on the 10th December, proceeded up the valley of the Chicoma, and having crossed the first cordillera, came to Caxamarca, celebrated for its hot springs, and for the residence of the Inca Atahualpa, who met the destructive Spaniards, carried on a throne of solid gold, which the Peruvians, to prevent its falling into the hands of the invaders, are said to have thrown into the crater of the *boiling springs*. The descendants of these invaders have in vain attempted to possess themselves of this and many other treasures, supposed to have been immersed in that boiling cauldron. From the summit of the cordillera, Mr. Maw got the first sight of that branch of the Amazon which gave to it the name of Marañon. "I cannot," says Mr. Maw, "conceive anything on earth or water could exceed the grandeur of the scenery; nor do I believe any person capable of describing it justly. The rain was clearing off, whilst a perfect and brilliant rainbow was extended across the river, which, about sixty yards in breadth, rushed between the mountains, whose summits, on both sides, were hid in the clouds, on which the extremes of the rainbow rested." Having crossed this river on a balsa or raft, Mr. Maw proceeded by land, for it is not navigable, to Toulea and Mayobamba, and embarking on the Cachi Yaco, which falls into the Huallaga, (or, as Mr. Smyth has it,

Huallaga,) he descended this river to its mouth, where it joins the Amazon at Laguna; and here we will leave him until we have traced the route of Lieutenant Smyth, who, proceeding from Lima, passed the cordilleras of the Andes, in a part where their peaked summits would appear to rise to a height much exceeding that where Lieutenant Maw crossed.

Lieutenant Smyth and his companion quitted Lima on the 20th of September, 1834. On the former part of their route they passed Concon, a ruined town of the Incas, the walls of which, of the height of nine or ten feet, are still standing. They slept at a *tambo*, a miserable sort of inn, where they were accommodated with a stone bed, an old chair, a table, a candle, and a bowl of vegetable soup, called *chupé*. The next day brought them to Santa Rosa de Quibé, a solitary post, where travellers are obliged to put up with a shed, and the annoyance of swarms of mosquitos and sand-flies; this place is stated to be 3766 feet above the sea. Next to this is the small village of Yaso, of about ten huts, a chapel, and a cemetery, at an elevation of 4803 feet. The road was now perilous—along the precipitous edge of deep ravines at one time, then at the bottom of defiles, with rapid streams working their way among large blocks of granite, and crossed here and there by bridges of logs. The next village was that of Obragillo, perched on an elevation of 8937 feet, containing about fifty families of Indians, with a slight mixture of Spanish blood, speaking a mixture of the Quichua (Peruvian) and Castilian languages; their houses built of mud, thatched, and without windows or chimneys. Here they were joined by three Peruvian officers, appointed by the government to accompany them as far as Mayro. Here also they made arrangements for six additional mules and their drivers, to transport their luggage to Cerro Pasco, on the eastern side of the Great or Second Cordillera, which they were about to cross.

The mountains now assumed a more rugged aspect, rising to stupendous heights; the ravines were rough and contracted, the air felt very cold; "and though," says Lieutenant Smyth, "we had put on warmer clothing on leaving Obragillo, yet still we felt the change sharply, and experienced what is vulgarly called the *veta* or *mareca* (sea-sickness), which is an acute pain passing through the temples to the lower part of the back of the head, and which completely disables the person affected." Beyond this is the village of Culluay, with about three hundred and fifty inhabitants. It is stated to be 11,991 feet above the sea, and yet stands at the bottom of a basin, surrounded by lofty mountain-peaks. Emerging from this ravine, they got sight of the highest point of the Cordillera, at that part of it where they were to cross. The view was most magnificent, and as they mounted towards the lofty summit, the thermometer in a hail-storm descended to 39°.

"We crossed several streams, and worked our way up to the top by zigzag paths, covered with large blocks of granite. After an hour's hard toil for the mules, we, at a quarter before three, gained the top or pass, called the Portachuelo de la Viuda, at an elevation of about 15,500 feet above the sea, the highest part of the mountain being 15,968. Here we saw beneath us mountains surrounding a beautifully transparent lake, over which a violent wind was driving huge masses of cloud. The

scene was inexpressibly grand, and the words of Campbell flashed across our minds, most beautifully verified,

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."
Smyth, pp. 27, 28.

In descending they were overtaken by a heavy snow-storm, which sunk the mercury in the thermometer to 31°. The ground was so completely covered with snow, and the road so execrable, that the mules could with difficulty keep their feet. They had a long and fatiguing ride, and wearied their eyes in looking out for a place called Casacancha, where they were to sleep; but instead of a village, as they had all along fancied it to be, it was neither more nor less than a single hut, perched on the side of a mountain, at the height of 14,381 feet above the level of the sea. They were now approaching the mines of Colquijiles, the first that were worked in the *Cerro*. "The account of the discovery of the existence of silver in this district is something like the story told of the discovery of the Potosi mine: it is, that a shepherd who was attending his flocks upon the *Cerro* made a fire at night, and in the morning found that several small pieces of silver had by its action been run together." This is a very old and oft-repeated story, and is something like that of the Phœnician discovery of glass; but we suspect that the heated embers of a few twigs are not equal to the melting of silver or the vitrification of sand. Not far from Pasco our travellers passed an establishment for the amalgamation of minerals, to which the ore is brought on llamas. The ancient Peruvians had neither mules nor horses, nor any other beasts of burden except the llama.

"We met several droves of llamas carrying the ore, and saw a great many more feeding on the plains: their load is 130 lbs., equal to half a mule load: they require very gentle treatment, and will not be driven by force, for when the animal becomes tired it will lie down, and nothing can move it; for this reason, on making long journeys, it is usual to take more than the number necessary for carrying the load, so as to be able to relieve the fatigued beasts."—Smyth, pp. 36, 37.

Cerro Pasco, we have frequently been told, is the richest mineral district in Peru, (that is, we presume, in silver); and the town of Pasco is situated on the western side of the second Cordillera, at the height, it is said, of 14,278 feet above the level of the sea. The population of the town varies according to the state of the mines: the average number may probably be from 12,000 to 16,000, but it is subject to great fluctuation. It has two squares, in one of which is a cathedral somewhat resembling an English barn; the streets are dirty and irregular; the suburbs a confused collection of mud cottages. "The mouths of the mines are frequently in the middle of the streets, which makes walking in the night very dangerous. They are sometimes enclosed in the courts and yards of the houses." The greater part of these, though perfectly useless and unproductive, are thus left unfilled up, to the nuisance and danger of the inhabitants. Lieutenant Smyth gives a dreadful account of the brutality of the miners, their riotous assemblages, fighting, and murders, which would appear from his description to be pretty much on a par with such like matters in Ireland—certainly not worse.

The sources of the Marañon branch are to the westward, and on the opposite side of the Cordillera to that on which *Cerro Pasco* is situated. The sources also of the Huallaga are not far from Pasco, and being yet a mountain-torrent, the road of our travellers was along its banks, in proceeding northerly. Equally near to Pasco, and to the southward of it, is the lake Chinchaycocha, which gives rise to the Jacua, one of the branches of the Ucayali. These three rivers, with their confluent streams, after watering some of the most fertile and luxuriant valleys and plains perhaps in the whole world, all swell the flood of the great Amazon towards the upper part of its course, but each of them at a distance from the others.

On the left bank of the Huallaga, and at some distance above it, stands the village of St. Rafael, at an elevation of 8764 feet above the sea. Ambo is another pretty little village, situated in the angle formed by the confluence of the Huacar with the Huallaga; it contains 400 or 500 inhabitants; the country about is well cultivated, enjoys a good climate, and produces most of the tropical fruits. The whole valley from hence to Huanaco is described as exceedingly beautiful, luxuriant in various kinds of vegetation, and abounding in fruit trees. This town, or city, as it is sometimes called, stands at an elevation of 6300 feet; it is an ancient Spanish town, having been founded in 1542, and the seat of a bishopric; it has one broad street of miserable-looking houses, with several cross-streets, containing mostly garden walls, with a few straggling houses intermixed. It contains, however, fourteen churches, including the cathedral, and a college, with two professors, and a foundation for thirty scholars—but that small number is not complete. The population, with that of Huascar and Valle, is estimated only at 10,000, with 1000 occasional wandering Indians; it is said the population remained stationary for 250 years previous to the revolution, and that this had been caused principally by the small-pox and debauchery. The climate is described as dry and healthy, the heat being allayed by a constant breeze from the north. Mr. Smyth mentions by name thirty-six different sorts of fruit, all of which he says are of spontaneous growth—eighteen different sorts of vegetables, besides sugarcane, coffee, and cocoa—wheat, barley, and Indian corn. The inhabitants are the descendants of Spaniards, Mestizos, and Indians. Under a settled government the valley of Huanaco might become an earthly paradise.

At Panao, it was necessary to change the mules and the Indians; but a panic had struck the latter on learning that the intention of the travellers was to proceed to Mayro; as far as Pozuzu they had no objection to go, but beyond that place they all positively refused to accompany the party. They set out, however, and were tardily followed by the baggage mules. The road through the ravines and along the precipitous sides of the mountains was most difficult and dangerous. The mules were in many places up to their bellies in mud; sometimes they had to climb up huge rocks, piled on each other like some gigantic staircase, and the descent on the other side was still worse; in some places large trees had fallen across the path, and in others the road was nothing more than a narrow ledge, with a wall of rock on one side and a deep precipice on the other; and at one point a waterfall, rolling over the rim of rock, threatened

to wash the traveller into the abyss below, not less than a thousand feet deep. In descending along a narrow pathway overlooking one of these horrid chasms, Major Beltran, a Peruvian officer, who had now joined the party, had a narrow escape for his life; his horse trod too near the brink; the earth gave way, and the poor animal fell about 1500 feet, bounding from rock to rock like a stone; the Major saved himself by an extraordinary exertion of dexterous activity. A print exhibits the horse falling headforemost into the gulf, while the Major is suspended over the yawning chasm, having, however, caught hold of the stump of a tree by which he was saved. A mule would have managed better than the horse. We forget whether it is Head, or Miers, or Caldecleugh, who gives an account of a mule, which in passing one of these ledges (called *luderos*;) slipped off, but having laid hold, in the fall, of the edge of the precipice with its teeth, was drawn up and thus rescued from destruction. But the loss of the Major's horse was not the only disaster that befell the party. A little beyond this spot the rest of the poor horses were reduced to such a pitiable state by fatigue and want of food, that three of them fell down the precipices, two of which were killed on the spot; the third fell among some small trees, and with great exertion was saved. We notice these accidents, to show the nature of the road which Mr. Smyth undertook to explore, in the view of opening a communication with the Ucayali, and of the conveyance of Peruvian produce down the great stream of the Amazon.

Arrived at Pozuzu, the party found that, so far from being able to prevail on the muleteers to accompany them to the port of Mayro, they had all deserted in the course of the night; and it was afterwards discovered that these deserters, having fallen in with fifteen Indians, which were sent by a Peruvian officer as a reinforcement, had prevailed on them likewise to turn back. A third set, to the number of twenty-five, had also been despatched, but not one of them made his appearance. It seems they all took alarm from numerous ill omens that had been spread regarding the expedition; some believed they would all perish; others, that no bridge would be found on their return from Mayro, and all of them, without any knowledge of the people of Mayro, said they were cannibals. It now, therefore, became too clear that the expedition must end at Pozuzu, and that they had before them the disagreeable prospect of being obliged to return on foot to Panao, a distance twice as great as they were then from Mayro. They lost no time, therefore, in setting out on their return, and on the 23d November, reached Huanaco, which place they had left on the 11th October.

They now determined to make the best of their way to the Amazon, by a more direct route, and for this purpose proceeded to Chinchao, where they embarked on the Huallaga in two small canoes. "The stream," says Mr. Smyth, "according to our measurement, ran about six miles and a half in an hour; the impediments to navigation consisted in drift timber, trees growing in the stream, and numerous *snags*, as they are called in North America;" to which we may add, the great number of *malpasos*, "bad passes," or rapids, which, like those in the North American rivers, require the canoes to be unloaded and their contents carried over the several portages; some of these falls in the Huallaga are reported to be very

dangerous. The length of this river from where it first becomes navigable, to its junction with the Amazon, cannot be less than 400 miles, of which 300 nearly abound with these evil passes; but the mountains that enclose it ending at Pongo, the river from thence is said to flow, without interruption, in an even stream to the Amazon.

A little above Pongo, the party entered the Chipurana, flowing from the eastward, and crossed over a narrow slip of land to the Catalina, which falls into the Ucayali at no great distance from Surayacu. Here they were desirous of communicating with Padre Plaza, who has long been at the head of the missions on that river; but here we must leave them for a moment to take a passing view of the supposed advantages of the route by the Pachitea, admitting it to be, as they were assured it was, navigable. It took our travellers twenty days from Lima to Huanaco, which Mr. Smyth estimates at 222 miles, over a continuous mountain country, rising from 3000 to 15,000 feet above the sea, encumbered and interrupted with every species of impediment, from rocks and precipices, ravines, torrents, and swamps;—from Huanaco, as far up the Huallaga, as it was expedient to strike off to the eastward, twenty-eight days;—and hence easterly to the mission of Surayacu, nine days; making the distance from Lima to Surayacu fifty-seven days. From this to the confluence of the Ucayali with the Amazon nine days, will make sixty-six days from Lima to this part of the great river; and from hence to Para, it occupied seventy-five days of navigation, making the whole distance from Lima to Para one hundred and forty-one days. Now it appears that the mean of five passages made from Callao (the port of Lima) to Rio de Janeiro, gave fifty-six days. If we take Para, therefore, at eighteen days beyond Rio, we shall find that, by crossing the country from Lima and descending the Amazon, we exceed the passage round Cape Horn by sixty-seven days, or very nearly double it. Had the party accomplished their object by the Pachitea, by Padre Plaza's estimate, they would have gained only three days. So much for this "new road to Peruvian commerce." In point of shortness, that by Panama into the Atlantic is not one third even of that round Cape Horn. If we examine Mr. Maw's route from Truxillo by the Marañon branch, and part of the Guallaga to the Amazon, and thence to Para, we shall find it employed him one hundred and thirty days. So that the route from Truxillo would not much differ in point of time; and the road pursued by Mr. Maw from thence to the Amazon is fully as bad, if not worse, as the following extract will show. Mr. Maw, after passing one of the bleak ridges of the Andes, and halting for the night in one of the uncultivated boggy valleys, says:—

"Here the muleteers gave us notice to prepare for worse roads. This at the time appeared to us scarcely possible; but we had not gone much farther when we were convinced they were correct. Sitting upright even on the saddles of the country was out of the question; ascending, we were obliged to lay ourselves along the mules' backs, and hold on; descending, it was equally steep; and what made it worse, the top of an ascent was scarcely gained, when the next step was jumping down again, consequently an instantaneous change of position was necessary. In getting up some of these places, and lying stretched along the mules'

backs, we appeared to be nearly upright: nor was steepness the only obstacle; some of these staircases were cut through cliffs, but so narrow, that in descending we repeatedly got jammed, and the sides so high that a person, when a few yards in advance, appeared rather to be going to the interior, than continuing along the surface of the earth. In other parts, branches of trees, particularly stout *sogas* (creepers,) caught our heads and necks; and it was necessary to keep a good look out to avoid being hanged by these growing ropes. Going down one of the steepest descents, a *soga* stretching across the path caught me directly in the mouth, which it forced open: fortunately it was not a strong one, and my biting it hard, and the strength and weight of the mule, broke it. Between the ridges were bogs, in which the mules sunk up to their bellies. Bridges over the mountain-streams were made of one large tree, flanked by two smaller ones. If our mules had not understood their business, and been as active and sure-footed as goats, we certainly could not have ridden. Mine had no bit, not having been accustomed to one, but she climbed up and jumped down with most extraordinary agility and sagacity. Her business was to go, mine to hold on!"—*Mau*, pp. 76, 77.

One other extract will suffice. After passing through the *Montana*, or wooded country, they came to a part of the road called the *Ventana* (the window,) the rock being nearly perpendicular, with a few narrow trenches cut in it for the mules' feet.

"We all dismounted, and scrambled down in the best manner we could. How the mules got down I am at this moment at a loss to conceive; the only one that I saw, for I got out of the way as quickly as possible, was my own. I had given her to one of the *arrieros* to hold until I was clear below, but he let her go rather too soon, and she tumbled past, still keeping her feet like a cat.

"I do not hesitate to say of this passage across the *Montana*, that, had I not been a witness to the contrary, I could scarcely have believed it possible for any animal to have carried a human being over it alive; and I think any other person who had seen the track would be of the same opinion. The road appeared to me to be badly made, worse kept, and absurdly chosen, as it varied repeatedly in its direction, even as far as from north to south, whilst, as far as I could judge, it passed over every ridge in the country. This remark, though not to so great an extent, I conceive to be generally applicable to the roads throughout Peru. Instead of following valleys or levels that occasionally lead to the eastward, and afterwards making nothing along the summits of some of the most even ridges, they wind about in almost all directions, whilst scarcely a ridge is allowed to escape crossing. This I suppose to proceed from two causes—first, the true positions of the cities not being known; secondly, that the Incas, having no cattle but llamas, and being accustomed to, and living on the mountains, did not feel the inconvenience of this kind of roads; and the Indians, who were employed to make the roads in the time of the Spaniards, not being properly superintended, naturally kept much to their old system."—*Mau*, pp. 79, 80.

We confess, therefore, we see nothing to be gained to the commerce or correspondence of *transalpine* Peru, by the very nearest approach they may ever be able to make to the great trunk of the Amazon—nay, not even for the valuable products of the mines on this side the Cordilleras, the conveyance of which by the rivers would only abridge the time from Lima by twenty days. But if the time by the mountainous

and river route from Lima be nearly the double of that round Cape Horn, what must the return be to Lima, against the streams, and up the more precipitous sides of the Cordilleras; we suppose nearly quadruple.

We have said nothing yet of the state of society, of the character and condition, the habits and manners of the dwellers of the mountains and valleys of the Cordilleras. The Peruvian peasantry of these wild and romantic parts, whether of pure Spanish blood, now rarely to be found, or the more numerous *Meztizos*, are generally poor, but kind and attentive to the wants of travellers and strangers, and always ready to supply them to the utmost of their power. Their only wealth is in mules and horses of a small breed, and a few sheep; cows are kept chiefly for the supply of animal food, and various articles of clothing; milk is very rarely to be had, and butter and cheese are almost unknown. The standing dish is *chupé*, being bits of flesh of beasts, birds, or fishes, stewed up with different vegetables. Indian corn or maize is in general use: and though wheat is grown, wheat-bread is rarely met with; manioc is a favourite vegetable, and prepared in various ways. Their dwellings are of the most humble kind, sometimes collected into small villages, or *pueblos*, frequently quite alone, or accompanied only by a miserable Indian hut or two, whose inmates assist the peasant in his occupations, with little if any remuneration beyond a morsel of food.

The character and manners of these descendants of the ancient Peruvians are not such as to inspire much respect. When collected in *pueblos*, where there is a *padre*, they are attentive enough to their religious formalities, though they comprehend little of the faith they profess; they are obedient to his instructions, and not difficult to manage; but when they assemble to celebrate one of the numerous holidays and festivals of the Romish church, they terminate the day by amusing themselves with dancing and buffoonery, which end almost always, by the whole party, men and women, getting beastly drunk, with a fermented liquor made from Indian corn, called *chica*, or with another kind, from the sugar-cane, named *hurapo*. The leaves of the *yuca* supply them with another intoxicating beverage: these are first chewed by the women till reduced to a pulp; they then spit it out into a large jar, and leave it to ferment, and after two or three days drink it mixed with water, when it does its work, as Robinson Crusoe says of his glass of rum, "to their exceeding refreshment." "Both sexes," says Mr. Smyth, "are very much addicted to intoxication; scarcely a day passes without a drinking-bout in some of the houses, the preparation for which employs the women for two or three days in chewing *yuca*, Indian corn, or plantains, from which the *masata* is to be made. They seat themselves round a trough, called a canoe, with a pile of the boiled vegetables between each two, and continue at their filthy work for hours together." This nasty practice is common to many of the Pacific islands, where it is called *kiva*. The *coca* leaf (a species, we believe, of pepper,) chewed with lime, as the *areca* nut is in the East Indies, is almost in universal use. Mr. Smyth says:—

"The Indians of Panao are generally short, stout made, and well proportioned; their complexion is swarthy, their cheek-bones high, and noses aquiline, with large black eyes, and fine teeth. They suffer their hair

to grow long behind, and plait it in one or two long tails. Their dress is commonly an old white felt hat, of any shape, with a white cotton shirt without a collar; sometimes with a blue jacket, but more generally without; blue short trousers or breeches, without stockings, and hide sandals, made in a very rough manner. They ornament their waist with a girdle of cotton of various colours, and very like those which are found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians: to this is suspended a bag for coca, and a small gourd containing lime. They are sullen and silent, except when under the influence of liquor, when they become loquacious in the extreme. They are deceitful, and have been taught by their forefathers to place no confidence in a white man; so that the more kind and indulgent he is, the more suspicious they are of his designs."—*Smyth*, pp. 107, 108.

He adds,—

"Their amusements are dancing, buffoonery, and gambling with cards and dice: in the latter they have an unfortunate example set them by their superiors. We were informed that a whimsical superstitious custom prevails, when a man is obliged to make a distant journey, and cannot take his wife with him. In order to ascertain her constancy during his absence, he places a quantity of a certain grass in a hole in the rock—unknown, of course, to the lady—when he sets out; and if, on his return, he finds it withered, the delinquency of the wife is considered as proved, and she is severely chastised. One of these curious tests of conjugal fidelity was pointed out to us."—*ibid.* pp. 110, 111.

At one village the Indians were dancing and singing, and making a prodigious uproar:—

"In the evening the noise of drums and pipes, the bawling of drunken Indians, the squalling of their children, and barking of their dogs, produced such an uproar, that we found rest would be hopeless, and entreated the alcalde to endeavour to disperse our kind friends; which, after some time, he consented to do, and we retired, but were soon disturbed by the news that our steersman had cut off half of one of his wife's ears in a state of intoxication, she being as drunk as her husband. Mr. Lowe dressed the wound as well as he could, and the next day she was at her usual occupation, and neither party seemed to think that anything out of the common way had happened."—*ibid.* pp. 138, 139.

With all their failings in this respect, which may well be pardoned, considering their position and circumstances, they are a friendly, well-disposed, and kind-hearted people. The meeting with Padre Plaza, the patriarch of Sarayacu, at Santa Catalina, is thus described:—

"He is a rather short and fat person, between sixty and seventy years of age, with a good humoured countenance, and no sooner had we disengaged ourselves from his arms, than the Indian women began, but with more fervour, a similar welcome: not content with kissing and hugging, they dragged us, with their arms entwined about our persons, to their houses, expressing themselves all the time delighted to see us, in the only Spanish word they knew, 'Amigo.'"—*Smyth*, p. 180.

The people themselves are next described:—

"The men were dressed in a long frock, like that worn by carters in England; the women wear a short petticoat, barely reaching to the knees, and a loose covering for the breast: none of them were handsome, but still there was something agreeable in their countenances, though their long flowing hair and painted faces

and bodies gave an extravagant and savage wildness to their appearance.

"The symmetry of their figures, however, is exquisite; for, although of small stature, they are beautifully proportioned, and their arms, legs, ankles, and feet are most delicately formed. They wear ornaments of beads round their necks, wrists, and ankles; most of the women have a hole bored through the septum of the nose, whence a small piece of pearl-shell, or a large bead, is suspended. Both sexes stain the teeth black with a plant called 'yanamuco,' which they say preserves them from decay: but, from what we saw at this place, it seemed to have a contrary effect."—*ibid.* pp. 182, 183.

It would seem, from the account given of this part of South America, that this immense plain of Santo Sacramento possesses all the advantages that contribute to make life desirable—save and except society.

"The vegetable kingdom, which has hitherto been unexplored by botanists, rivals in beauty and fragrance that of any other part of the world. The climate seems very much like that of the island of Madeira. During our stay at Sarayacu, we registered the thermometer three times a day, and its minimum and maximum were 73° and 85° of Fahrenheit, and the sun at this time passed over our zenith. Padre Plaza told us that, in the dry season—that is, in June, July, and August—the temperature is extremely even, and the heat by no means oppressive, as it is allayed by refreshing breezes, which generally blow in the contrary direction to the current of the river."—*ibid.* p. 202.

The good father Plaza, who has so long presided over the missions of Sarayacu, complained much, and with great reason, of the abandoned state of these missions: for nine years, he said, he had endeavoured to rouse the attention of the republic, without any notice being taken of his representations, in which he strongly depicted the danger of a relapse, on the part of the native Indians, to their former state of barbarism; he said, that he himself, during the above interval, had not received any compensation whatever, and that, to support himself and the mission, he had been compelled to enter into a trade with Tabatinga, the frontier Brazilian town on the Amazon. He stated that the Pampa del Sacramento was neglected and abandoned to the unconverted Indians—though the two continents of America do not contain another country so fertile and so favourably situated as this extensive plain, whose dimensions are not less than 300 miles from north to south, and from 40 to 100 from east to west; that it lies between the four rivers, the Huallaga, the Ucayali, the Marañon, and the Pachitea—that two of these, the Marañon and Ucayali, are at all times navigable for vessels of large burden, and the other two for small craft and boats; that the indigenous productions of the Pampa are most valuable, the woods abounding with gums and resins of various kinds, balsam capivi, vanilla, cocoa, sarsaparilla; that they abound also with the tapir, the wild hog, the cassowary, and many other beasts and birds, useful to man; and the rivers swarm with a great variety of fish, with the common seal, the manatee, and with turtle. Of the native tribes of Indians, consisting of the Panos, Setebos, Conibos, Shipibos, and Seneis, he has collected at his mission a mixture of about 2000 individuals.

But we are told of another *bos*, near the port of Mayro, on the Pachitea,—“the cannibals called Cashibos,”—of whom we have a word or two to say.

Mr. Smyth observes that these poor people have "the reputation of being cannibals, and that the fact seems to be well established;" and how? First, all the neighbouring Indians who make war on them, agree in the assertion; and, secondly, the Padre told him that he once had a Cashibo boy, who, on some occasion, expressed a great desire to eat one of his companions; observing, when remonstrated with, "Why not? he is very good to eat." Mr. Maw too, gives a sort of countenance to the existence of the practice of cannibalism—and he clearly proves one of a not less atrocious character. On the banks of the Marañon, where it flows through the Brazilian dominions, there are scattered in the woods villages inhabited by a class of lawless ruffians, known under the denomination of *brancos* (whites,) in which are included all those who claim connexion by birth or by descent with the blood of Europe. These fellows are stated to be in the constant practice of going into the woods to catch Indians and sell them into slavery. At Egas, Mr. Maw was told that, for this purpose, "two *brancos* were then away in the woods trying their fortune." In the event, he adds, of not being fortunate in the chase, they purchase these poor creatures for a trifle from such petty Indian chiefs as may have prisoners to dispose of, and who keep them in corals, or high uncovered enclosures, "to *kill and eat*, or to exchange for goods." And Mr. Maw further says, that, incredible as these accounts may appear, "we had them too repeatedly confirmed to doubt them;" and then he repeats the old story, that the Indians "consider the palm of a white man's hand as the greatest delicacy;" and says that it was a joke among the *brancos* at Egas, that he (Mr. Maw) "being whiter than most people who had been there, would be more esteemed to cook by the Indians." He adds,—

"We were told, that although the prisoners are kept in corals, the owners do not treat them *with cruelty*. When a human being is wanted to cook, the owner takes his pucuna, and having fixed upon his object blows a poisoned arrow; the victim falls, and is dragged out without the others regarding it—custom and necessity having led them to consider such practices not incorrect. The vicar-general of the Rio Negro told us an anecdote of a girl, whom a *branco* offered to purchase of one of these owners, but who chose rather to stay with her relations and be eaten when her turn came, than save her life as the *branco's* slave."—*Maw*, p. 272.

It has often surprised us that sensible travellers should report such hearsay stories about anthropophagi, on such slight grounds. Of that dire necessity which, in the extremity of hunger, may have driven the unfortunate sufferers to the loathsome and revolting act of devouring the flesh of their own species, we have but too many well-authenticated examples. We are afraid, too, Mr. Earle has left little doubt that the ferocious Zealander, thirsting for revenge, and in a moment of excitement, will tear the flesh of a captive enemy; but we are slow to believe that any people,—at least any above the most abject condition of the savage—are in the habit of using human flesh as a luxury—"dog no eat dog," as the negro says. A friend of ours, who had resided and travelled some time in New Zealand, was very indignant at our doubting the veracity of one of the chiefs—who had amused him with an account of the delicious repasts which he frequently indulged in, afford-

ed by the flesh of a young girl—and boasted that he had recently caught the wife of a hostile chief while bathing—whose carcass, *after being steamed with potatoes*, made a glorious feast. The late Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, the hydrographer of the Admiralty, used to say, that he had seen most parts of the world himself, and believed he had read every account of voyages and travels that had ever been published; but that he had never met one tittle of evidence on the question of man-eating, that would be received in a court of justice. We have ourselves heard and read abundance of stories about cannibalism, but, like those of our present two travellers, they were all, with the solitary exception of Earle's, told at second hand—we have not yet met with one, but Mr. Earle, who ever pretended to have been an eye-witness to the fact of such a banquet deliberately prepared and enjoyed; and though we are not at all disposed to impeach Mr. Earle's veracity, we should much like to have some clear evidence that he was not *hoaxed—in terrorem*. We shall be told of the Battas, a civilized people on the island of Sumatra, who read and write, and are in the possession of a written code of laws, who nevertheless condemn, judicially, culprits of certain descriptions to be killed and eaten in the public market-place; but no person, that we, at least, have ever heard of, pretends to have seen such a sentence put into execution; and if the fact was not vouched by two such names as those of the late Sir Stamford Raffles and Mr. Marsden, neither of whom, though residents on the island, ever *saw* it, we should have deemed it incredible, and considered it as a mere fiction of law, and that the *eating* was purely metaphorical. After all, Lieut. Smyth, in concluding his account of the Cashibos cannibals, appears to have some doubt on the subject. He observes, that "the notion which prevails of their devouring persons of their own tribe, to any extent, or as a regular article of food, seems to be sufficiently contradicted by the increase of their population." He might have added a further contradiction, which is this, that the inhabitants of a country like this, "producing spontaneously, in the greatest confusion, so many regular articles of food," can have no necessity to resort to such unnatural means of support.

In all the great branches of the Amazon, and in the river itself, the inhabitants have the benefit of vast numbers of the *vacca marina*, or large seal, whose flesh is eaten, and which yields them abundance of oil; they have also the common seal; and the *turuga* or *churupa* (turtle), in such immense quantities, that in the dry season, every sand-bank and beach is covered with them. From the multitude of eggs, deposited on the land by these creatures, is extracted an oil, which serves for the lamps, and is also mixed with their food. Porpoises are almost as numerous as the turtle; and Mr. Smyth says, there are besides in these rivers five different kinds of large fish, and twelve or thirteen smaller, all habitually caught, and all excellent. Of fruits and vegetables there is an endless profusion, growing spontaneously for the most part, and the rest obtained almost without labour—those from Europe or the West Indies being mostly the descendants of the plants introduced and reared by the Jesuits; such as pine-apples of an enormous size, guavas, oranges, lemons, limes, plantains of various kinds, pomegranates, quinces, peaches, melons, water-melons, custard-apples, besides countless cheri-

moyas, petiguyas, &c. &c., whose native names, given by Maw and Smyth, convey no idea of what they are or what they resemble. Of esculent vegetables they have most of those common to Europe, and they cultivate manioc and Indian corn. In every part of the extensive Pampa, and indeed, in all the valleys and plains in the midst of the Cordilleras, the following articles of general use, or for commercial purposes, are abundantly produced;—the cocoa-tree, vanilla, coffee and sugar-cane, cotton, indigo, anatto, and the other dye-stuffs, gums and resins, balsam of capivi, sarsaparilla, coarse cinnamon or cassia, caoutchouc or Indian rubber (*ficus elastica*)—and a great variety of fine timber trees. The caoutchouc alone, since its general application in the arts and manufactures, would furnish a lucrative article in trade; but most of these products are lost to commerce for want of a commodious and ready conveyance—a want which, from the general rapidity of these rivers, can only be supplied by the adoption of steam-vessels; and we agree with Mr. Maw that, under settled and liberal governments, small vessels of this description would soon be employed in coasting and bringing to market many of the above-enumerated valuable articles.

Those Indians of the various tribes, whom Padre Plaza of Sarayacu has collected round him, may be considered as living within the pale, and to have felt the benefits of civilization; but it would appear that little attention has been paid by the Padre to the education of his flock, as Mr. Smyth doubts whether an Indian in the whole mission knows the letters of the alphabet. They appear, however, to be happy and contented, and good order seemed to prevail in the town—that is to say, except when drunkenness, the parent of all other vices, was the rule of the day. The governor was an active and intelligent young Indian who, every morning, with his staff of office, waited upon the Padre, kissed his hand, and received his blessing. The Padre frequently admonishes them against their besetting sin, and this governor seems to do so too, but all without effect. Mr. Smyth gives an amusing account of the way in which Shrove Tuesday and the remainder of the week are passed. Two huge cabbage-palms were cut down and planted in front of the Padre's house, the branches of which were hung with small looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, and trinkets of various kinds.

"Towards four o'clock all the village assembled before the Convento, each carrying something in his hand or hanging on his back; the Padre then presented himself in the verandah, where he took his seat with a large basket by his side, and all the mission boys in attendance upon him. No sooner was he observed by the crowd, than they all came dancing towards him, and each, kissing his hand, placed his gift (which was some article of provision), slung by a string, over his neck. So thick did these presents come, that the old man had some difficulty in supporting the weight, and extricating himself from the load; and many, who could not get at him for the crowd were obliged to deposit their donations in the basket, which the boys were constantly carrying off to the larder to empty. When they had all made their oblations, the Padre gave them a lecture on their conduct during the ensuing week's fast. No sooner was his harangue ended, than they surrounded the largest palm-tree; a woman came forward with an axe, which she applied vigorously to the foot of the tree; the crowd retreated as far as the length of the trunk

might extend; the tree fell, and a most amusing scramble for the mirrors and handkerchiefs took place. The same ceremony was performed with the second tree, and the assembly dispersed, and *passed the night in riot and intoxication.*"—Smyth, pp. 218, 219.

From the Padre, Lieutenant Smyth received much information respecting the various tribes inhabiting the Pampa del Sacramento, who have not yet been brought within the pale of Christianity. He had visited most of them, and one in particular, the Sencis, he described as a bold, warlike, and generous tribe, who are on friendly terms with the Indians of the mission, and occasionally come in large numbers to Sarayacu to barter for iron, beads, and other articles. They are considered as the greatest warriors on the banks of the Ucayali, and, indeed, esteem courage as the first, if not the only, virtue of a man. They certainly, by the Padre's account, put his courage to the test when he first entered their country, and was made a prisoner by them.

"As he understood their language, he was able to explain to them the object of his visit; they conducted him to their village, and asked him whether he was brave, and subjected him to the following trial. Eight or ten men, armed with bows and arrows, placed themselves a few yards in front of him, with their bows drawn and their arrows directed at his breast; they then, with a shout, let go the strings, but retained the arrows in their left hands, which he at first did not perceive, but took it for granted that it was all over with him, and was astonished at finding himself unhurt. He thinks that, if he had shown any signs of fear, he would probably have been despatched. Having withstood the feat steadily, they gave him a second trial; they resumed their former position, and approaching somewhat nearer, they aimed the arrows at his body, but discharged them close to his feet. He assured us that it was very nervous work, but having, in his capacity of missionary, been a long time subjected to the caprices of the Indians, he had made up his mind for the worst, and stood quite motionless during the proof. As the Indians saw no symptoms of fear in him, they surrounded him, and received him as a welcome guest; the women made their appearance, and the ceremony concluded with deep potatoes of masata, and dancing."—Smyth, pp. 227, 228.

Mr. Maw had heard that it was the custom among the Sencis to burn the dead and drink the ashes in chicha; and that another tribe, the Capahanuas, or Capanaguas, "from a sort of piety, eat their deceased parents, smoking and roasting them in the same manner as they do the animals that they catch in the woods!" Padre Plaza, however, assured Mr. Smyth that these stories are mere inventions.

Mr. Smyth remained a month at Sarayacu, until the Padre had completed a cargo of sarsaparilla, tucuya (cotton cloth), and manteca (turtle oil), which he was about to send to San Pablo under the charge of his nephew, as supercargo. The Lieutenant having, by this time, procured a boat forty-five feet long by six feet wide, and laid in a stock of provisions, he and his companion took leave of the Padre and their Peruvian friends Major Beltran and Lieutenant Azarate; and on the 6th March dropped down the noble river Ucayali. On the morning of the 15th they entered the majestic stream of the Marañon or Amazon, which was here at least half as broad again as the Ucayali at the point of their confluence, that is to say,

about two miles across; its opposite shore high and beautifully clothed with trees, forming one continuous forest, both up and down the river, as far as the eye could reach. The Ucayali is also a noble river: in fact, as Condamine has said, it, and not the Marañon branch, is the true source of the Amazon. It rises, as we have said, on the eastern side of the Great Cordillera out of the Lake Chinchaycocha about the latitude $11^{\circ} 15'$, takes a south-easterly course, hitherto unexplored, turns to the north-westward, being joined by the Pachitea in about $9^{\circ} 30'$, and continues to flow in that direction till it joins the Marañon in latitude $4^{\circ} 40'$. A little below the point of confluence is the island of Omaguas, once a place of considerable note as a station of the Jesuits—but now reduced to eighty or ninety families, who subsist chiefly by fishing: they are described by Smyth as a finer race of people than any he had yet seen. Nauta is a little above the junction, and the village is said to contain 600 inhabitants, who call themselves Christians, and have a church, but no priest, the governor, who wore neither shoes nor stockings, performing mass for the poor people, whose chief occupation, like that of the Omaguas, is the fishery. This establishment is very recent—it would seem not to have existed even in Mr. Maw's time.

About 120 miles from this place, down the Amazon, the river Napo falls into it from the north-west. This was the stream on which Orellana embarked on leaving Quito, in the year 1539, for an enterprise not less remarkable than any in which ever adventurer engaged. The village of Pebas, seventy or eighty miles still farther down the stream, had a population of 200 to 300 of the Yuguas, a race of men which inhabit a large tract of country on both sides the river. Mr. Maw considered these people to be the true descendants of the Incas, who had retreated before the Spaniards to the Montana or the woods, as they differed from the other Indians almost as much as they do from Europeans. They are tall well-made figures, their complexion a tawny yellow, their hair lighter than that of the other Indians, and their whole appearance bears a resemblance to the drawings of the Peruvians put forth at the time of the Spanish conquest. They are said to be cheerful and industrious; they collect cocoa, sarsaparilla, and vanilla, which grow wild in the woods; and they cultivate maize, yucas, plantains, carobas, and papayas. The river supplies them with sea-cows, turtle, and plenty of good fish. Mr. Maw saw here what he supposed to be a vein of coal; but Mr. Smyth says it is only a vein of dark-blue clay, and that there is no rock-formation in the bank.

From Pebas to Tabatinga, the frontier town between the dominions of Peru and Brazil, no village occurs of any note, the last on the Peruvian line of the river being Loreto, a miserable spot with about fifty inhabitants; "but even here," says Mr. Maw, "the genuine hospitality which we had, with few exceptions, experienced throughout Peru, was not wanting." All the villages, at which both our travellers had touched, are the remains of those missions, in the province of Los Maynas, in which, at the latter end of the seventeenth century, more than fifteen thousand Indian families enjoyed, under the mild sway of the Jesuits, the blessings of a settled and peaceful life.

"Content and cheerful piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age

The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been trained to dread;
Their inoffensive lives in pupillage
Perpetually but peacefully they led,
From all temptations saved, and sure of daily bread.

"They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loth,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he with equal faith the trust of both
Accepted and discharged. The bliss was theirs
Of that entire dependence which prepares
Entire submission let what may befall;
And his whole careful course of life declares
That for their good he holds them all in thrall,
Their father and their friend, priest, ruler, all in all."—
Tale of Paraguay.

The immense plain, intersected by numberless streams, which our two travellers had looked down upon from the last ridge of the Cordilleras,—

"Where 'mid a pathless world of wood,
Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,
Huge Orcellana rolls his affluent flood;"

—that fertile and boundless region these holy men regarded as their patrimony, the great river as their high road, and the innumerable tributary streams as so many by-roads by which they were to enter and possess it—such is the language of their own historian. The difficulties and the dangers of the service, in which these indefatigable men were engaged—the heroic qualities and religious virtues, which alone could have induced them to enter upon the labour, or supported them under it—must for ever command the admiration of mankind. There might have been some mixture of vain-glory, perhaps ambition, "yet ambition should be made of sterner stuff." Benevolence towards the poor American savages was the avowed object, but in the execution of their plans, the temporal concerns of the converted were deemed of comparatively little importance—they thought of and taught scarcely anything but what seemed directly conducive to the spiritual welfare of their Indian vassals—and hence, when the order was abolished and the instructors removed, the societies they had so happily established were as so many ropes of sand, and the work of two centuries was destroyed in one generation. The wiser and the not less benevolent system of the Moravian missionaries, by which their disciples are taught to appreciate, and to provide for, the comforts and conveniences of life, would, if here adopted, have had the effect of keeping together the American Indians, and of preventing them from relapsing into their former state of barbarism, from which the present feeble and scanty missions, starved and neglected by the several revolutionary leaders, hold out but faint hopes of reclaiming them.

In point of fact, however, nothing short of the strenuous daring of the Jesuits could have made any head against that wretched jealousy which subsisted between the old governments of Spain and Portugal respecting their South American dominions; and which, by sedulously repressing every attempt at improvement, at length chained down the natives of that magnificent country in the deplorable state of ignorance which now seems likely to be perpetuated under its new masters. The route by the mighty Amazon, which ought to have been made not only the highway

of the two nations, but of all Europe, was a forbidden channel of communication, carefully guarded against their own subjects as well as strangers; and the result is before our eyes:—its shores at this day are almost a desolate wilderness.

"The shores of the Marañon," says Mr. Smyth, "are generally low from the Ucayali to the Rio Negro, and, excepting where they are broken by the mouths of tributary streams, present one continued mass of forest trees matted together with creepers, some of which are very beautiful. The appearance is at first very striking, but when the charm of novelty has ceased, grows very wearisome from its monotonous character." *Smyth*, p. 266.

Mr. Maw and his companion, on leaving Tabatinga in their miserable raft, were forsaken by their Indians, and for three days and nights were left to the mercy of this immense flood and its unknown dangers, dropping down with a current of three to four miles an hour, without having seen one human being during all this time. The nights, he says, were "pitch dark."

"We continued drifting, wishing somewhat anxiously, but scarcely hoping, that we might see lights from some pueblo, or hear the watch-dogs bark. Despondency would have been useless, and we said little to each other as we sat on different thwarts, with the sweeps in our hands pulling or tending the boat; still our situation was becoming somewhat critical, inasmuch as our stock of provisions was getting low. Moreover, if we had passed Fonte Boa, we might pass Egas, and then where were we to go? The accounts we had received of the river were mostly erroneous. It was not without difficulty we could get any tolerable account of one station from another that was next to it, and the maps I had with me were not to be relied on. We looked out and listened attentively; but the noise of beetles, the hoarse croakings of innumerable frogs, by the distinctness or faintness of whose voices we judged our distance from the bank when drifting, and, occasionally, the loud mournful kind of crow of the night bird, which on a former occasion Mr. Hinde had pronounced to be game, and which, from his great inclination for sporting, I had named "Mr. Hinde's friend," were all that we heard. The note of this bird would not, at any time, tend to elevate the spirits; and at that moment Mr. Hinde would have had my free consent to annihilate the whole species. We at one time saw a light, apparently about the height which the light of a house would be, and about a third or a quarter of a mile above us on the river. We at first thought it might be a fire-fly, but it was too large and steady; then a star, although few if any others were visible; still it was too large and distinct, and did not alter its elevation: we then supposed it to be some kind of "ignis fatuus," but I am not aware what it was; our attention was called to manage the boat, and we lost sight of it."—*Maw*, pp. 254-256.

It may be remarked, that during these anxious hours they had mis-reckoned the time—the party had actually been a day longer in this forlorn condition than they supposed. No wonder, then, that Madame Godin should have hesitated to say whether the duration of her melancholy sojourn in the forest was nine or ten days.

By the confluence of three or four streams a little above Egas, the Amazon at that place had become not less than three miles in width, and deep enough for ships of the line, with a current of from three to five miles an hour. Below this place its volume is

still further increased by numerous streams falling into it, particularly the many-mouthed Purus and the Madeira, both from the south, and the Rio Negro from the north-west. From Egas to Para, which is situated near the mouth of one of the branches of the Amazon, the distance is about fifteen hundred miles,—"a distance," says Mr. Smyth, "we had to travel with fifteen dollars in our pockets."

Though the woods are infested with noxious animals, few of them venture to measure their strength with man. The tiger, as they call it, or *onca*, of which feline genus there are several species, is the fiercest. He comes down, Mr. Maw says, to hunt for turtle, and turns them on their backs before he commences his feast; "after which he makes a meal and goes away, leaving the remainder as provision for future occasions." The alligator, the same gentleman was repeatedly told, is so much afraid of the tiger, that he allows himself to be hauled out of the water, and to be made a meal of without offering the least resistance, or even attempting to move. He also tells us, that "the larger species of *onca* will attack men, and, having once tasted human flesh and blood, return to hunt for more;" but this we had heard before—and in particular, Mr. Southey has a long and very interesting note upon it in his "Tale of Paraguay," which beautiful poem includes so many exquisite pictures of South American scenery and manners. Serpents of enormous size infest the lakes, but the stories concerning them seem really too marvellous to be credited, even in this marvellous age. Mr. Maw was told of a gentleman having seen one of these creatures whose body was extended across a bridge, while the head was hidden among the bushes on one bank, and the tail was curling on the other side of the river. Mr. Maw does not, however give credence to the many romantic stories of these demons of the lakes, but Mr. Smyth, testifies to the accounts given of immense serpents in the neighbourhood of the Amazon, and M. de la Condamine was assured that the lake serpents were from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and more than a foot in diameter. Wild boars go in numerous herds, sometimes not less than a hundred, and sloths are found of huge magnitude; but the largest animal is the *tapir* or *anta*—which grows to the size of an ox, and, like the hippopotamus, can live either on land or in the water. These woods abound with curassows, vultures, eagles, parrots, paroquets, and tomans; orioles too, are plentiful, all exhibiting that beautiful and brilliant plumage which is so general among the feathered tribes of South America; but though the notes of some few species are soft and plaintive, the greater number utter loud and harsh screams, and very few, if any, have an agreeable song.

Below Egas, the next great river that adds its contributions to the Amazon, is the Purus, with its four mouths, intersecting a spacious delta. Its sources to the southward are still unknown. In a manuscript account of this part of the country by Padre Andre de Sousa, a Portuguese missionary, which Mr. Smyth picked up at Barra,* near the mouth of the Rio Negro, it is stated that the Purus takes its rise in Peru, and runs parallel to the Madeira. La Condamine sound-

* A translation of this paper is given in the last Number of the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society.

ed the Amazon near the confluence of the Purus, and found no bottom with 103 fathoms. Next follows the Rio Negro from the north-west, an immense river running through a fertile country, better peopled than usual, and abounding with cocoa, vanilla, sarsaparilla, and many other valuable products. The Rio Negro, in any other hands than those of Brazil, would soon become a most valuable possession. It opens a navigable passage through all the northern regions of this splendid country by means of the Cassiquiare, a natural and navigable canal, which, by its bifurcation (as Humboldt calls it) with the Rio Negro and the Orinoco, may be said to unite the latter great river with the Amazon.

"While we were at Barra," says Mr. Smyth, "we met with two Spaniards, who had come from a missionary settlement on the Orinoco by water the whole way to Barra, by descending the Caciquiare, which is the branch of the Orinoco, which, turning to the south, falls into the Rio Negro near San Carlos. They had been employed to escort a priest who had charge of a sum of money for some of the missionary stations on the Orinoco, and, thinking the opportunity a favourable one to make their fortune, had murdered the Padre, seized the money, and fled by the above-mentioned route to Barra."—*Smyth*, pp. 294, 295.

—And as these noble Spaniards appear to have made no secret of the transaction, and were suffered to remain wholly unmolested, this Padre is probably not the last that will experience the mettle of their poniards. They assured Mr. Smyth that the Cassiquiare is navigable at all seasons quite up to the point where it leaves the Orinoco. Barra is the first place on the Marañon, or rather on the Rio Negro, that presented anything like the appearance of a town. It contains about 1000 inhabitants, mostly Indians. Among them were boat-builders, carpenters, and smiths. There is also something like trade; salt-fish, cocoa, coffee, manatee oil, tobacco, Brazil nuts, and wax, are occasionally exported to Para; and a garrison of twenty men, with a dilapidated fort without a gun, is maintained for the protection of the post.

The Madeira is the next immense river that falls from the southward into the Amazon—which is now become more like a sea than a river. The last tributary stream we shall mention, flowing in from the same quarter, is the Tapajós, which is said to be navigable as high up as 12° 10' S. lat., where it receives the waters of the Preto, whose source is within six leagues of a branch of the great river Paraguay; and thus, with the exception of this small interval of land, a communication by water may be said to exist between the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Rio de la Plata.

How deplorable it is, then, that this magnificent country, unparalleled in the world for the grandeur of its mountains, teeming with mineral wealth, with noble rivers intersecting it in every direction, with extensive plains clothed with the finest woods, and offering spontaneously the most valuable productions, with a climate, even in its neglected and uncultivated state, not insalubrious—how deplorable, we say, is it that this finest portion of the earth's surface should have fallen into such hands as those of Spain and Portugal, and still worse, into those of its present possessors, the revolutionists, brigands, and assassins,

who disgrace even the blood and name of these two fallen nations! It is painful to reflect on its present condition, and on what it might now have been, had it come into the hands of our countrymen, even at so late a period as that when they first established themselves on the northern portion of this great continent;—but regrets are unavailing—and what changes within the range of hope are likely to produce much amendment?

On the banks of the Tapajós stands the town of Santarem, the largest by far near the shores of the Marañon, containing from five to six thousand inhabitants. It is about 150 miles from what may be called the mouth of the main channel, but 500 from Para, the seaport town on a separate branch of the Marañon. Last year the revolutionists and the brancos got possession of this city, as it is called, seized the English merchant brig *Clio*, and murdered every soul except a boy, who effected his escape. The *Belvidere* frigate, commanded by Captain Strong, was sent by Sir George Cockburn to demand the murderers; he found there a Portuguese admiral with a small squadron lying off the mouth of the river, far from the town, and taking no steps to recover it from the rebels; the admiral entreated the captain not to go up, as the river was full of shoals; but Captain Strong proceeded, anchored before the town, landed his men, got possession of the insurgent governor of Salinas, one Manuel Maria Montura, who had ordered the massacre, and also of the principal assassin, John Priest, a native of the United States, and sent them both to be delivered over to the Brazilian President of Para, then on board the Brazilian ship *Campestra*, to be dealt with as he or his government might see fit. Though the crew of the English frigate could with ease have dislodged the whole of the insurgents, we believe the place still remains in their possession. What hope can be entertained from such a wretched government, and its subjects in every way so worthy of it?

But we must conclude. The undertaking of this journey across South America by a route so little frequented, and the manner in which the business was gone through with in either case, cannot but reflect lasting credit on the two officers whose works we have been examining. They have both, moreover, given us their curious information in a lively and interesting manner; and we should not omit to mention that Mr. Smyth has produced a map of the Amazon, which we have reason to believe delineates the line of that mighty stream with far greater accuracy than any one previously drawn.

From the Annual Biography.

CHARLES MATHEWS, Esq.

Of this extraordinary and celebrated man it has been justly observed—"That his recent death 'has eclipsed the gaiety of nations,' is even more true than it was of the still greater genius of whom it was first said: for Garrick belonged to England exclusively—almost to London; whereas Mathews (thanks to the modern improvements in locomotion) was as well known and as highly appreciated in every considerable town from the Orkneys to the Land's End as he

was in the metropolis, and as much 'at home' in the New World as in the Old."

Charles Mathews was born on the 28th of June, 1776, at No. 18, in the Strand, where his father, Mr. James Mathews, was a respectable bookseller. He was educated at Merchant Tailor's School, where he remained until the age of seventeen, having been three years before, at the usual age, bound apprentice to his father. He has himself recorded that he "made but a sorry apprentice; and indeed was very sorry that he was an apprentice." His father was a Wesleyan Methodist, and from religious motives did not permit his children to visit a theatre; but the circumstance of meeting at an evening French school with Robert William Elliston (who then went to St. Paul's), inflamed that curiosity which prohibition had perhaps originally excited. By the connivance of a shopman, Master Mathews stole out, and went to the two-shilling gallery of old Drury. From that moment, all occupation, save that of acting, became "stale, flat, and unprofitable." He enacted, in a back room of a pastry-cook's in the Strand, two or three parts, in a theatre decorated with sheets and carpets for scenery; and of which establishment, prophetic of his future fate, young Elliston was the manager.

In September, 1793, Charles Mathews stole away to Richmond, where he made his first public appearance on the stage as *Richmond*, in "Richard the Third," and *Bowkitt*, in "The Son-in-law." His father, finding his son's mind fixed upon the stage, one day addressed him thus:—"Charles, there are your indentures, and there are twenty guineas; I do not approve of the stage, but I will not oppose your wishes. At any time hereafter, should you feel inclined to turn to an honest calling, there are twenty guineas more, if you send for them; and your father's house is open to you." The second twenty guineas Mathews never claimed. The youth found himself, ere he was eighteen, with the wide world before him. A dramatic agent, for a consideration, obtained him an engagement at Canterbury, where he played *Old Doily* and *Lingo*; but having three good coats, they forced him to go on for the "walking gentlemen," whereat Charles became indignant and walked off.

Having, through the medium of an agent of Mr. Daly's, who had witnessed his performances, obtained an engagement, on the 19th of June, 1794, he appeared in Dublin in the characters of *Lingo* and *Jacob Gaokey*, in which he was most favourably received; but the circumstances of the company requiring that he should do other things than those he liked, he was compelled to act *Paris*, in "Romeo and Juliet;" *Albany*, in "King Lear;" *Beaufort*, in "The Citizen;"—parts altogether unsuited to him; and after a feverish existence of eighteen months, such as is not usually endured by youthful aspirants for histrionic honours, he quitted Mr. Daly, and left Cork for Bristol; but being driven by contrary winds to Swansea, where Mr. Masterman's company were performing, he proposed to join that corps. His services were accepted, and he continued for three years to act all his favourite parts with very considerable success.

While in Wales, he made repeated applications to Bath and York, then the two histrionic high roads to London. Elliston, his school and play-mate, was in 1796, creating a sensation at the Haymarket, whilst Mathews was lingering in Llandillo, living upon leeks. After a long correspondence he was engaged,

in August, 1798, by Tate Wilkinson, as principal low comedian at York, Leeds, Hull, Doncaster, and Wakefield, for the sum of 30s. weekly, and four benefits per year. To York he went, taking with him Mrs. Mathews, late Miss Eliza Kirkman Strong, of Exeter, a lady of respectable family, and the authoress of a volume of poems, and some novels. Their marriage took place in October, 1797, and this lady died of decline on the 25th of May, 1802.

Mathews was not at all appreciated during his first season in Yorkshire; Emery, whom he succeeded, had left a name of fame behind him that long impeded his successor. The death of Mrs. Mathews had an injurious effect on his health; he was subject to epileptic fits, and such was his state of depression, that Melvin (a warm-hearted, eccentric actor) made Mathews board and lodge with him, "to keep him alive."

In 1803, Mr. Colman having resolved on establishing a dramatic corps at the Haymarket which should be independent of the winter theatres, Mathews was amongst the first solicited to join the force, and Tate Wilkinson generously released him from his articles. As he meditated departure from Yorkshire, he discovered, what he had for some months suspected, that he was in love; he again proved a thriving wooer, and in March, 1803, was united to Miss Jackson (half sister to Miss Kelly). Colman extended the engagement to Mrs. and Mr. Mathews, and to town they came. *Jabal* (in *The Jew*), and *Lingo*, were the characters in which he appeared on the 15th of May, 1803; six performers made their first appearances in the same play on that night, of whom Mathews alone was pre-eminently successful. On the 20th of May, Mrs. Mathews appeared as *Emma* in the *Peeping Tom* of her spouse. In 1804 they were jointly engaged at Drury Lane (Mathew's first appearance being on the 28th of September, in *Don Manuel*); and there and at the Haymarket they remained until the 14th of October, 1810, when Mrs. Mathews quitted the stage.

Mathew's talent had, however, little opportunity for displaying itself, until the fire sent the company to the Lyceum; there his *Dick Cypher* made him a feature. In the same year (1809) he played *Buskin*, in the farce of "Killing no Murder," which had an extraordinary run. At the end of the season, 1810-11, he quitted Drury Lane, and performed on the provincial boards. On the 12th of October, 1812, he appeared at Covent Garden, where he was engaged for five years, at 14l., 15l., and 16l. per week.

On the 12th of July, 1814, he was (with Terry) thrown out of his gig, and had the head of one of his thigh-bones fractured. This occurred in the midst of the Haymarket season, and his absence visibly affected the receipts. He imprudently left his chamber too early, and appeared as a "speaking Harlequin," in a piece called "Harlequin White-washed;" he had an apology made for him, "begging, as the public had allowed a former manager to present the 'Devil upon Two Sticks,' that they would excuse the appearance of a Harlequin upon one." The exertion proved injurious, and after a few nights he was unable to appear; and having strained the broken limb, he never afterwards entirely recovered the use of it. At his benefit, on the 5th of September, 1814, he for the first time, gave between the play and farce, his "Mail Coach Adventures." Becoming dissatisfied with his managers, in 1817, he quitted

Covent Garden theatre, though offered double his former salary. During this long period, he performed a variety of parts; among which *Lingo*, *Risk*, *Wiggins*, *Buskin*, *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, *Dick Cypher*, the *Actor of all Work*, and *Flexible*, may be enumerated as perhaps the most popular. In the last part, his celebrated "Charge to the Jury," after the manner of the late Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, will long be remembered.

Feeling conscious that he possessed within himself, individually, the power of attracting and entertaining the public, he now joined with Mr. Arnold, of the Lyceum, in the establishment of a monodramatic entertainment, called "Mathews at Home;" Mr. Arnold finding the house, and Mathews furnishing the amusement. Never, perhaps, did a project of such a nature so decidedly succeed; night after night, and season after season, the theatre was thronged with all the beauty, rank, fashion, and talents of the metropolis. Nor was this to be wondered at. Whatever merits Mathews possessed as an actor on the stage, his qualities of description, imitation, and illustration, off the stage, far transcended them; in the one he shared the talents and success of many, in the other he stood alone and unrivalled. His was not the mere mimicry of voice or manner; he possessed a peculiar power of copying the minds of the persons he imitated; and his greatest efforts were produced by imagining conversations between men which had never taken place, but in which he depicted with a master hand their minds, characters and dispositions. This power, added to a copious store of anecdote, the quickest possible perception of the ridiculous, an unequalled talent for singing comic songs of a species which he himself originated, in which speaking is combined with singing, and his gentlemanly manners, naturally rendered him a popular member of private society. (It was not surprising, therefore, that when the public were permitted to participate in the gratification which had been confined to his personal friends, they should eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing an exhibition combining all the strength of his various and varied resources.

The names of his various entertainments were as follows:—

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| 1818. Mail Coach Adventures. | 1821. Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. |
| 1819. Trip to Paris. | 1822. Youthful Days. |
| 1820. Country Cousins. | |

After five years' success with these entertainments, Mr. Mathews went to America, and arrived on the 6th of September, 1822, at New York, where he was extremely well received by the public. Being libelled in the Philadelphia Gazette, he brought an action, and was awarded 3000 crowns damages. His last appearance in America was on the 19th of May, 1823. He returned to England in July, and appeared at the English Opera in August, 1823; and on the 25th of March following produced his "Trip to America." This, and his "Jonathan in England," acted the same year in Mr. Arnold's regular season, became the subject of much ill-natured remark here and across the Atlantic. Mr. Mathews published an exculpatory letter in the "European Magazine."

When Terry's intellect began to fail, Yates (who owes his introduction to the stage to Mathews) applied to him; and the consequence was, the name of Mathews, instead of Terry, appeared as joint-

manager of the Adelphi theatre. They entered into a partnership, the term of which expired, just five days after Mathews' death. By the agreement, when either of them acted, he received ten pounds. There Mathews subsequently gave his entertainments, there he (in the dramatic season) performed; his first appearance being on the 29th of September, 1828, in "Wanted a Partner," and "My absent Son." Latterly, a coolness arose between him and Mr. Yates, and he declined acting there at all.

We continue the list of his entertainments:—

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| 1824. Trip to America. | 1830. Comic Annual. |
| 1825. Memorandum Book. | 1831. Comic Annual, Volume 2. |
| 1826. Invitations. | 1832. Comic Annual, Volume 3. |
| 1827. (At Drury Lane.) | 1833. Comic Annual, Volume 4. |
| 1828. Home Circuit. | 1834. Youthful Days, and Home Circuit. |
| 1829. Spring Meeting (with Yates) | |

It was affirmed that Mr. Mathews would not dare to cross the Atlantic again, after his vivid sketches of our American brethren; but he formed a juster estimate of his powers and their good sense; and in 1824, accompanied by Mrs. Mathews, he paid America a second visit, and for the first time gave his "At Home" in the United States. He subsequently acted his round of theatrical characters; and was, as before, received with the greatest applause. The following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Mathews to a friend in this country, shortly after his arrival in New York, places the inhabitants of that city and the lamented writer in a point of view worthy of both parties:—"Briefly, I am well, and successful to the extent of my hopes—expectations—wishes: my wife is well also. I have performed nine nights with approbation. There has been an attempt at opposition—but a very trifling one. There is an opposition theatre, from whence, it is supposed, emanated a hand-bill, industriously circulated to prevent my being heard at all on my first appearance. I was, however, to the discomfiture of my enemies received with huzzas and waving of hats. The house was crammed. The bill gave me a *grievance*—an opportunity to address them: and I did, I flatter myself, speak so boldly and independently on the subject, that I silenced for ever (which means during my engagement) the attempts to injure me. I pledged myself to perform the 'Trip' as I had in London, and on that rest my hopes of refuting the charges brought against me. In short, I triumphed; and the Yankees have evinced their good sense in bearing with good humour the jokes against them. The 'Militia Muster Folk' and 'Uncle Ben' (ditto Judge), went off as well as in England."

Circumstances, however, induced him to shorten his stay in America, and he returned to England. He became ill on the voyage, which was very stormy and dangerous; and when he reached Liverpool his weakness was such that he was unable to quit the town for some weeks. He then removed to the house of a friend, near Davenport, where he seemed to rally; but it was deemed advisable as speedily as possible to remove him to the West of England, where, in spite of the mildness of the air, and unremitting attention, symptoms of a fatal disorder exhibited themselves; and after several weeks of protracted suffering, on the 28th of June, 1835, being his 59th birthday, he expired; the immediate cause of his death being water on the chest.

As an actor, the rapidity with which Mathews seized upon all prominent and eccentric points of

character, and the felicity with which he portrayed them, were wonderful. His field of observation was human nature in all its endless variety, and no man ever observed it to greater advantage. The designs for all his "At Homes" were given by himself, though written by others; hence, perhaps, in a great measure, the spirit of his performance, as in this respect Mathews might be compared to a great musician playing his own music. There never was a greater mistake made than that Mathews was a mere imitator. He was indeed an imitator, but he kept his powers of mimicry in due subjection; he made use of them as accessories towards effecting his main object, instead of making them his principal object. He has also been called a caricaturist. This is not true. The caricaturist exaggerates and distorts; Mathews, on the contrary, was always natural; he was a faithful portrait-painter, though he was fond of painting odd and extraordinary faces. He was the satirist and rebuker—a gentle and amusing one—of the vices, the follies, and the extravagancies of the day. He did not distort his characters, but his incidents. He chose those circumstances under which the peculiarities of his characters could be best displayed—a privilege which every novelist and dramatist has claimed from time immemorial; and within these bounds he was always true to nature. The finish of his sketches was as surprising as their vigour, and his extreme versatility more extraordinary than both. No man since Garrick ever went through such a range of character, whilst his occasional touches of exquisite tenderness and pathos mingled with his rich comic humour in strange yet harmonious combination. Mathews was the only actor of our day who could suffuse the eye with tears of emotion, and convulse the features with laughter at one and the same moment. Nothing could exceed the correctness of his ear; he spoke all the dialects of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales with a fidelity perfectly miraculous. He would discriminate between the pronunciation of the different Ridings of Yorkshire, and speak French with the Parisian accent, the patois of the South, or the guttural tone of the Flemish. Several imitators have followed his footsteps, but no one who could make even a pretension to rivalry has yet appeared. For seventeen years he, by his single exertions, delighted all England—"alone he did it."

In person, Mathews was about five feet eleven inches in height; his countenance was pleasing upon the stage, though a singular twist was always perceptible about the mouth, and seemed the latent token of his irresistible drollery.

Those who knew him in private life will not need to be told that although hasty in temper, and nervously irritable, Mathews was essentially one of the kindest-hearted men in existence. In worldly matters, he frequently became the victim of his own liberality and confidence, or of the artifices and speculations of others—and that to an extent which we fear he seriously felt. He was an affectionate husband, and an excellent parent; and has left behind him a son inheriting all his genius and talent, as well as those social and honourable qualities and characteristics which established the reputation and respectability of his father.*

Mr. Mathews enjoyed the friendship of Sir Walter Scott (by whom he was introduced to Byron), Moore, Rogers, and other literati of his day. With the great artistes of other countries he was also intimate, particularly with Talma and Potier. He had a taste for the fine arts; and collected a very interesting gallery of dramatic portraits, which adorned his residence at Highgate, were exhibited about two years ago at the Queen's Bazaar in Oxford Street, and have since been purchased by the Garrick Club.

He did all in his power to raise the character of his profession, and was, with John Kemble and Braham, received as a guest by George the Fourth. His benevolence prevented him from dying a wealthy man, though, Kean alone excepted, he made more money than any performer of his time. The number of persons who tasted of his unostentatious bounty was great. Lee Sugg, who had given him, when a boy, two or three lessons in ventriloquism, said, "to meet Mathews in the street at any time was as good as a guinea to him." To the theatrical funds of this country and of America he was a generous donor, and was equally an honour to his art and to human nature.

On the 3d of July, the remains of this lamented man were interred in the western vestibule of St. Andrew's church, Plymouth. A great number of persons distinguished for rank, respectability, and intelligence, attended the funeral, and every honour was paid to his memory by the authorities. In the procession were the Reverend J. Smith and R. Luney; Sir George Magrath, M. D.; J. C. Cookworthy, M. D.; Mr. W. S. Harris, surgeon, as conductors. The pall-bearers were Captain Ross, C. B.; J. Moore, Esq., mayor of Plymouth; Captain Hornby, C. B.; Major Symons, Major Hervy Smith, and Colonel Hamilton Smith. Mr. Charles Mathews (only child of the deceased) followed as chief mourner, accompanied by H. Gyles, Esq., and Captain Tincombe, R. N.; Messrs. Franklyn, Brady, Jacobson, and Wightwick, besides numerous other friends and admirers of the deceased; and the procession was closed with the carriages of Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton and Admiral Sir William Hargood.

The foregoing brief memoir has been chiefly compiled from several respectable periodical publications. The following extracts are from three interesting articles entitled "Personal Recollections of the late Charles Mathews," which have appeared in successive numbers of "The Court Magazine."

"The most striking characteristic which presented itself to notice in a personal intercourse with Mathews was that extraordinary versatility of mind which caused him, not merely to seem, but to be, all things by turns, according to the tone and colour of the society in which he found himself. I never knew any one who possessed this chameleon quality to so great an extent as Charles Mathews, and it was no doubt the secret of his wonderful endowments and success.

"Another remarkable result of an intimate private intercourse with Mathews was the great comparative height to which it raised your estimate of his intellectual powers, above that which his public performances, admirable as they were, might have led you to form of those powers. It requires a very limited intercourse

Life and Opinions of Charles Mathews, Esq. Comedian, begun by himself, and continued by his Son."

*Mr. Murray has announced for publication "The

with actors to satisfy one that a high capacity for their admirable art is not inconsistent with the most common-place qualities in all other respects. As far as we have any authentic annals of that art, they show us that all its most distinguished ornaments in both of its departments have been in every other particular common-place persons. Even Garrick was not an exception to the hitherto universal application of the rule; for his dramas are those of an experienced actor and play-wright merely: of course, Shakspeare, who had no distinguished merit as an actor, does not come within the scope of the remark. But Mathews offers something like an exception to it; for he was not only the greatest dramatic artist of the day in his line, but he himself *created* every one of the characters by which he will be remembered; and in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment's hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour's length in the character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator, whose health had been proposed on the speculation of Mathews' replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language whose impassioned eloquence was not inferior to that of the persons imitated; and I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have *improvised* a more amusing and instructive 'At Home' than any that he ever yet produced by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments.

"I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way was at our second meeting at Boxhill, in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time; and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted, by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, 'Gentlemen! In appearing before you on this occasion,' &c. On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews, mounted in an empty hay-cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone and language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end, by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displayed. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief that he never premeditated or prepared himself for anything of this kind—on the contrary, that if he had done so, he would certainly have failed to accomplish it: for his reluctance to anything like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralysed all his powers.

"With the exception of Garrick, no other actor—perhaps I might say no other public man—ever enjoyed so extensive an intimacy with the distinguished

persons of his day, in every class of life, as Mathews did; and he was regarded by all with a degree of respect and consideration which (still with the exception of Garrick) was never accorded to any other actor. The reasons for this were not far to seek. In the first place, Mathews was essentially a gentleman—in manner, in mind, in feeling, in acquirements, and, above all, in the negative quality of a total absence of everything *professional* in his habits and bearing. He was also above that paltry affectation which is the besetting vice of his professional brethren and sisterhood—a pretended contempt for the calling which had raised him to fortune and distinction. He used often to lament, with an earnestness that amounted to the pathetic, the low estimation in which his noble art was held; and there was no sacrifice he would not have made to raise it in the public esteem. But he sought no distinctions that were disconnected from it, never for a moment affected to place his intellectual pretensions beyond its pale, and loved and honoured it to the last, as ardently as he did when its attractions first fixed his youthful imagination. Another reason why Mathews was so universally respected by all classes, was, that he was equally incapable of requiring external respect from his inferiors in station, as he was of suing or cringing for it to his superiors. He had, in fact, that due and fitting degree of pride, in the wise and honourable sense of the term, in the absence of which we can form no just appreciation of the moral and intellectual pretensions of any one, least of all of ourselves. Another cause of his favourable reception by all classes of society was the excellent taste and tact with which he fell in with the tone and feelings of all, without seeming in the smallest degree to abandon his own position, by condescension on the one hand, or assumption on the other. I have never known any other man who was so much 'all things to all men,' yet so essentially himself in all.

"I will here place before the reader a letter from Mathews' pen, which will be read with additional curiosity and interest, when I state that it presents him (for the first and last time probably) in the novel character of a contributor to the periodical literature of the day! It was sent to, and appeared in, a weekly literary journal, in which theatrical affairs received marked attention. The subject of it was a favourite crotchet with Mathews. He had not common patience with any body, and especially any public writer, who, whether in ignorance or from 'malice prepense,' spelt Shakspeare's name in any but one way; and his proofs as to which that way should be, as adduced in the following letter, are pretty decisive.—at least if we admit that a family is to be permitted to settle the orthography of their own name, which is not so apparent.

"SHAKSPEARE VERSUS SHAKESPEARE.

"To the Editor of the ———"

"Sir,—As you 'take the liberty of inquiring why the players pronounce the first syllable of Shakspeare's name as if it were written *Shack*,' I take the liberty of inquiring why you have written it *Shake*, and from what authority! There is not an instance on record of any one of the family having inserted the *e*; and therefore I would inquire of you why you pronounce *Shakspeare* (which is the true way of

spelling the name) *Shakespeare*. "Glorious John" Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Malone, Steevens, *cum multis aliis*, invariably pronounced his name in the way his brother Charles has directed the performers in the new piece* to pronounce it. Malone at one time thought he had settled the question, and concludes the argument in favour of *Shack* by saying, "Therefore let this set the question at rest, for there can be no doubt but the name was pronounced so by every body during the lifetime of the bard." Mr. Davenport, the present vicar, near ninety years of age, vouches for the pronunciation at Stratford from his earliest days. In Prynne you will find the following passage:—"Shackspeer's plaies are printed in the best crown paper, far better than most Bibles." The only autograph now in existence of William's, is in Doctors' Commons; it is *Shakspeare*. The name of the bard's father occurs 166 times under different modes of orthography, in the council-book of the corporation of Stratford: *Shacksper*, 4; *Shakspeare*, 2; *Shakspeyr*, 17; *Shakyspere*, 9; *Shaxpere*, 9; *Shaxpere*, 18; *Shaxpeare*, 69!!! This, then, surely is conclusive as to the pronunciation of his name, and rescues the players from the charge of "offensive affectation;" for though we are aware that in those days orthography was very loose, yet the recurrence of *Shaxpeare* above 100 times, in my mind, proves the mode of pronouncing his name to be arbitrary.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Y."

"Mathews, though extremely fond of social intercourse, was by no means a great talker. And so little did he obtrude his talk in any company, however well it might be suited to his tastes and his inclinations, and so little did it partake of that professional tinge which is inseparable from the talk of actors in general, that a stranger who did not know his person might have passed an evening with him without discovering that he was any other than an intelligent and well-informed man of the world, who did not put forth any pretensions but those to be met with in every-day life and society. Indeed, it was always a point of great difficulty and delicacy to 'bring him out,' as the phrase is, on any topic or in any form that should tend to display the extraordinary qualities of his mind, and the bodily endowments which so admirably administered to them.

"This was quite as true of him at his own table, as elsewhere. If he had personal vanity in his composition, no man ever had a stronger sense of the social policy of concealing it, or more skill in the difficult art of so doing. That he possessed the natural and average quantum of it, there is no doubt—though certainly not a jot beyond; but he never exhibited the ordinary evidences that he possessed any, except in those moments of social confidence when vanity takes the form of a grace rather than a failing, or in those opposite ones when he was excited to an honest vindication of his own pretensions, by some act of critical ignorance or injustice on the part of those public writers who took occasion to remark on his professional efforts.

* "Shakspeare's Youthful Days."

"Mathews' interest in the curiosities of natural history was not confined to the human specimen: he also took great pleasure in horses and dogs. Of his respect for any remarkable specimens of the latter, I remember a characteristic instance. I happened to be at Bath once, when he was giving his 'At Home,' there. As we were walking along one of the principal streets together one morning, a noble Newfoundland dog was sitting sedately, bolt upright, at a door that we had to pass. As soon as we got opposite to the dog, Mathews stopped short, went to the edge of the pavement, took off his hat, and made a low bow to the evidently astonished animal, and then passed on without saying a word. 'Do you know him,' I said, 'that you salute him in that fashion?'—'No,' he replied; 'but I have a profound respect for a dog like that, and I generally show it in the way you have seen.'"

A fair writer in "The Constitutional Magazine" has thus graphically described one of Mr. Mathews's performances:—

"I saw Mr. Mathews first in 1818, at the Assembly Rooms, Bristol. Through the satiric drollery of his entertainment breathed such benevolence, sensibility, truth, and refinement, that I first melted and mended by his natural comedy. In the midst of one *pet* bit, a dray, loaded with iron, rattled along Princes Street. He became inaudible, ran his fingers through his hair, shifted his leg, smiled uneasily, and, as the noise ceased, said, 'Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, I was about to say——' The clattering dray lumbered on afresh, still nearer to us. He looked as if all his teeth were on edge—his lips moved: I heard, or thought I heard, 'Give it up—no use—that cursed thing again! beastly metallic noises! very annoying, so it is!' He listened, with spiteful eagerness, till the cause of this interruption stopped; then, as his applauding audience laughed at his dismay, continued pointedly, 'Ladies and gentlemen, once more forgive me! though I am not "native here, and to the manner born," I ought to welcome any proof that the commerce of Bristol flourishes both *night and day*.' The cruel dray rolled on again. He gulped down his worry with a glass of water, and not till it had fairly got out of hearing could he continue, 'It was impossible for me to go on, while forced to say, with Hamlet, "Here's *metul* more attractive; but, as I trust we have now heard the last, at least of *this* very witty triumphant car, I will, with your leave, endeavour to proceed!"'

Mr. Mathews' theatrical collections were sold by Messrs. Sotheby, on the 19th of August, and three following days. They consisted of books, prints, autographs, and curiosities. His valuable gallery of paintings and drawings of the portraits of dramatic performers, had been previously sold entire to the Garrick Club for 1000*l*.

The library was almost entirely theatrical. It comprised the four earliest editions of *Shakspeare*, of which the first was sold for 15*l*. 15*s*. It had cost the late owner 28*l*. 10*s*.

The original *Shakspeare* forgeries of W. H. Ireland produced 20*l*. 5*s*. They were bought of Ireland by Mr. Mathews in 1812, and were authenticated by a letter of that date,—the more necessary, as their author, finding even his fabrications to bear a certain value, afterwards employed his peculiar talents in

forging copies of his own forgeries, which he repeatedly sold!

The play-bills of the Haymarket theatre, from 1777 to 1805 (wanting 1787,) were sold for 9*l.* 12*s.*; those of the same theatre, from 1795 to 1810 (imperfect,) for 2*l.* 6*s.*; those of Drury Lane, from 1758 to 1766, for 4*l.* 12*s.*; those of Covent Garden, from 1776 to 1826, for 11*l.*; and the perfect collection of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, from 1774 to 1830, with index and notes by Mr. Fawcett, for 33*l.* 12*s.*

The engraved portraits were rendered interesting by Mr. Mathews having illustrated them with manuscript remarks, critical and biographical. The whole realised about 170*l.* A very extensive collection of engravings, drawings, original documents, play-bills, &c., and everything Mr. Mathews could procure relative to the life of David Garrick, was bound in a volume of atlas folio, and entitled *Garrickiana*. It was purchased by Mr. Tayleure the actor, for 45*l.*

The collection of autographs was not confined to the theatrical profession. Two letters of Robert Burns were sold for 3*l.* 3*s.*; *Considerations on Corn*, a dissertation of sixteen pages by Dr. Johnson, for 4*l.* 12*s.*; Sir Walter Scott to General Phipps, respecting sitting for his picture, 1*l.* 11*s.*; Lawrence Sterne to R. Dodsley, 1759, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Dean Swift to Stella, 1710, 1*l.* 10*s.*; two of Garrick, 2*l.*; two others 1*l.* 15*s.*; one of Kean, 1*l.* 11*s.*; two others, 2*l.*; one of Hogarth's receipts for his Strolling Attresses, Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Oliver Cromwell to a commission in the army, 1657, 2*l.* 2*s.*; two of Lord Nelson, and one of Lady Hamilton, 2*l.* 4*s.*; Isaac Reed's Journal, from 1762 to 1802, in 21 small volumes, 4*l.* 4*s.* The whole autographs produced about 160*l.* After them were introduced the MSS. left by the late W. H. Ireland, which were sold for the benefit of his widow: the whole of the twenty-eight lots brought only 18*l.* 15*s.*

The theatrical relics consisted of busts, medals, trinkets, boxes, several articles of costume which had been worn by Garrick, &c. One of the twenty busts of Shakspeare, moulded by George Bullock from that at Stratford, the size of the original, was sold for 1*l.* 15*s.* The foil Garrick used, as Don Felix, on the last night of his performance, 1*l.* 7*s.* His silken boots in Tamerlane, 15*s.* Two of his wigs, one for Lear, 8*s.* The Cassiolette carved from the Shakspeare mulberry tree, containing the freedom of Stratford presented to Garrick, 47 guineas. (The carving originally cost 55*l.*) An inkstand of the same wood, carved by the same hand, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Garrick's walking-stick, presented by John Kemble to Mathews, 1*l.* 10*s.* His dressing-room chair, 2*l.* 2*s.*

From the Quarterly Review.

De la Démocratie en Amérique. Par Alexis de Tocqueville. 2 vols. 8vo. 4th edition. Paris. 1836.

The same translated. By Henry Reeve, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

THE researches of Huber, Bonnar, and others, have made us pretty familiar with the internal economy of the bee-hive—that is to say, with its mechanical economy—for of the real workings of the system we know nothing, and our knowledge is necessarily limited to

the results. So far as that goes, our curiosity is gratified; but how much more would be our satisfaction if, by any contrivance of human ingenuity, methods could be devised for learning the language which the bees speak to one another, and if means could be discovered by which we could be present at their consultations, so as to watch the progress of their discipline, and ascertain the moving principles which, in our ignorance, we call by the evasive term instinct.

We think that Monsieur de Tocqueville has done something of this kind in the case of that wonderful microcosm—the United States; and we invite our countrymen to examine his book, with the same confidence of their being instructed and gratified, that we should do, had such a discovery been made in the trivial case of the bee-hive. Heretofore, almost every writer on the United States has confined himself, generally without any consciousness of the fact, to a description of the results; or, if he has indulged in speculations thereupon, it is mostly with a view to advance some favourite dogma of his own—to sustain those political views to which he was attached in his country—or to amuse himself and his readers with the expansion of some philosophical principles which he considers of practical importance in the science of political economy. We speak just now of the foreigners who have undertaken to describe the United States. But the Americans themselves are not a whit more to be trusted, either as to facts or as to reasonings; nay, in many cases, they are even less to be relied on than foreigners. For they are all party men; and so vehemently do they feel interested in the honour of their country, that their judgment is almost inevitably distorted by their anxiety, at all hazards, to promulgate certain opinions.

The effect of all this has been, to introduce an extremely loose and incorrect notion of the true condition of the United States in Europe, and in no country are these vague and false impressions more generally diffused than in England, where, it might *a priori* have been supposed, there would have been the least chance of such prevalence of error. Whatever be the cause, indeed, the fact is certain, that with us almost every person who thinks on such matters at all, imagines he understands America perfectly. Accordingly, there is nothing which an Englishman receives with less favour—we had nearly said with more scorn—than those statements of travellers which happen to be opposed to his preconceived ideas upon the subject. Nor is this to be considered altogether without excuse; for the writers to whom we allude generally invite, as it were, the distrust of their readers, either by their prejudice and party spirit—sometimes avowed, more commonly betrayed—or by the exhibition of personal irritation, hardly admitting the exercise of sound judgment.

It is our opinion that M. de Tocqueville has approached the working of the American institutions in a better temper, and treated it in a far more philosophical manner than any preceding writer. We ourselves had examined the subject carefully on the spot; we had also examined with no less care most of the works which treat upon it; and we had enjoyed the advantage of discussing it with the Americans themselves, not only on their own soil, but far from home and from those red-hot excitations which may be said to fuse their whole nation into one mass. Nevertheless, we have to acknowledge that M. Tocqueville's

book has weeded out of us a great many long-cherished fallacies, and, in spite of ourselves, substituted solid reasons for believing that to be right which we had believed to be wrong, and *vice versa*. He has opened our eyes to the perception of numberless things which we had either entirely overlooked or entirely misconceived, or to which we had attached either too much or too little importance; and he has clearly explained to us a thousand anomalies which had perplexed our judgment or disturbed our temper. In truth, nothing has surprised us so much in reading this work, as the uniform composure with which the author engages in those discussions, the slightest touch of which has been sufficient to set other writers in a flame. We took the liberty once to say so to M. de Tocqueville himself; to ask him by what magical secret a man, by no means cold in temperament, and full of the most generous aspirations on all subjects connected with human rights and happiness, could contemplate with patience such scenes as we knew he had witnessed; above all, how he could write of them with a degree of good humour and kindly forbearance, which our English travellers seemed quite incapable even of affecting when treating of the United States! "Ah!" replied he, "had you, like me, been bred up in the midst of revolutions and counter-revolutions, despotisms, restorations, and all the miseries of insecurity, political and personal, you might have learned to view the worst that passes in America with calmness!"

And this leads us to point out the very important distinction between the circumstances under which a Frenchman and an Englishman writes about the United States. The Englishman, it is said, has the advantage in knowing the language better; and this is true, but only to a certain extent, as it sometimes leads him into serious mistakes. We speak not of insulated words, but rather of sentiments; and there is undoubtedly much in the current language of American society which conveys to an Englishman's mind a very different class of impressions from what the selfsame words do to the understanding of a native. From the fallacies and misapprehensions to which this leads, a highly-gifted Frenchman like De Tocqueville, who acquired his practical knowledge of the English tongue in the United States, is exempted. The Englishman never suspects that he is taking up a wrong idea; the Frenchman distrusts himself, and inquires. But again—there is so very much in the institutions of America which assimilates them to the mother country, that an Englishman is extremely apt to overlook essential dissimilarities in the general resemblance; and thus, on many occasions, he may miss those very points of distinction upon which the real merits of the question turn. To a Frenchman, on the contrary, the whole is so new, that he studies without any bias one way or the other. All the institutions, and their mutual workings, are so different from what he has left behind him in his own country, that he sets about examining their actions and reactions without being prejudiced—an Englishman almost inevitably is, by the multitude of notions which have grown up in his mind through the constant contemplation of circumstances so apparently similar, that it is always difficult and often impossible to disentangle them.

We feel, therefore, highly grateful to M. de Tocqueville for having acted towards us on this occasion the part of a travelling tutor. He has not only shown us the country, but explained to us the reasons why it

exists in its present state; and for the first time, so far as we are aware of, not only the true situation of that extraordinary people, but the true causes of their social and political situation, are clearly developed. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a sketch of what M. Tocqueville has done, but it must, of necessity, be merely a sketch. For the picture at large, the full representation, we must refer to the work itself; and we do so with the most entire confidence as to the result on every reasonable mind. Persons, indeed, who seek in these pages for materials to advance any merely party, or other selfish purpose, will certainly be disappointed, for they are entirely free from "envy, hatred, and malice, and from all uncharitableness." Neither is there any satire contained in them, expressed or understood; all is grave, and plain, and above-board, and withal so temperate, that even where we do not agree with his deductions, our confidence in his good faith and singleness of purpose remains unbroken. This is a great charm. We cannot, indeed, recall to our memory any work at all similar to this, in which there is no narrative, nor any other enlivening circumstance to give it any animation, and yet in which the interest is sustained from beginning to end without once flagging.

We have heard French readers object to the first volume as being rather prolix; but we ascribe this chiefly to the nature of the subject and all its details being quite foreign to their experience. Such a dose of novelties presently bewilders many whom the first mouthful most powerfully excites. To English readers, on the other hand, we can imagine the first volume proving occasionally rather tedious from the opposite reason—that is to say, from the whole topic, and almost all the particulars, being so familiar as scarcely to require specific enunciation.

The translator appears, from an expression in his preface, to have had some apprehension of this danger—for he says that "at one time he had some thoughts of curtailing the chapters in which the author describes the system of local administration in America, as somewhat redundant to the English reader." This idea was soon abandoned—and we think fortunately; because it seems very possible that, in making such curtailments, Mr. Reeve might have cut away points of distinction, in his eye trivial as well as small, upon which, in fact, much of the value of M. de Tocqueville's reasonings depends. It is scarcely possible fully to describe in definite terms, or to render either intelligible or striking, in particular instances, the numerous minute circumstances which, when combined, contribute so essentially to contradict distinguish the two countries. To most foreigners these characteristic marks of distinction must be altogether imperceptible, and we think we have once or twice detected some which have escaped even the sagacity of M. de Tocqueville himself, in the very act of giving them expression, unconscious of their force and bearing! To very many English persons, too, most of these delicate shades, by which the national character of America has been modified, are quite unknown; because they have either not been remarked by travellers, or have not been duly described by them. But we feel confident that such of our countrymen as will seriously study M. de Tocqueville's book, will find abundant evidence of the truth of what we have suggested; and as, in the higher classes of painting and sculpture, it is the "little more or the little less" which determines

the station of the work, so it will be found in the productions of real ability when employed in elucidating national character. Madame de Staël's book on Germany is fertile in such touches, and though not by any means so profound as that of De Tocqueville, is so admirably true and searching and characteristic, that we would place them side by side without hesitation.

M. de Tocqueville, in his Introduction, opens at once the subject of democracy, and by positions equally startling and convincing, satisfies us of the importance of giving it the very gravest attention. Nothing, he says, struck him so forcibly during his stay in the United States, as the equality of condition; and he readily discovered the prodigious influence which this primary fact exercises on the whole affairs of the State, by giving peculiar impulses to the laws, and peculiar maxims to the governing powers. He soon discovered, likewise, what may be called its re-acting influence over the whole mass of civil society, not only in the creation of opinions and of sentiments, but in modifying what it does not actually produce. And he ended by seeing clearly, in this equality of conditions, the fundamental fact, or as he calls it, "*le fait générateur*," from which every other appeared to flow; or, at all events, towards which, as a central point, his observations might constantly be traced.

From the New World he naturally turned with redoubled attention to the Old; and he presently satisfied himself, by means of the new lights reflected from America, that the equality of conditions amongst the nations of Europe was daily *progressing*, as Jonathan says, or as M. Tocqueville has it, "*s'approchait chaque jour davantage*," to those extreme limits which it seems to have reached in the United States. From the moment he conceived this notion, he dates the origin of his book; and we must do him the justice to say that, although in the treatment of a subject so extensive and complicated, the generating idea may often be hid, it is never lost. Like the original air, or, as it is technically called, the *theme*, in a piece of music, this reference to the politics of Europe, and the sure advance of democracy, are felt through all the variations of his topic. At times, indeed, scarcely a note reaches the ear of which we can recognise the application, but sooner or later the whole is wrought into harmony; and the judgment of every candid observer must acknowledge the fidelity with which so difficult a task has been performed.

He assumes it, indeed, as all but self-evident, that a great democratic revolution is going on in Europe—yet he says there are two very different ways of viewing the matter. Some hold that it is a *new* phenomenon in politics, and as such may still be arrested; while others maintain that it is the most uniform, the most ancient, and the most permanent tendency, which is to be found in history. Let us look, says M. de Tocqueville, to the history of France during the last seven hundred years, and we shall find abundant proofs of this alarming fact. At first the territory was divided amongst a small number of military chiefs, and the right of governing descended with the family inheritance from generation to generation. Force was the only means by which man could act on man—landed property the only source of power. Presently the political influence of the clergy was founded. This opened the door to all classes—the poor as well as the rich, the villain as well as the lord. Equality penetrated through the church into the government, and

he who must formerly have vegetated as a serf in perpetual bondage, now took his place as a priest amidst the nobles! As society became more complicated, the want of civil laws was felt, and the order of legal functionaries was revived. In like manner, while the monarchs were ruining themselves by war-like enterprises, and the nobles wasting their substance in private feuds, the lower orders gradually advanced into consequence and wealth by means of commerce; and when at length the influence of money became duly recognised, a new road to power was opened to all who had talents and enterprise. A taste for letters, science, and the arts, soon sprung up, and gave fresh impulses to genius and capacity in every department, but especially in the master art of government. The exclusive value attached to birth naturally diminished as these new paths to distinction were discovered. In the eleventh century nobility was beyond all price—in the thirteenth it was to be bought in the market. And thus equality was advanced by the aristocracy itself.

In process of time, as occasions of danger and difficulty arose, the nobles, in order to strengthen themselves in their struggles with the crown, granted a certain share of political rights to the people; or, more frequently, the king permitted the lower orders to enjoy a degree of power with the express view of repressing that of the aristocracy. Indeed, the kings of France have always been the chief levellers. When strong and ambitious, they spared no pains to raise the people to the level of the nobles; when weak, they allowed the people to rise above them. Some kings assisted the democracy by their talents—others by their vices. Louis XI. and Louis XIV. took all possible pains to reduce every rank below their own to the same subjection; while Louis XV. degraded himself and all his court to the very dust.

As soon as personal property conferred influence and power, every improvement in commerce and manufactures proved a fresh source of equality. New discoveries ministered to new luxuries. The love of war, the sway of fashion, and the most superficial as well as the deepest passions of the human heart, co-operated to enrich the poor and to impoverish the wealthy. From the moment that circumstances gave to the exercise of intellect the possession of power, every addition to science, every fresh truth, augmented the consequence of the people.

All the great events of European history during the period alluded to, have had the same tendency to equalize ranks. The crusades, for example, and the fierce civil wars of England, broke down the possessions of our great Norman nobles, and the establishment of municipal bodies introduced the elements of democratic liberty into the very bosom of feudal monarchy. Then came the invention of fire-arms, which placed the noble and the villain pretty much on a par on the field of battle. Next the invention of printing opened the same resources to all minds; and in process of time the post-office spread far and wide the means of mutual communication. In ready aid of all these feelings came the Reformation, and as Protestantism proclaimed that all men are alike eligible to heaven, and competent to find their own road thither, a vast step was made in this equalizing process. The discovery of America, also, contributed its share by offering a thousand new paths for the exercise of enterprise heretofore lost in obscurity.

During all this time, adds M. de Tocqueville, it may be uniformly observed that the "noble" has been going down the social ladder, while the "roturier" has been climbing up. "Every half century," says he, "brings them nearer; and by and by they will meet." We think he might have stated that this awkward meeting has already taken place in France, and that the "roturier" used small ceremony in accelerating the descent of his opponent by tripping up his heels.

Let that pass, however; especially as he tells us,—with too much truth for those whose taste is all on the side of Conservatism—that, in whatsoever direction we cast our eyes, we shall witness the sweeping progress of the same revolution; that every occurrence of national existence, in every country of Europe, has turned to the advantage of democracy; that all men, by far the greater number unconsciously, have laboured in its cause.

This gradual development of the equality of conditions, M. de Tocqueville considers in the light of a law of heaven, or, as he calls it, "un fait providentiel," universal, enduring, and baffling all the efforts of man to check its course.

"Every word of this book has been written under the impression of a kind of religious terror, produced on the author's mind by the contemplation of this irresistible revolution which has advanced during so many centuries in spite of every obstacle, and which is still proceeding in the midst of the ruins it has made. It is not necessary that the Almighty should proclaim aloud what is his will: it is our business to discover it in the ordinary course of nature. Without any special revelation we know that the planets move in orbits traced by the Creator's finger. If," he adds, "the men of our time saw all these matters clearly, and were convinced that the social equality alluded to has been in reality decreed by Providence, they would of course see that to resist the progress of democracy were to resist the will of God, and they would resolutely endeavour to make the most of what they could not prevent. . . . The question then comes to this, If the torrent of democracy cannot be stopped, can it be guided? Is the fate of the Christian nations still in their hands? And if they wait a little longer, and take no note of these truths, may it not be too late?"—*Introduction*, p. xxii.

In short, in M. de Tocqueville's opinion, this democratic revolution being inevitable, it becomes the duty of statesmen, and indeed of all men, who, by the superiority of their intellect, or the extent of their information, exercise an influence over their fellow-creatures, to view the evil—if such it be—manfully, and, instead of sinking in despair, to look about for such remedies or such modifications as are possible. The professed object of this work, then, is first to explain distinctly what is the nature and the tendency of the democracy which threatens to swallow us all up; and next, to suggest means not only for counteracting the impending mischief, but for appropriating the advantages which may essentially belong to its nature, in spite of its forbidding aspect.

"The first duty," says he, "which at this time is imposed on those in whose hands the direction of society is placed, is to instruct the democracy; to animate and elevate its faith, if that be possible; to purify its manners; to direct its energies; to substitute, by slow degrees, a knowledge of business for its inexperience; and to supply the place of its blind and impetuous in-

stincts, by a sound perception of its true interests. Finally, to teach the democracy how to adapt its administration of public affairs to time and place, and to modify its proceedings in such a manner as to suit the occurrences and the actors of the age."—*Introduction*, p. xxii.

He then goes on to show how injudiciously not only the heads of the state, but all, or almost all, the powerful, intelligent, and most moral classes in France have stood aloof, and never attempted, by connecting themselves with the democracy, to obtain the means of guiding it. The mass of the people, therefore, that is to say, of the lower and least educated orders—the least competent, in every sense of the word, to direct such a prodigious movement—have been abandoned to their wild propensities. Thus left alone, they usurped the supreme power, which they were totally incapable of exercising in a rational manner; and in the end, when enfeebled and broken to pieces by their own monstrous excesses, the other parties—not unnaturally, but certainly without discretion—vainly sought to exclude the democracy altogether, instead of trying to instruct it, and, after correcting its vices, to turn its many native energies to the good of the state.

In former times, when the monarch was supported by the aristocracy, and the nations were governed peaceably, the power of a part of his subjects afforded a barrier to the tyranny of the prince—while he in like manner derived security from the same barrier against the attacks from below—and all parties might look with kindness on one another. The people, never having conceived the idea of a social condition different from that in which they were born, had no further aspirations, and received the benefits of their station without dreaming of their "rights." The noble, in like manner, never supposed it possible that any one could attempt to deprive him of the privileges which he believed to be legitimate; while the serf was perfectly contented with his inferiority. During the continuance of such a state of things, it is quite easy to imagine how a mutual exchange of good will might take place between two classes so differently gifted by nature, or rather by fortune. On one side was wealth, strength, and leisure—the refinements of luxury, intellectual enjoyments, and the cultivation of the fine arts. On the other, toil, gross tastes, and profound ignorance, mixed, it is true, occasionally with energetic passions, as well as generous sentiments and rude virtues. And states thus constructed might fairly boast of stability in their power, and of no small measure of glory. But nowadays the scene is entirely changed in France; the barriers which had been raised between the different ranks are cast down—property is divided—the exercise of power is shared by all—the light of intelligence spreads—and information becomes general. Thus the nation has at last settled, or rather sunk under the empire of democracy, which has already interwoven itself with all the institutions and manners of the country.

He then sketches with great vigour of pencilling the existing state of France, and with a pathos in which it is impossible not to sympathise, he says

"I cannot recall to my mind a passage in history more worthy of sorrow and of pity than the scenes which are happening under my eyes. It seems as if the natural bond which unites the opinions of man to his tastes, and his actions to his principles, were broken, and all the laws of moral analogy abolished. . . . The democracy of France, whether checked, or whether abandoned to its law-

less passions, overturned everything which crossed its path; and those institutions which it did not destroy, it shook to their foundation. Its empire has not been gradually imposed on society, so as to have acquired a peaceable and secure establishment; but it has advanced rapidly in the midst of the disorders and agitations of actual conflict. Hence, in the absence of all calmness and discretion, we are compelled to be witnesses of the strange confusion before us."—p. xxxi.

It has been far otherwise in the New World, or at least in that fortunate portion of it which it is the business of this book to describe, where the emigrants of the beginning of the seventeenth century, having severed the democratic principle in a great measure from those which repressed it in the heart of the old communities of Europe, fixed it unalloyed on the other side of the Atlantic. There it has been allowed to grow at liberty; and as it has advanced as the country advanced, it has peaceably established itself in connexion with the manners and the laws of the whole nation.

M. de Tocqueville considers it beyond a doubt that, sooner or later, the French society, like the American, must arrive at an equality almost complete. But he does not infer from thence that France must of necessity adopt a similar civil organization; he is, on the contrary, very far from believing that the Americans have discovered the only form of government which a democracy may assume. There is, however, in his opinion, a sufficient number of circumstances in common to the two countries, to render it a matter of immense interest to investigate the operation of the democratic principle. It is not, therefore, he protests, to satisfy a curiosity, in other respects quite legitimate, that he has studied the constitution of America, and watched its workings on the spot. He has been prompted by the desire of obtaining instruction which may be available at home in times to come. Neither, he assures us, has he any design of writing a panegyric, or of advocating any form of government in particular; nor does he even wish to discuss whether or not the great social revolution which he believes to be going on, and the progress of which he thinks irresistible, be, on the whole, advantageous or prejudicial to mankind. He holds that the democratic revolution has either been already brought about, or is on the eve of accomplishment, and therefore it is high time to study this overwhelming principle, in order to discern its natural consequences, and to distinguish the means by which it may be rendered profitable—to eliminate, as the mathematicians say, the elements which are mischievous, and lead to vice, misery, and national degradation, and to appropriate those which conduce to virtue, genuine freedom, and national prosperity. He, therefore, selects for description and for analysis—not as an example for imitation—that country in which, of all those which have witnessed this great change, the development of the democratic principle has been the most complete and the most peaceable. We may have our doubts, certainly, whether the democratic principle has already made such extensive advances in Europe, or whether its future predominance is altogether so inevitable and irresistible, as our author believes; but we have no doubt of the high utility of the investigation he has undertaken.

He divides his task into two parts. In the first—which alone is yet published—he shows the direction which the democracy of America, almost entirely unrestrained, and let loose to follow its natural propensi-

ties, has given to the laws and to the general administration of public affairs. He, moreover, endeavours to trace its evils and advantages, and to learn what precautions have been used by statesmen in America to regulate this enormous machine, so as to render its movements subservient to the government of society. In the second part of his work—which we are glad to say may be soon expected—M. de Tocqueville proposes to examine the influence which the equality of conditions, and the actual administration of affairs under a democratical government, have exercised on the habits, the opinions, the sentiments, and manners of the Americans: in short, to determine how far their moral character, their intellectual attainments, their pursuit of business or of pleasure, their intercourse with one another and with foreigners, and all their other private relations, have been modified by the complete establishment of the democratic system under circumstances entirely dissimilar to any which the world had heretofore witnessed.

We are apt, in judging of a human being, to commence the study of his character when he begins the career of manhood; whereas we ought to commence much higher—to watch the infant in its mother's arms, and its progress in childhood, and study its earliest education, if we wish to understand the prejudices, habits, and passions which are to rule the man in after-life. The growth of nations, observes our author, presents something analogous to this. They all bear some marks of their origin; and the circumstances which accompany their birth, and contribute to their rise affect the whole term of their existence. He afterwards adverts, though too briefly, to the influence of blood in the descent, which is, of course, as remarkable in nations as it is in the families of which nations are composed. Unfortunately for the profitable study of history, we are in general prevented, by the obscurity of time, from examining the infancy of most nations; so that we can do no more than infer by vague analogies what may have been the germs of those ruling prejudices, passions, sentiments, habits, and so forth, which constitute what we term national character. Had we the same means of investigating other cases that we have in that of America, we should doubtless be able to explain many anomalies, and understand the reason of certain customs apparently at variance with the prevailing manners—of laws in direct conflict with established principles—of opinions quite incoherent and unsubstantial, yet quite fixed in society, like those fragments of broken chains which we see hanging from the vault of an ancient edifice, and supporting nothing.

The spirit of inquiry, says M. de Tocqueville, has come upon most communities only in their old age, and when they set about investigating their origin, it is found enveloped in mists of ignorance, spangled over with the false gleams of vanity. At the time, however, that America was first settled, the national character of the emigrants was completely formed, and is abundantly known to us. We are, indeed, almost as well acquainted with the men of the sixteenth century as with our contemporaries; and thus we have displayed before us in full daylight all those political phenomena which the ignorance and rudeness of early ages conceals from us in the case of the nations of Europe.

"Accordingly, it will probably be found that there is

scarcely an opinion, a custom, or a law, and hardly an event upon record in America, which may not be explained by the circumstances which mark the origin of the nation."—vol. i. p. 19.

The emigrants who came at different periods to occupy the wide territory now included in the federal Union were essentially distinguished from each other in some respects; and they governed themselves on principles marked by correspondent distinctions. But they all spoke the same language, and owned the same blood—and their manners and habits were, on the whole, of a similar nature. Their native country had been agitated for several centuries by the struggles of political parties, which were made alternately to govern and to submit. In this rude revolutionary school they had all learned, more or less, many notions of political rights, and become practically conversant with the principles of genuine freedom, of which their contemporaries on the continent of Europe were comparatively ignorant. At the period of the first emigration, for example, the system of parishes, or separate communities—called by M. de Tocqueville, '*le gouvernement communal*,'—had become deeply rooted in the habits of the English, and along with it the practical creed of the sovereignty of the people had been introduced into the very bosom of the monarchy of the house of Tudor. Again, the great religious controversies of the Christian world were then at their height—especially amongst the English. Their character, heretofore sedate and reflective, became austere and argumentative. General information expanded under all this discussion, and the minds of men became more thoroughly cultivated; and while religion formed the topic of such earnest debate, it had an important effect in purifying manners. These general and characteristic features are more or less discoverable in the physiognomy of all those adventurers who sought a new home on the other side of the sea.

Again, the emigrants carried with them few notions or feelings favourable to the erection of a Transatlantic aristocracy—for the prosperous and happy do not go into exile any more than the powerful; and poverty and misfortune are great levellers of condition. So that even when men of rank were driven to America by political or religious hostility, they were soon obliged to relinquish their distinctions. It was also discovered that, in order to bring uncleared land into cultivation, with any chance of advantage to the possessor, he must bestow upon it his own constant and personal exertions, for the produce was found to be insufficient to enrich a farmer and a landlord at the same time. The land was therefore all broken up—each man cultivated his farm for himself; and the notion of forming large possessions, and handing them down from father to son—the only sure basis of an aristocracy—was entirely out of the question. Thus the principle of democracy was a natural consequence of the peculiar circumstances in which the soil itself was placed.

M. de Tocqueville then points out some important distinctions which mark the origin of the northern and the southern settlers. The fatal delusion that gold and silver mines are the sources of national wealth beset the first planters of Virginia. They were avaricious desperadoes; and their turbulent habits were rendered still more corrupt by the introduction of slavery—which, by dishonouring labour, introduces idle-

ness—and with it, ignorance, pride, false luxury, and real distress. The influence of a system of slavery, grafted on the English character, will explain the state of manners in the Southern States.

In the north the same foundation of the genuine English character was modified by a very different class of circumstances; and M. de Tocqueville very properly enters into considerable details at this place, because several of the leading ideas which form the basis of the social theory, and the political practice of the Republic, were first combined in what was then called New England. The principles there first established spread gradually but steadily to the adjacent provinces; then passed, successively, to the more distant; and at length imbued the whole of the colonies, long before they detached themselves from the mother country, from whence these generous and manly aspirations had been originally imported.

Most colonies have been established by men without education, without resources, without character—some were peopled by persons actually convicted of crime—or by those who, like the buccaneers, made crime their profession. Such was the colony of St. Domingo—and such is Australia now. But the New England settlers had far higher motives. They belonged to the independent classes of their own country. They were not lords, nor were they of the common people—neither were they rich, nor were they poor; but they were all, without exception, educated, and many of them were known in Europe for their talents and acquirements. They brought with them habits of order and diligence, and a rigid purity of morals; and as they were accompanied by their wives and families, they landed in the new wilderness with all their domestic relations entire. What most distinguished these Pilgrims, as they called themselves, was the object of their undertaking. They did not cross the Atlantic in search of wealth, but of freedom. They belonged, it is true, to the party the austerity of whose religious principles had acquired for them the name of Puritans; but their principles were not merely religious—they were strongly tinged with democratic and republican theories. Indeed, it was these tendencies which had roused the jealousy of their adversaries, and led to that persecution which drove them to seek some rude and unfrequented quarter of the globe, where they could live according to their own opinions, worship God, and govern themselves in peace. M. de Tocqueville has a long and very interesting chapter on the consequences, both immediate and remote, of this important peculiarity in the history of the first emigrants, namely,—that their piety, however ardent and sincere, was not exclusively of that speculative kind which takes no cognisance of the affairs of this world, since their religion was interwoven with, and gave its own solemn sanction to, their political doctrines.

The English government was not dissatisfied with an emigration which removed the elements of further revolutions; and owing to this, among other causes, these colonies always enjoyed much more political independence and real internal freedom than those of any other nation had done. Sometimes the King appointed a governor; sometimes grants of land were made to Companies, who governed the districts so ceded; and, lastly, the colonists, in some cases, were allowed to constitute a distinct political society, under the protection of the mother country, and to govern themselves in whatever was not contrary to her laws.

This mode of colonization, so remarkably favourable to liberty, occurred in its fullest sense only in the New England States. The chief care of their early legislators was the maintenance of orderly conduct and good morals in the community; and to secure such objects they adopted many absurd regulations, but along with these they framed a system of political law, which, though composed two centuries ago, includes nearly all the essential elements of freedom, and the groundwork of modern constitutional governments. The principles were all borrowed, no doubt, from England, but in practice they came even sooner to maturity in the woods than at home; we allude especially to the intervention of the people in the conduct of public affairs—the power of voting taxes—the responsibility of public authorities—personal liberty—recognised security of property, and trial by jury. All these privileges were established in the new world as rights and without discussion. From these fertile principles flowed consequences of great importance, and without number or limit; such, for example, as the representative system under the practice of universal suffrage—the universal education of the people—and the township or municipal independence, which seems to form the main-spring of American liberty at the present hour. In fact, the townships were completely established as early as 1650, before the country was divided into counties, nay, before even any state could be said to be formed, still less a union of states.

Here M. de Tocqueville pauses to consider those two tendencies, distinct, but not opposite, which are constantly discernible in the manners as well as laws of America, and which sprung out of their ancestors being at the same time ardent religious sectarians, and daring political innovators.

"Political principles and all human laws and institutions were moulded and altered at their pleasure; the barriers of the society in which they were born were broken down before them; the old principles which governed the world for ages were no more. . . . In the moral world, on the other hand, everything with them and with their successors is classed, adopted, decided, and foreseen, while in the political world everything is agitated, contested, uncertain. In the one we find a passive though voluntary obedience, in the other an independence laughing all experience to scorn, and jealous of every kind of authority."—vol. i. p. 45.

Thus, there is much that is Puritanical, and much that is purely English, in many of the institutions and habits of the United States—much that belongs to the accidental circumstance of the first settlers having been members of a particular sect—and much to the great mass of the people having been brought up in habits of respect for the customs of England. So that, after all, as M. de Tocqueville says, "the surface of American society is covered, as it were, with a layer of democracy," (a pretty thick one, we guess,) "from beneath which the old aristocratic colours sometimes peep."—(p. 48.)

Our author proceeds with remarkable clearness to explain the internal structure—first, of the particular States, and then of the federal Union. He shows that the most striking characteristic of the social condition of the Anglo-Americans is its essential democracy; and he traces the progress of this principle through all its stages. The equality of the early settlers was universal, and all their laws contributed to confirm this original feature, by weeding away from the old

institutions and customs they had brought with them from England whatever might have a contrary tendency. For example—the laws of descent, including that of primogeniture, were presently set aside for others having the equal division of property for their object; and thus the large properties granted by the Crown to some of the early settlers were eventually broken up. In France the same process is going on; but much remains yet to be done. In America the work of destruction is already accomplished in most of the States. In the south, where slavery prevails, and where the value of property would be seriously deteriorated by subdivision, the principle has been checked by the strong motives of interest overruling the natural tendency of the democratic principle. But in the northern and eastern States the stimulus of personal interest operating upon the great mass of society is quite the reverse. The principal clauses of the English law of descent have been universally rejected. If a man dies intestate, his property is equally divided amongst his heirs, without distinction of sex. This is the law in all the States except Vermont, where the male heir inherits a double portion. Previous to the Revolution, the colonies followed the English law of entail. Since then that law has been, in most of the States, so essentially modified as to deprive it of its aristocratic tendencies. But while the American law divides the property equally if there be no will, it still allows every man the liberty of disposing of his property, and of leaving it entire or dividing, as he chooses. And here it may be interesting to remark, that on this point the French legislation is infinitely more democratic than the American: for the French law has not modified, but abolished entail; and obliges every testator to divide his property equally, or nearly so, amongst his children.

"If," says our author, "the social condition of the Americans is more democratic than that of the French, the laws of France are the more democratic of the two. This," he adds, "may be more easily explained than at first sight appears to be the case. In France democracy is still occupied in the work of destruction; in America it reigns quietly over the ruins it has made."—vol. i. p. 284.

M. de Tocqueville next grapples with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and shows how this power gradually advanced itself in the States even before the Revolution—how it became developed by their political independence—and how, in the end, it has gained irresistible sway in the wide extension of the elective franchise. In America the people—that is to say, the mass of the people, the numerical majority—regulate all things, and, in fact, govern the country; they appoint the legislative as well as the executive power; they nominate the judges and the juries; they elect their representatives directly, and for the most part annually; and thus, in every possible way, although the government be nominally what is called representative, it is evident that the opinions of the majority, however fluctuating or inconsistent—their passions, however violent—and their prejudices, however absurd—or their interests, however selfish—do, in all cases, exercise a perpetual influence on society. Formerly there existed two great and distinct parties—the Federalists and the Republicans; but these distinctions are now quite obliterated. The federalists have been completely beaten, and the republicans or democrats, as they love to call themselves, have it now so completely to themselves, that none

other dare show himself—that is to say, no man—unless his opinions coincide with theirs—dare express them either in speech, in writing, or in action. After the severe “war of independence,” the country fell into a state so nearly approaching to anarchy, that the federalists, who were the champions of order and steady government, were permitted to rule for ten or twelve years; but during all that time the hostile current became every day stronger and stronger, and in 1801 the republicans got possession of all the power. Jefferson was named President, and he brought the weight of his talents and his immense popularity to aid the rising cause of democracy, which from that hour went on increasing in strength, till it has finally acquired such absolute supremacy in the country, that no other has even a voice, still less any hope of being heard.

“In the absence of great parties, the United States abound with lesser controversies, and public opinion is divided into a thousand minute shades of difference upon questions of very little moment. The pains which are taken to create parties are inconceivable. In the United States there is no religious animosity, because all religion is respected and no sect is predominant; there is no jealousy of rank, because the people is everything and no one can contest its authority; lastly, there is no public misery to serve as a means of agitation, because the physical position of the country opens so wide a field to industry, that man is able to accomplish the most surprising undertakings with his native resources. . . . But since ambitious men find it difficult to eject a person from power upon the mere ground that his place is coveted by others, they are obliged to create parties; and in this disturbing process lies their chief talent. It is owing to this cause that the domestic controversies of the Americans appear to a stranger so puerile, and often totally incomprehensible. He knows not at first whether to pity the people, who busy themselves with such arrant trifles, or to envy the happiness which enables them to discuss such things seriously. But in process of time he discovers that they have all a definite object. One party labours, and labours in vain, to limit the popular authority; the other, with triumphant success, seeks to extend its influence. Thus, either the aristocratic or the democratic passion may be detected at the bottom of every faction in the United States.”—vol. ii., p. 11.

This part of the book will remind our readers of some curious passages which we quoted a year or two ago from the *Marie* of M. de Beaumont, who was M. de Tocqueville's companion in his American travels. Our author says, for example,

“The wealthy individuals in that country, and there are many such, bear a secret ill-will to the democracy. The nation seems to be inspired with but one spirit—but this apparent unanimity is merely a cloak to alarming dissensions and perpetual opposition. At the present day the more affluent members of society are so entirely removed from the direction of public affairs in America, that wealth, far from conferring a right to the exercise of power, is rather an obstacle than a means of obtaining it.”—vol. ii., p. 12.

M. de Tocqueville then draws the picture of a monied man in the United States, an insulated, distrusted being, who concentrates all his pleasures in the privacy of his house, where alone he can assume the rank which is denied him in public. They submit because they cannot help themselves, and we may

even hear them lauding in public the delights of the republican government, which they detest. “Next to hating their enemies,” remarks our author, “men are most inclined to flatter them.” But it is not merely individuals, or even individual classes, in America, who, from their pecuniary or other circumstances, are excluded from their just share in the administration of public affairs. There is a mass, and a very large mass, of the whole nation who have been brought under the influence of a despotism in many respects more severe than that of any monarchy, ancient or modern.

To render this thoroughly intelligible to our readers would require much more space than we can spare; and we must refer to M. de Tocqueville's pages, in which he describes (chap. iii., vol. ii.) the influence of a *cheap press*, and the action of *political associations* in America (chap. iv., vol. ii.), as well as to chap. v., in which the *actual government* of the democracy is analyzed in a manner the most interesting. The true nature of universal suffrage, and its effects on the electors and elected, are here placed vividly before us. We see, too, how completely every description of public officer is not only held responsible, as doubtless he should be, to the **PEOPLE** (in the proper sense of that abused word)—but how completely he is under the direct, daily, practical control of the **POPULACE**. We would direct particular attention to the author's picture of the influence of this mob-power on the finances of the Union, and its interference with the operations of the executive in all the foreign relations of the country. But we have unfortunately no room for any part of these very curious and valuable speculations, and hasten to appropriate what little space is left us to that part of the work which we consider as the most original, and in many respects the most important.

Having shown that, by one means and another, the majority in the United States have gained possession of unlimited and almost uncontrolled power, he proceeds to point out the consequences. In the first place, although there be two Chambers both in the federal government and in that of each separate State, the members of the different houses are taken from the same class in society, and are nominated in the same manner; so that the movements of the double legislature are almost as rapid, and quite as irresistible, as those of a single body. From the same causes, the executive has been gradually deprived of all stability and independence; and even the judicial authority has been brought directly under the all-absorbing sway of the majority. In several of the States the judges are elected for a limited period by the people, and in all of them the bench is made dependent on their pleasure, by their representatives having the power annually to regulate the stipend of the judges.

“Custom, however,” adds he, “has done even more than law. A proceeding, which will in the end set all the guarantees of representative government at naught, is becoming more and more general in the United States: it frequently happens that the electors, in choosing a deputy, point out a certain line of conduct to him, and impose upon him a certain number of positive obligations which he is pledged to fulfil. With the exception of the tumult, this comes to the same thing as if the majority of the populace held its deliberations in the market-place.”—vol. ii. p. 145.

The system of pledges, however (as indeed he elsewhere observes,) is, though a natural, almost a super-

fluos feature. Even without that, when the period for which a representative is elected is made very short, as it is universally in America, he becomes almost necessarily a mere delegate. He is not allowed time to establish, by the test of experience, the solidity of his own political character; and at the end of his year of service he is inevitably dismissed unless he has servilely adopted the accidental passions of those who elected him. Thus it may fairly be said, that in America there is hardly a single public man who is at liberty to take an enlarged view of affairs, or who is not the absolute slave of the capricious will of his arbitrary constituents, to the utter disregard of the general interests of the commonwealth.

In Europe, of old, it used to be held that the sovereign could do no wrong, or that, if he did, the blame should be imputed to his responsible advisers. The Americans hold the same doctrine with respect to their *sovereign majority*, but where shall we look for its responsible advisers?

"The majority in that country exercises a prodigious actual authority, and a moral influence which is scarcely less preponderant; and when once it has taken an opinion into its head, no obstacles exist which—I shall not say can stop,—but which can even impede its progress, or which can induce it to heed the complaints of those whom it crushes in its path."—vol. ii. p. 147.

In America, where the authority of the popular representation stands alone, nothing prevents it from executing its headlong wishes the moment they are formed; and thus, since the members are changed every year, and each set has a new pack of fancies to promulgate, the laws succeed one another with astonishing rapidity.

"The omnipotence of the majority, and the rapid as well as absolute manner in which its decisions are executed in America, has not only the effect of rendering the laws unstable, but it exercises the same baneful influence on the execution of the law and the conduct of the public administration. As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all projects are taken up with the greatest ardour; but no sooner is its attention distracted, than all this ardour ceases. In the free states of Europe the administration is at once independent and secure, so that the projects it originates it can carry through, while, at the same time, its attention may be directed to other objects.

"I hold it to be an impious and execrable maxim that, in the affairs of government, the majority of a people has the right to do everything—and yet I have asserted that all authority lies in the will of the majority. But there is no contradiction in this. A general law, which bears the name of justice, has been made and sanctioned not merely by a majority of this or that people, but by a majority of mankind. The true rights of every people are consequently confined within the limits of what is just. A nation may be considered in the light of a jury empowered to represent society at large, and to apply the great and general law of justice. Ought such a jury, which represents society, to have more power than the society in which the laws it applies originate?

"It is clear, that, accurately speaking, no such thing as a mixed government—according to the meaning usually given to that term—can exist, because some one principle must predominate. Some one social power must always be superior to all the rest; but I consider that liberty is in danger when that power is not checked

by any obstacle which may retard its course, and compel it to moderate its own vehemence."—vol. ii. p. 153.

God alone can be omnipotent without danger—because his wisdom and justice are always equal to his power. But on earth there is no authority so worthy of honour for itself, or which is invested with a right so sacred, that it can be safely trusted with uncontrolled power.

"When an individual or a party is exposed to injustice in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If he appeals to public opinion, he finds that public opinion forms the majority; if to the legislature, he discovers that it represents the majority, which has bound its members down to obey blindly its instructions; if he claims the protection of the executive, he is soon made sensible that they are appointed by the majority, and that they are passive tools in its hands. The public force is nothing but the majority under arms; juries are merely committees of the majority appointed to hear judicial cases; and in certain states even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous, therefore, or unreasonable, be the measures of which you complain, you *must* submit!"—vol. ii. p. 153.

In a note at this place (vol. ii. p. 155) M. de Tocqueville gives some curious illustrations of the sort of tyranny exercised by the majority. In one instance the editor of a newspaper had offended their majesties by advocating peace with England. The people assembled—broke up the presses, and attacked the houses of the editors. The militia was called out, but no one dared to obey the call, and the only means of saving the lives of these "best public instructors" was to throw them into prison. But even this precaution was ineffectual: the *majority* again collected, the magistrates again ineffectually called out the militia—the prison was forced, and one of the editors of the paper which had presumed to hold an opinion opposed to the will of the sovereign mob was killed on the spot, and the others left for dead. Finally, when the leaders in the outrage were brought to trial, the jury, acting under the terrors of the majority, acquitted them! M. de Tocqueville does not say that abuses of such a flagrant and marked character frequently occur in America at the present day: but he maintains that there is no sure barrier against them—that the causes which mitigate such tyranny are to be found in the peculiar circumstances of the country and manners of the people—not in the laws themselves.

"We must take care," continues our acute author, "to distinguish between tyranny and arbitrary power. Tyranny may be exercised by means of law, and in that case it is not arbitrary; on the other hand, arbitrary power may be exercised for the good of the community at large, in which case it is not tyrannical. Tyranny generally employs arbitrary means; but, if necessary, it rules without them; and, in the United States, the unbounded power of the majority, which is favourable to the legal despotism of the legislature, is likewise favourable to the arbitrary power of the magistrate. The majority has an entire control over the law, not only when it is made, but when it is executed; and as it possesses an equal authority over those who are in power, and over the community at large, it considers public officers as its passive agents, and readily confides the task of serving its designs to their vigilance."—vol. ii. p. 158.

But it is not merely over the persons and property

and external privileges of the citizens, that this tyranny of the majority is exercised. Its domination extends to the thoughts of men, and suppresses not merely the exposition, but the very existence, so far as is possible, of all opinions in any way hostile to its arbitrary will and pleasure.

"The most absolute monarchies of Europe, it is well known, are unable to prevent certain notions which are opposed to their authority from circulating in secret, and to a great extent, throughout their dominions. Such is not the case in America. As long as it is not decided which party is in the majority, discussion is carried on; but as soon as its decision is irrevocably pronounced, a submissive silence is observed.

"I am not acquainted with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind and so little freedom of discussion, as in America. The authority of a king is purely physical; it controls the actions of the subject without subduing his private will; but the majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest but all controversy.

"In any constitutional state in Europe every sort of religious or political theory may be freely promulgated, for there is none of its nations so subdued by any single authority, as not to contain citizens who are ready to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth. If he is unfortunate enough to live under an absolute government, the people are on his side; if he inhabits a free country, he may find the shelter he requires behind the authority of the throne. In some countries the aristocracy will support him—in others the democracy—but in a nation where the democracy is organized as it is in the United States, there is but one sole authority, one single element of force and success—with nothing beyond it.

"In America the majority draws a formidable circle round the exercise of thought. Within its limits an author is at liberty to write what he pleases—but wo to him that dares to pass them! Not that he is threatened with an *'auto da fé'*, but he is exposed to annoyances of every sort, and to daily persecutions. His political career is for ever closed if once he offends the only power which can open it to him. Every kind of compensation is refused him, even that of celebrity. Before he published his opinions, he imagined he had partisans—but no sooner has he declared them openly than he is loudly censured by his opponents, whilst those who think with him, without having equal courage to give expression to their thoughts, hold their peace and abandon him. He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and he subsides into silence, as if he were tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth.

"Fetters and the headsman were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has refined the arts of despotism which one might have imagined sufficiently perfect before. The excesses of monarchical power devised a variety of physical means of oppression; the democratic republics of our day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind as that will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of a single despot, the body was roughly attacked in order that the soul might be subdued; but the soul, escaping from the blows directed against it, rose superior to the attempt. Such, however, is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; it leaves the body free, but it enslaves the mind. The sovereign can no longer say, 'You shall think as I do, and act as I wish, or you die;' but the tyrant ma-

jority says, 'You are free to think differently from me, and you may retain your life—but henceforth you are an alien among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they will be rendered useless to you; for if you solicit the suffrages of your fellow-citizens, they will be refused to you; and if you court their esteem, they will affect to despise you. You will remain amongst men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow-creatures will shun you like an impure being; and even those who are persuaded of your innocence will abandon you likewise, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but I have taken care to make it worse than death.'

"Absolute monarchies have degraded despotism—let us beware lest democratical republics bring it again into favour, and, by making oppression still more onerous to the few, render it less odious and less degrading in the eyes of the many."—Vol. ii. pp. 159-162.

This is pretty strong—but, we may ask, is there no hope of better things? Are there no writers who, directly or indirectly, attack a state of things so humiliating? Are there no *La Bruyères* or *Molières* to criticise the manners of the sovereign people as the wits and philosophers did those of the court of France? Hear what M. de Tocqueville says—

"The ruling power in the United States must not be jested with; the smallest reproach irritates its sensibility; the slightest joke which has any foundation in truth renders it indignant; everything must be made the subject of encomium, from the very structure of their language to their more solid virtues." (We might add, they will not even allow you to criticise "their weather," as they call it, without taking offence.) "No writer, whatever be his eminence, can escape from this tribute of adulation to his fellow-citizens. The majority lives in the perpetual practice of self-applause, and it is only from strangers, or from actual experience, that the Americans have any chance of learning some truths. If no great writers have as yet appeared in America, the reason is clear. Literary genius cannot exist without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America."—Vol. ii. p. 162.

These extracts will serve to give some notion of the extent of authority assumed by the tyrant majority; but we must refer to M. de Tocqueville's book for the full development of the principle. After having described the operations of the authority alluded to, he proceeds to show its consequences on the political condition of America, and nothing can be more instructive than the lesson which such an investigation teaches. We have no space to do more than slightly touch some of the leading effects of this overwhelming principle which so essentially, as we conceive, interferes with the action of genuine freedom, and renders us a thousand times more in love with our own system, in which alone, as far as our experience and observation have gone—true liberty exists. What struck our author above everything was the *general* lowering of the standard of human intellect in all things—but especially in the department of politics—

"In that immense crowd which throngs the avenues to power," writes M. de Tocqueville, "I found very few men who displayed any of that manly candour and that masculine independence of opinion which often distinguished the Americans of former times, and which constitutes the leading feature in distinguished characters wheresoever they may be found. It seems, at first sight, as if the minds of all the Americans were formed upon

one model, so accurately do they correspond in their manner of judging. A stranger does, indeed, sometimes meet with Americans who quit the stiffness of formal ideas, or with others who deplore the defects of the laws, and the mutability and ignorance of the democracy—or who go so far as to comment on the evils which impair the national character, and to point out such remedies as might be taken to correct the mischief. But all this is confided to no one besides yourself, and you to whom the secret confession is made are a stranger and a bird of passage. The Americans are very ready to communicate to you such truths as it is useless for you to hear, but in public they hold a totally different language.”—Vol. ii. p. 166.

M. de Tocqueville considers it quite a mistake, though a common one in Europe, to suppose that the democratical institutions of America are likely to perish from weakness; their chief danger, in his opinion, arising from their own enormous power. This universal and uncontrollable influence, he thinks, may at some future time urge the oppressed minorities to desperation, and oblige them to seek relief by the hazardous experiment of a physical collision. “Anarchy will then be the result; but it will have been brought about by despotism.” (Vol. ii. p. 170.) In support of this opinion, he quotes two great American names, that of General Hamilton, and that of Jefferson. Hamilton’s authority, indeed, is now worth very little amongst a people who abhor the very name of a federalist. But that of Jefferson—“the most powerful advocate that democracy has ever set forth”—is higher now than ever, we shall copy the quotation from a letter of his to Madison, dated 18th March, 1789—

“The executive power in our government is not the only, perhaps not even the principal object of my solicitude. The tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue to be so for many years to come. The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period.”

Having now run over what M. de Tocqueville pronounces the evils attendant upon the American democracy, we shall gladly imitate his fairness by giving a sketch of what he considers to be the causes which mitigate this tyranny of the majority. The first of these he holds to be the absence of centralization in the government—

“The majority, it is true, frequently displays the tastes and propensities of a despot; but, fortunately, it is destitute of the more perfect instruments of tyranny. The national majority may influence and modify, but it does not pretend actually to conduct the details of business. The majority has become more and more absolute; but it has not invested the executive with more authority; and however the predominant party may be carried away by its passions, it cannot oblige all the citizens to comply with its desires in the same manner and at the same time throughout the country. The majority, through the government, may issue a decree, but it must entrust the execution of its will to agents whom it frequently has no control over, and at all events cannot perpetually direct. The townships, the municipal bodies, and the whole system of local administration, both in town and country, may be looked upon as concealed breakwaters, which check or part the tide of popular excitement. Were an oppressive law passed, the liberties of the people would still be protected by the means which that law would put in execution—the majority cannot descend to the details and puerilities of administrative tyranny.”—Vol. ii. p. 174

In fact he thinks that the majority are as yet unconscious of the increased resources which their power would acquire from the *art of government*, and he considers this point well worthy of the attention of statesmen.

“If a democratic republic,” says he, “similar to that of the United States, were ever founded in a country where the power of a single individual had previously subsisted, and the effects of a centralized administration had sunk deep into the habits and laws of the people, I do not hesitate to assert, that in that country, a more insufferable despotism would prevail than any which now exists in the absolute monarchical states of Europe, and we should have to pass into Asia to find anything to compare with such a government.”—*ibid.*

The next conservative circumstance which serves to counterpoise the evils of the democracy is one which we will venture to say very few of M. de Tocqueville’s English readers would have guessed at—few even of those most familiar with America, either by reading or by personal observation, or by both, as we ourselves happen to be. It is no other than the nature as well as the immense weight of influence exercised by the members of the legal profession. We always knew that the Americans were litigious in the highest degree; we have had abundant means of knowing how this most ruinous of all the varieties of the vice of gambling is augmented in their country by the nominal blessing, but real curse, of *cheap justice*, as it is falsely called; and we knew also how much they love to tyrannize over one another through the instrumentality of the law; but until we read M. de Tocqueville’s ingenious discussion on this point (vol. ii. pp. 175 to 188) we certainly had not sufficiently appreciated the good which the Americans derive (unconsciously and indirectly) from this characteristic propensity. He says,

“In all ages of the political history of Europe the lawyers have taken an important part in the vicissitudes of political society. In the middle ages they afforded a powerful support to the crown; and since that period they have exerted themselves to the utmost to limit the royal prerogative. In England, they have long contracted a close alliance with the aristocracy; in France, they have proved the most dangerous enemies of that class.”—p. 175.

He proceeds to explain in what way American lawyers, by their education and habits, acquire instinctively tastes hostile to the revolutionary spirit and unreflecting passions of the multitude. Their special information, and their ten thousand technicalities, which it is utterly impossible that any one but themselves can understand, still less apply to practice, ensure them a separate station in every society. They are the masters of a science which is necessary, but which is not generally known, and as they serve as arbiters between the citizens, and direct, more or less, the blind passions of parties in litigation, they acquire a sort of habitual scorn for the judgment of the multitude. In short, they form a *body*, connected in mind by the analogy of their studies and the uniformity of their proceedings.

“A portion of the tastes and habits of the aristocracy may consequently be discovered in the characters of men in the profession of the law; they participate in the same instinctive love of order and formalities, and they entertain the same strong repugnance to the actions of the multitude, and the same secret contempt of

the government of the people."—p. 177. "The object of the legal profession is not to overthrow the institutions of democracy; but they constantly endeavour to give it an impulse which diverts it from its real tendency by means of which the others know nothing."—p. 181.

"The indispensable want of legal assistance which is felt in England and in the United States, and the high opinion which is generally entertained of the ability of the legal profession, tend to separate it more and more from the people, and to place it in a distinct class. The French lawyer is simply a man extensively acquainted with the statutes of his country, for although the French codes are often difficult of apprehension, they may be read by every one. On the other hand, nothing can be more impenetrable to the uninitiated than a legislation founded on precedents; so that the English or American lawyer resembles the hierophants of Egypt, for like them he is the sole interpreter of an occult science."—p. 183.

"In America there are no nobility and no literary men; and as the people distrust the wealthy, the professors of the law form the highest political class, and the most cultivated circle of society. They have nothing to gain by innovation, which adds a conservative interest to their natural taste for public order. If I were asked where I place the American aristocracy, I should reply, without hesitation, that it is not composed of the rich, who are united together by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and the bar. The more, too, that we reflect upon all that occurs in the United States, the more we shall be persuaded that the members of the legal profession, as a body, form the most powerful, if not the only counterpoise to the democratic element. When the American people is intoxicated by passion, or carried away by the impetuosity of its ideas, it is checked and moderated by the almost invisible influence of its legal counsellors, who secretly oppose their aristocratic propensities to its democratic instincts—their superstitious attachment to what is ancient, to its love of novelty—their circumscribed views, to its immense designs—and their habitual procrastination, to its ardent impatience."—p. 185.

We do not quite assent to what our author alleges as to the main cause of the *democratical* tendency of the French, as opposed to the *aristocratical* tendency of the English and American lawyers. In our opinion, were the work of *destruction* once complete in France, the lawyers would be found acting there quite as *aristocratically* as they now dare to do in America. But the circumstance which M. de Tocqueville adverts to is still an important one; and accordingly we find all our own philosophical radicals strongly infected with their master, the sublime Jeremy Bentham's hatred of "judge-made law," and love of what is called, in the same dialect, "Codification."

We have not room for our author's equally luminous exposition of various other *conservative* circumstances in the condition of the American republic—such as her having no neighbours—a wide territory of virgin soil—and last, not least, of her having *no metropolis*. Were there a Paris or a London in America, the whole system would go to shivers in a single twelvemonth; and this too was the distinct belief of Jefferson, expressed in one of his letters from Paris, while the French Revolution was going on—a revolution, by the by, in the reality of which the said Jefferson never believed, until the bloody head of Madame de Lamballe was dashed against his window one morning, while he was reading the newspaper over his chocolate.

The following remarks are very important in many senses:—

"It cannot be doubted that in the United States the instruction of the people powerfully contributes to the support of a democratic republic—and such must always be the case I believe where the instruction which awakens the understanding is not separated from the moral education which regulates manners. Yet I by no means wish to lay too much stress on this advantage; and I am far from thinking, as many people in Europe do, that men can be instantaneously made good citizens by teaching them to read and write. True information is mainly derived from experience; and if the Americans had not been gradually accustomed to govern themselves, their book-learning would not assist them much at the present day."

"I have lived a great deal," he continues, "with the people of the United States, and I cannot express how much I admire their experience and their good sense. An American should never be led to speak of Europe, for he will then probably display a vast deal of presumption and very foolish pride. He will take up with those crude and vague notions upon which the ignorant all over the world love to dwell. But if you question him respecting his own country, the cloud which dimmed his intelligence will immediately disperse, and his language will become as clear and precise as his thoughts. He will inform you what his rights are, and by what means he exercises them; and he will be able to point out the customs which obtain in the political world. You will find he is well acquainted with the rules of the administration, and that he is familiar with the mechanism of the laws. The citizen of the United States does not acquire his practical science nor his positive notions from books: he learns to know the laws from participating in the act of legislating—he takes lessons in the forms of government from governing; the great work of society is ever going on before his eyes, and, as it were, under his hands. In the United States politics are the end and aim of education—in Europe, its powerful object is to fit men for private life."—Vol. ii. p. 254.

Of all the moral influences, however, which mitigate the tyranny, and therefore tend to prolong the existence, of the democratical institutions of America, we agree with M. de Tocqueville in considering the prevalence of religious feelings in the great mass of the people themselves as by far the most powerful.

"The greatest part of British America was peopled," says our author, "by men who, after having shaken off the authority of the Pope, acknowledged no other religious supremacy; they brought with them into the new world a form of Christianity, which I cannot better describe than by styling it a democratic and republican religion. The sect contributed powerfully to the establishment of a democracy and a republic, and from the earliest settlement of the emigrants politics and religion contracted an alliance which has never been dissolved.

"Nature and circumstances concur to make the Americans bold men, as is sufficiently attested by the enterprising spirit with which they seek for fortune. If, however, their minds were free from these restraints, they would very shortly become the most daring innovators and the most implacable disputants in the world. But the revolutionists of America are forced to profess an ostensible respect for Christian morality and equality. Thus, while the law permits them to do what they please, religion prevents them even from conceiving, and forbids them to commit what is rash and unjust.

"Religion, indeed, takes no direct part in the government of American society, but it must nevertheless be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions

of that country; for, if it does not impart a taste for freedom, it greatly facilitates its use. Despotism may govern without faith, but Liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which political theorists describe in glowing colours, than in the monarchy which they attack, and it is more needed in democratic republics than in any others. How is it possible that society should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed?—and what can be done with a people which is its own master, if it be not submissive to the Deity?—Vol. ii. p. 236.

M. de Tocqueville is a firm believer in the Roman Catholic creed; and yet (we think) he has not failed to obtain some glimpses of the danger to which America is at present exposed by the spread of a Roman Catholic population within her territory.

"I think," says he, "the Catholic religion has been erroneously looked upon as the natural enemy of the democracy. Amongst the various sects of Christianity, Catholicism seems to me, on the contrary, the most favourable to the equality of conditions. In the Catholic church the religious community is composed of two elements, the priest and the people. The priest alone rises above the rank of his flock, and all below him are equal. On doctrinal points the Catholic faith places all human capacities upon the same level: it subjects the wise and the ignorant, the man of genius and the clown, to the observances of the same creed; it imposes the same authorities on the strong and the weak; it listens to no compromise with mortal man, but reducing all the human race to the same standard, it confounds all the distinctions of society at the same altar, even as they are confounded in the sight of God."—vol. ii. p. 224.

This is one way of putting the theoretical question; but the practical result at least is clear—

"There are, at present, more than a million of Christians professing the truths of the Church of Rome in the Union. These Catholics are faithful to the observances of their religion; nevertheless they constitute the *most republican and the most democratic class of citizens in the United States.*"—*ibid.*

In our humble opinion the real object of the Romish priesthood, all the world over, always was and will be power; and they seek it in different ways according to the circumstances of the age and the country in which their operations are carried on. In a monarchy their ambition is to master the mind of the prince; in an aristocratical republic they endeavour to establish their sway among the noble senators; in a democracy they are sure to bend all their exertions to the acquisition of power over the dominant mass; and we should not be at all surprised to find that the results of their experience in this last field were such as to convince them, that the finest thing in the world for them would be the universal establishment of democracies—each ostensibly omnipotent within itself, but each eventually the slave of their own compact all-penetrating influence. Already, as M. de Tocqueville knows, the *Irish Catholic* mob has made itself the ruling power in the elections of New York; he well knows that this mob acts in blind obedience to the orders of its priests—that is to say, of its Bishops—the only men, by-the-by, in American Union who are at this day styled *Lords*; and he must also be well aware that this mob could never have acquired the tithe of such influence but for the hardihood with which ruffians, landed from

Connaught or Kerry but a week before, take false oaths as to residence in America, which alone enable them to march to the poll, and vote for the candidate who is so fortunate as to have the support of those holy personages.

It is due to Mr. Reeve, the translator of M. de Tocqueville's very nice and delicate language, to bear our testimony to the fidelity with which he has executed a task of considerable difficulty. We strongly recommend him to use his influence with his publisher, to bring out the book in a cheaper shape, in order that the interesting information and practical wisdom with which it abounds may be placed within the reach of those classes where prejudice and error take their firmest stand. In conclusion, we once more congratulate the public on their having at last obtained a popular account of America, written in the very purest spirit of philosophy, and with such rare temperance, that persons of all parties, and of all shades of parties, may read it not only with profit, but without their patience being ruffled. It may be thought that we ought to have introduced it sooner to our readers; but we are glad that we deferred the matter; for it is our sincere belief that thousands will now consider M. de Tocqueville's statements with calmness who but a year ago were beyond the reach of temperate discussion upon such topics.

From the Annual Biography.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, M. A.

LATE MINISTER OF THE NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH.

At one period of the career of this extraordinary person, it was maintained, by his adherents, that there had been no such man since the days of John Knox; or, indeed, since the apostolic age. Towards the close of his life, however, he became the victim of a disordered imagination, and of the impositions or follies of others; and afforded, in addition to the numerous cases of the same kind which have occurred, a melancholy instance of the gross absurdities into which superstition, credulity, and a love of, and long-continued dwelling on, the marvellous, the mysterious, and the incomprehensible, may betray even a powerful mind.

Edward Irving was born in the borough of Annan, Dumfriesshire, on the 15th of August, in the year 1792. The family was originally from France, but had long settled in the west of Scotland. His father, Gavin Irving, was the youngest son of Edward Irving, a member of that class of the community which in that district particularly has almost totally disappeared—he was proprietor of a small farm in the vicinity of Annan, which he kept in his own hand and cultivated, chiefly with the assistance of his sons, of whom there were five; and till grown up they, consequently, had no other avocation than agricultural pursuits, and some knowledge of the little traffic between markets which was practised as an auxiliary resource by the farmers of that class in those days. Several of the sons afterwards adopted other pursuits in trade, and Gavin learned the business of a tanner, and ultimately commenced on his own account in that line in the burgh of Annan, in which he was so successful as to raise himself to rank among the most respectable class of tradesmen in the neighbourhood, and became owner of a considerable portion of bur-

gage and landed property in the vicinity. He married Mary Lowther, daughter of George Lowther, one of the heritors of Dornock, a small parish, in which is situated the village of the same name, lying about three miles from Annan, on the Carlisle road.

There were of the family of Gavin Irving eight children, three sons and five daughters; the latter were all respectably married, and had families. The eldest son, John, was bred to the medical profession, and died about twelve years ago, in the East Indies, serving in an appointment in the Company's service. The youngest son, and the youngest of the family, George, was also bred to the medical profession; and having studied in Edinburgh, London, and Paris, had established a practice in Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, with every prospect of the most gratifying success, when he fell into bad health, and rapidly declining, he died a young man, in the month of May, 1833. Gavin Irving died scarcely three years ago, but Mrs. Irving is still living, having survived all her sons.

Edward, with his elder brother John, were at the proper age put to the school of a matron teacher in the burgh, named Margaret Paine, an aged female, of whom it was reported that she was aunt to Thomas Paine; and it was also said that she had been his first instructor in the rudiments of reading. From this school Edward and his brother were removed to the care of Mr. Adam Hope, a man of considerable provincial celebrity as an English teacher in particular, and who also possessed an extensive classical knowledge. Mr. Hope was a strict disciplinarian, and with him Edward commenced his classical studies; but at that time he evinced no symptoms of extraordinary taste for learning—indeed his teacher, speaking of them in later years, always gave the preference to his brother John, both for application, progress, and general conduct as a boy. Edward was always more daring and difficult to control. From his boyhood he was above the level of all his associates; whilst foremost to climb the highest Craig on the glen side, or to stem the tides on the Solway Frith. The companions whom he preferred were men above his years, the oldest and wisest the town of Annan could produce. In his dress, and manners, and expressions, it was equally apparent that he was not a child as others. As years rolled on, and strength increased, his best-loved haunts were neither the public walks, nor shows, nor the chase, nor the ordinary amusements of youth, but solitary rambles to the spots where the martyrs to the Presbyterian faith had preached or died.

Mr. Hope had a system of teaching the classics four days each week, during which, except for a little writing, the scholars had to devote their undivided attention; and one day in the week he set them exclusively to the study of arithmetic. In this branch of knowledge Edward distinguished himself ultimately in a peculiar degree, and to that cause may be probably traced his early predilection for the mathematics, the rudiments of which, and geography, he studied under Mr. Bryce Downie, another teacher in Annan. Being thus substantially grounded, Edward was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and pursued his minor studies with great application. He excelled in the mathematics so far as to attract the attention of Professor Leslie, who, on being applied to for a teacher, recommended him as the fittest person in his

class to undertake the mathematical department in an academy at Haddington. At that time Mr. Irving had not completed his seventeenth year. He occupied this situation only one year, when he was invited to one more lucrative in a larger establishment at Kirkcaldy. At Kirkcaldy he, besides, kept boarders, and gave private tuition. This situation he filled for nearly seven years, during which time he completed his probationary terms, and became a licentiate of the Scotch church. It was here that he contracted the acquaintance of Miss Isabella Martin, daughter of the Rev. John Martin, one of the ministers of Kirkcaldy. He engaged himself to this young lady, on the understanding that as soon as he had obtained a living they should be married; an engagement which he fulfilled shortly after he had obtained the living at Cross Street, Hatton Garden.

In 1819 Mr. Irving removed to Edinburgh, uncertain what to do; determined only to abide henceforth by preaching the Gospel, as his true and sole vocation. Preaching one Sunday from the pulpit of Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, unknown to him, Dr. Chalmers was one of his auditors. It was the first time the Doctor had heard Mr. Irving; and he then formed the favourable opinion of him that subsequently led to his appointing him his assistant and colleague in St. John's church, Glasgow. During his ministry at that church, he had the offer of a call to a church in Kingston, Jamaica; which he would probably have accepted, but for the interference of his relations. He was also, during that period, offered a living in one of the collegiate churches in Scotland; but that he rejected, on the ground that it was the gift of the patron; and he always spoke of patronage as a great evil in the Scotch Established Church.

It was in the year 1822 that Mr. Irving became a resident in the British metropolis. At that period the Caledonian Church, in London, had dwindled into insignificance; and the few families which considered themselves as belonging to it found some difficulty in keeping up the public worship steadily. Some person belonging to the denomination, happening to hear a favourable report of Mr. Irving's pulpit talents, was induced to suggest to the proper authorities the propriety of endeavouring to prevail upon him to become a candidate for the then vacant pulpit in, what was termed, the Caledonian Asylum, a place of worship situated in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. He accepted the invitation, and was introduced to public notice as the assistant of Dr. Chalmers.

At the time Mr. Irving commenced preaching in London, he was so little known, that the attendance at the chapel in Cross Street, it has been said, did not muster more than fifty persons! He continued, however, to preach for four successive Sabbaths, during which he satisfied his friends, to whom the right of election belonged, of his suitability for such a scene of labour. They accordingly tendered him a call to become their minister, and entered into a liberal subscription to insure an adequate stipend. A difficulty, however, remained to be overcome; a parliamentary grant had been made to the Caledonian Asylum, to support a clergyman who could preach in Gaelic as well as in English, and the diverting of the grant, as well as the appropriation of the pulpit, from that specific purpose to any other, could be sanctioned only by act of parliament. The friends of Mr. Irving now found it necessary to interest in his cause the Direc-

tors of the Asylum; and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, as President of that national institution, condescended to honour the candidate with his presence. The permission of the legislature was consequently obtained; and, in August, 1823, Mr. Irving commenced his ministerial labours in the capital.

Mr. Irving's style and manner of preaching differed widely from everything that was then to be found even in this immense metropolis. He soon attracted very large congregations by the force and eloquence of his discourses, and the singularity of his appearance and gesticulation. The greatest orators and statesmen of the day hurried to hear him; the seats of the chapel were crowded with the wealthy and the fashionable, and its doors were thronged with carriages. It became necessary to exclude the public in general, and to admit only those who were previously provided with tickets. The stranger who had effected an entrance found himself in a chapel of moderate dimensions, surrounded by the gay, the noble, and the intelligent of both sexes. When every part of the building had become densely and oppressively crowded, the preacher appeared—tall, athletic, and sallow; arrayed in the scanty robe of the Scotch divines, displaying a profusion of jet-black, glossy hair, reaching even to his shoulders, with a singular obliquity in one of his eyes, and a stern calm solemnity of aspect, somewhat debased by an expression indicative of austere and conscious sanctity. His strong northern accent added to his singularity; which was still further increased by his violent and ungraceful, but impressive gesticulation. His phraseology was not the least remarkable trait, and was among the peculiarities which gave him *éclat* with the public. He expressed his ideas in the language of Milton, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor. The circumstance of his meeting with Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which it is said he did, when a boy, at a farm-house near his father's, was a memorable incident in his life; as it no doubt gave the peculiar bent and tone to his character, and contributed much to draw forth the powers of his mind.

From the outset of his ministry in London, Mr. Irving threw down the gauntlet and commenced open hostilities with preachers of every class and description, both within and without the pale of the establishment. The imposing attitude which he assumed was that of "John the Baptist risen from the dead!" Accordingly he began to deal out his fulminations against both princes and people with an unsparing hand. "He crossed the Tweed," says a friendly reviewer of his proceedings, "with a lighter heart, a more buoyant spirit, and more ecstatic joy than he ever crossed the ford that led to the home of his fathers. He reached London by the aid of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, full of strength and courage for the work which his Master had given him to do. His friends, in the bonds of evangelical love, welcomed him with a salutation of the same; and, as his testimonials bore that he was no common expounder of divine things, 'no plebeian casuist—no vulgar theologian,' five hundred circulars were addressed in one day to all the men of Caledonia resident in London, possessing wealth and influence, and heart to employ both in the cause of a Caledonian preacher, announcing the pre-eminent endowments of his mind, the unquestionable zeal of his spirit, and the fascinating riches of his doctrines, and lo! in one short quarter, the applications for seats at Cross Street, Hatton Garden, increased from fifty to fifteen hundred!"

But Mr. Irving's exertions were not restricted to his labours from the pulpit—he had scarcely been a year in the metropolis, when he came forth from the press, in an octavo volume of 600 pages, under the singular title of "For the Oracles of God, Four Orations—for Judgment to come, an Argument, in nine parts." Such was the demand for this publication, that a third edition was called for in less than six months. It underwent, however, the ordeal of the most severe and extensive criticism. The first number of the "Westminster Review" contained the fairest, and, perhaps, the ablest, notice of it. Of that notice the following is the opening paragraph:—

"We are of opinion that Mr. Irving is a man of extraordinary talents; who, either from an undue hankering after premature fame, or from the solicitations, perhaps, of misjudging friends, has been induced to put forth a most unequal work. So curiously indeed are the faults and beauties mixed up in the book now before us; so nice and accurate is the compensation given and received by each class; so much is there, on the one hand, of flowing and poetical language, of lofty thought, and, moreover, of just reasoning, while, on the other, there are such unequivocal specimens of expression the most vulgar, conceptions the most abortive, and logic the most pointless; that we must honestly declare, we know not in which scale the balance preponderates."

The Quarterly Review took up the subject in an article on Pulpit Eloquence. After sketching the outline of a pulpit orator, such as his own fancy could suggest, and his own judgment could approve, the writer thus introduces Mr. Irving to the notice of the reader:—

"That in him we have discovered our imaginary preacher, we can by no means admit; we have read his volume with bitter and painful disappointment: bitter, because the work falls so far short of the expectation which his fame had excited; painful, because it is an ungracious and unwelcome office to depreciate, in the least, the labours of a zealous man, which appear to have produced so striking an effect on so great a concourse of hearers, to have startled so many of the thoughtless and dissipated, and captivated so many undisciplined, but ardent and enthusiastic minds."

In May, 1824, the London Missionary Society applied to Mr. Irving to preach one of their anniversary sermons; to which request he consented. Accordingly, on the 14th of that month he addressed the friends of missions at Tottenham Court Chapel, in a very elaborate oration. That immense edifice was crowded at an unusually early hour, notwithstanding a heavy and continued rain. Numbers in vain sought admission. At this period of his life, Mr. Irving was in the habit of preaching enormously long sermons. On the occasion now adverted to, such was the extent of his sermon, that he was obliged to pause twice during its delivery, when the congregation sang two or three verses of a hymn. In fact, it was the length of four ordinary sermons. At an early period of the following year this sermon, filling one hundred and thirty large and closely printed pages, (independent of a dedication and preface, which occupy nearly thirty more,) was published, under the title of "For Missionaries after the Apostolic School, a series of Orations, in four parts: I. The Doctrine. II. The Experiment. III. The Argument. IV. The Duty. By the Rev. Edward Ir-

ving, A. M." The volume was dedicated to Mr. Coleridge the poet, with whom Mr. Irving had recently formed an intimate acquaintance. It would appear from the terms of this dedication, that Mr. Irving had, at this time, discarded in some degree the fruits of his former academical learning, placed himself under a new master, and entered upon a new course of tuition and study. He had spent years at the University of Edinburgh, obtained academical honours, been licensed by the Presbytery of Annan, exercised his ministry in various places, and for several successive years, both in his native country and in the British metropolis, and from his pulpit in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, had challenged all the clergy around him, whether Episcopalians or Dissenters; pouring out copious lamentations over their ignorance and imbecility: he had digested Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, and other luminaries of the church of England; but, alas! he now found he knew nothing yet as he ought to know it. No sooner did he come in contact with Mr. Coleridge, than he discovered he had to begin the world anew; he, therefore, placed himself as a disciple at the feet of a wise and generous teacher, confessed his ignorance and inexperience, and found in his new friend "one more profitable to his faith in orthodox doctrine, to his spiritual understanding of the word of God, and to his right conception of the Christian Church, than any or all the men with whom he had hitherto entertained friendship and conversation." He speaks of his Missionary Oration as presenting to the world the first fruits of his new way of thinking,—"the beginnings of thought." It was the misfortune of Mr. Irving (as it is that of many other clever men), that, whatever might be the subject now first brought under his consideration, he almost invariably discovered that the world had been in darkness about it until he took it up. Just so it was with that of modern missions; and hence his Missionary Sermon, instead of advocating the cause and strengthening the hands of the Society, who had unwittingly bespoken his services, turned out to be, for the most part, an attack upon its constituent principles and plan of operations. It is not surprising, therefore, that soon after his pamphlet had made its appearance, it was followed by an "Expostulatory Letter to the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M., occasioned by his Orations for Missionaries after the Apostolic School, by W. Orme," who filled the office of Secretary to the Missionary Society. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Irving's Orations contain passages written with singular force and beauty.

In the year 1825, Mr. Irving preached the anniversary sermon for the Continental Society, the substance of which he afterwards published in a treatise on the prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse, entitled "Babylon and Infidelity foredoomed of God." This work he dedicated to Mr. Hatley Frere, brother to the British envoy at the court of Madrid, and one of the noted students of prophecy of what is called the Albury School. In this dedication he acknowledges that until he fell in with Mr. Frere, and had access to that gentleman's conversation and writings, the subject was quite new to him. None of Mr. Irving's numerous predecessors in the bold undertaking of unravelling the web of prophecy, had ventured to fix the application of particular predictions to the events that were produced by the late revolution in France, which Mr. Irving has done. According to him, the Papacy,

which is only another name for Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots, took its rise in the year of our Lord 533, when the imperial code, known by the name of the Pandects of Justinian, was promulgated. By this instrument power was given to the Bishop of Rome over the churches; he became armed with authority to settle all controversies among them; and to crown the whole, he was declared head of the universal church, infallible in all matters of faith, and permitted to use the power of the empire against all heretics. The period allotted to the reign of this anti-christian power is expressly fixed in prophecy to one thousand two hundred and threescore years. Now, if we add these two numbers together, viz. 533 and 1260, we have as the result the year 1793, the identical year in which the French revolution commenced its origin, and at which period he considers the reign of the Papacy to have been consummated. In that year, according to Mr. Irving, the judgment on Babylon commenced; consequently it must, at the period of his preaching this sermon, have been sitting upwards of thirty years. He supposes that, during this interval of thirty years, the first six vials of the wrath of heaven have been poured out upon the seat of the beast, and have thus completed the first period of the judgment. The seventh vial, which is to open the second period of five-and-forty years, he tells us, is ready to be poured out, and at the expiration of this second period the battle of Armageddon is to take place, and will issue in the total destruction of Babylon, the second coming of Christ, and the setting-up of his millennial kingdom, which Mr. Irving calculates will take place in the year of our Lord 1868.

It was about this time that Mr. Irving drew up his Introductory Essay to Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Book of Psalms. A Glasgow bookseller having commenced publishing a series of select Christian authors, whose productions should furnish the public with the substance of scriptural theology in a condensed yet popular form, each select work to be introduced by an essay by some distinguished living author, pointing out its chief and prominent merits, decided upon adopting Dr. Horne's very popular work as one of the series, and applied to Mr. Irving to furnish the introductory essay; which he did in the year 1825. This essay appears to be generally considered as one of the choicest products of Mr. Irving's pen. It breathes a fervent piety no less than it displays an elevated genius.

In the controversy which occurred among the numerous friends and supporters of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and which at one period threatened the very existence of the Society, Mr. Irving took an active part; and made himself somewhat conspicuous by a speech which he delivered at the anniversary meeting of the Society in 1827.

In the same year, he published "The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty, by Juan Josafat Ben Ezra, a converted Jew," translated from the Spanish.

The Albury School of Prophets (to which allusion has already been made) dates its origin about this period; and as Mr. Irving was a leading personage among them, it seems not improper to introduce, in this place, some slight mention of this once talked of, but now nearly forgotten, institution.

Almost from the first of his settlement in the metropolis, the minister of the Caledonian church had attracted the notice and gained the favourable ear of

Mr. Henry Drummond, whose name (whatever may be thought of his religious opinions) is entitled to high respect, as that of a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, a benevolent, kind-hearted man, one whose purse is always open to relieve the indigent, and promote such plans and institutions as meet his approval. This gentleman, about a dozen years ago, purchased an estate at Albury, near Guildford, in Surrey, and has since filled the office of High Sheriff of the county. The subject of unfulfilled prophecy having become a topic of unusual interest among Christians, more especially since the period of the French Revolution, Mr. Irving, as we have already seen, had entered keenly into it both in his preaching and in his writings, and Mr. Drummond appears to have gone along with him *pari passu*. To prosecute this object to better effect, it was now determined to convene "all the prophets in the land," at the residence of Mr. Drummond; at Albury Park; there to spend a whole week together, for the purpose of consulting the Holy Scriptures, with a view to the furtherance of each other in this sublime science. The social duties of religion, prayer, and praise, were to be regularly attended to, and the rest of the time spent in an interchange of mind on given subjects. The number of the students of prophecy amounted to about twenty, consisting of clergymen of the churches of England and Scotland, ministers and laymen of the Independent and Baptist denominations, Jews and Gentiles. That in these discussions Mr. Irving took a lively interest is sufficiently evinced by the dedication to Mr. Drummond of a volume of discourses, which Mr. Irving subsequently published. There is something very singular, and at the same time very amusing, about these Albury meetings; though, properly speaking, they were confidential and private, the substance of them was subsequently given to the public by Mr. Drummond, in a work entitled "Dialogues on Prophecy," in 3 vols. 8vo. the first of which volumes appeared in 1827.

In the spring of the year 1828, Mr. Irving preached a Fast-day Sermon before the Presbytery of London, which he afterwards published under the title of an "Apology for the ancient Fulness and Purity of the Doctrine of the Kirk of Scotland."

In the same year he contributed to an Annual then existing, under the name of the "Anniversary," an essay, entitled "A Tale of the Times of the Martyrs." He also published a "Letter to the King on the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts," a measure which he earnestly opposed; and "Last Days, and Discourses on the evil Character of these Times."

We are now brought to that period in the life of Mr. Irving, when it will be necessary to glance at his departure from the doctrinal standards of the Church of Scotland, and his broaching, from both the pulpit and the press, certain opinions and sentiments which drew upon him the charge of "heretical pravity," and embittered the few remaining years of his life, lost him the confidence of many of his friends, brought him under the censure of the presbyteries, to which, as a minister of the Church of Scotland, he was amenable, and ended in his expulsion from the National Scotch Church in London—the prominent station which he had sustained since his arrival in the metropolis of England.

It was about the year 1827 that he was first observed to speak in a totally new manner concerning the human nature of Jesus Christ. On the formation in the

Metropolis of a society for the distribution of "Gospel Tracts," Mr. Irving consented to be one of the three preachers appointed to preach collection-sermons in aid of the funds of the new institution; and it is said to have been on the delivery of his oration on that occasion that some of Mr. Irving's hearers were astounded by his assertion of "the sinfulness of Christ's human nature." In 1828 issued from the press what may be termed his *chef-d'œuvre*, his "Sermons, Lectures, and occasional Discourses," in three closely printed volumes, in octavo, in which his new discoveries in theology were developed at large.

It ought to have been mentioned that, on experiencing the inconvenience of the small chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, the more enthusiastic and attached of Mr. Irving's admirers raised a subscription to erect for him a larger and more commodious church. This was the origin of the handsome edifice in Regent's Square, which was completed in 1829.

In the spring of the year 1829 Mr. Irving paid a visit to his friends in Scotland, and passed some weeks among them. At Edinburgh he commenced a course of "Lectures on the Book of the Revelation." His original calculation was to go through the whole book of the Apocalypse in twelve lectures; but, having completed that number, he found that he was little beyond the threshold of his undertaking. Having added three lectures, the fifteen were issued from the press in parts, the whole making four duodecimo volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, closely printed.

About the middle of May, 1829, the Annual Meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took place in Edinburgh; and Mr. Irving was solicitous of obtaining a seat in that august assembly, and partaking in their deliberations. An application was consequently made to this effect; but it was rejected on the ground that his bearing the character of a regularly ordained clergyman disqualified him from officiating in that court as a ruling elder.

No complaint of Mr. Irving's heterodoxy occurred in the proceedings of the General Assembly on the occasion just alluded to; but the time soon arrived when his obliquities of doctrinal sentiment could no longer be allowed to lie dormant. The subject was taken up by the presbytery of the Scotch Church, in London, in the early part of the year 1830. Mr. Irving was charged with heresy; and at a meeting of the presbytery of London on the 29th of November, 1830, the report of the committee appointed to examine his work on Christ's humanity was brought up and read. It charged Mr. Irving with holding Christ guilty of original and actual sin, and denying the doctrines of atonement, satisfaction, imputation, and substitution. These charges were substantiated by quotations from the work itself, and confronted with passages from the Scriptures, the Confession of Faith, and the Assembly's Catechism. They were warmly rejected by Mr. Hamilton, brother-in-law of Mr. Irving, as deputy from the National Scotch Church. The report, however, was received, and ordered to lie on the table; and the further proceedings of ecclesiastical censure were prolonged for eighteen months. It would be tedious to pursue the narrative of these proceedings, in detail, from this period to the beginning of the year 1832, by which time Mr. Irving's aberrations had multiplied tenfold—inasmuch that the Trustees of the National Scotch Church in Regent's Square found it necessary to prefer charges against their minister, with a view

of either reclaiming him from the error of his way, or deposing him from his official station as a minister of the Caledonian Church, in London. The charges were as follows:—

“Firstly, That the said Rev. Edward Irving had suffered and permitted, and still allows, the public services of the said church, in the worship of God on the Sabbath, and other days, to be interrupted by persons not being either ministers or licentiates of the Church of Scotland.

“Secondly, That the said Rev. Edward Irving has suffered, and permitted, and still allows the public services of the said church, in the worship of God, to be interrupted by persons not being either members, or seat-holders, of said church; or ministers, or licentiates of the Church of Scotland.

“Thirdly, That the said Rev. Edward Irving has suffered, and permitted, and also publicly encourages females to speak in the said church, and to interrupt and disturb the public worship of God in the said church on Sabbath and other days.

“Fourthly, That the said Rev. Edward Irving hath suffered, and permitted, and also publicly encourages other individuals, members of the said church, to interrupt and disturb the public worship of God in the said church on Sabbath and other days.

“Fifthly, That the said Rev. Edward Irving, for the purpose of encouraging and exciting the said interruptions, has appointed times when a suspension of the usual worship in the said church takes place, for said persons to exercise the supposed gifts with which they profess to be endowed.”

The “interruptions,” and “disturbances,” alluded to in the foregoing charges, proceeded from a number of persons, male and female, but principally the latter, who either affected to believe, or really believed, that they were under the influence of inspiration; and who every now and then burst into a torrent of the most extravagant and incoherent ejaculations and denunciations; frequently in “unknown tongues,” as a jargon of discordant, frightful, and unintelligible sounds was termed. It was a shocking and disgraceful exhibition; and the most revolting and painful part of it was the solemnity with which the ravings of these crafty or deluded persons were pronounced by Mr. Irving himself, from the pulpit, to be “manifestations of the Holy Ghost.”

Witnesses having been called to the truth of the allegations contained in the charges of the Trustees, and Mr. Irving having been heard in his defence, which occupied upwards of four hours in the delivery, on the 2d of May, 1832, the London Presbytery unanimously found him guilty. The consequence was that he became dispossessed of his cure, as minister of the National Scotch Church meeting in Regent Square.

As Mr. Irving still continued to be a member of the Presbytery of Annan, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland now called upon that body to institute further proceedings against him, on the ground of his heretical sentiments; and after the preliminary measures had been gone through, the trial was fixed for the 13th of March, 1833. It excited an unusual interest in every part of Scotland, especially in the southern departments. The result was, however, the same as in the former case; and the Moderator of the presbytery of Annan formally pronounced the sentence of deposition of the Rev. Edward Irving from the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

On the next morning, Mr. Irving delivered a lecture from a tent, nearly opposite the parish church at Annan, to a congregation consisting of seventeen hundred persons; and previous to his departure from Scotland, he preached a number of sermons, in the open air, at Cummertrees, at Dumfries, at Summer Hill, at Terregles, &c. On his return to London, he continued the same practice for a considerable time.

The decisions of the presbyteries of London and Annan had placed Mr. Irving out of the pale of the Kirk of Scotland, deposed him from his ministry in that church (once the object of his fondest regards,) and branded him with the imputation of heresy. But though generally abandoned by the leading members of the Caledonian Church in Regent Square, he was still the centre of attraction to great numbers of others, who rather regarded him in the light of a martyr, and rallied round him with increased sympathy in proportion to his accumulated sufferings. Immediately after his ejection from the pulpit of the National Scotch Church in Regent Square, his friends came to the determination of erecting a chapel for his use; and, it was said, had made arrangements with an eminent builder for carrying the project into immediate effect; but this was superseded by their meeting with a suitable edifice already constructed,—the large and lofty picture-gallery, in Newman Street, of the late Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy. The alterations necessary to adapt this gallery to its new purpose were soon effected. Emancipated from the restraints of elders and managers, full scope was now given to “the manifestations of the Spirit,” particularly in the “unknown tongues,” during the times of public worship; and the novelty of the thing, combined with the flights and extravagancies ever attendant upon such scenes, attracted immense congregations.

From this melancholy picture of Mr. Irving’s ministerial or clerical character we turn, with pleasure, to contemplate him in his social, and domestic, and personal qualities. All who were admitted to familiar intercourse with him in his own house, or the friendly circle, bear testimony that his manners were those of a gentleman—easy, affable, communicative, and graceful. His education had been liberal, and his classical learning and scientific attainments qualified him for entering into conversation on most subjects. Dr. Chalmers spoke of him as one of “the nobles of nature,” and said “his talents were so commanding that you could not but admire him, and he was so open and generous that it was impossible not to love him.” At another time, when requested to give his idea of Mr. Irving’s character, the Doctor is said thus to have described him:—“He was the evangelical Christian grafted on the old Roman—with the lofty stern virtues of the one, he possessed the humble graces of the other. The constitutional basis and ground-work of his character was virtue alone; and notwithstanding all his errors and extravagancies, which both injured him in the estimation of the world, and threw discredit upon much that was good and useful in his writings, I believe him to have been a man of deep and devoted piety.”

The complaint which led to Mr. Irving’s death was consumption, produced by his laborious and unceasing efforts to propagate the peculiar religious tenets to which he had attached himself. In the autumn of 1834 he went to Scotland, for the benefit of his health.

Soon after his arrival at Glasgow, he became rapidly worse, and was latterly suffering severely from internal pain. He still, however, almost until the last, entertained the delusive notion that his case was not hopeless; and he had come to the resolution of visiting his native place, taking Edinburgh in his way, which would have added forty-four miles to the journey, making altogether considerably above four hundred miles. He proposed to accomplish the journey by easy stages, but his strength declined so rapidly, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt his removal; and he expired at Glasgow, under the roof of Mr. Taylor, virtually a stranger to him, but who sought his society from a regard for his character. He had been confined to his bed-room for two weeks; and no medical skill could abate his pulse below one hundred for several months, and latterly it had increased to one hundred and forty; at which time in the lethargies which he fell into at short intervals in succession, the pain he suffered could be discerned only by the big drops of perspiration that oozed from his brow. The most of the time he was sensible, he appeared to be engaged in secret prayer; and a short while before he breathed his last, his father-in-law remarked him uttering something in Hebrew, which he thought was the twenty-third Psalm. Mr. Martin repeated the first verse of that Psalm in Hebrew, and Mr. Irving immediately, faintly, but correctly, repeated the two succeeding verses, also in Hebrew: these were nearly the last words he uttered in consciousness. He died at one o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 6th of December, 1834. Those who had seen him only within the last twelve months, and had marked his long gray hair, and wrinkled brow, were surprised to learn that he had attained only his forty-second year. His funeral was attended by most of the clergy of Glasgow, and by most of the elders and deacons of St. John's parish, in connexion with whom he spent probably the most useful days of his life.

Mrs. Irving had accompanied him to Scotland, and attended him on his death-bed. He had buried several children; but a daughter, Margaret, about ten years old, and a son, Samuel Martin, about four years old, and an infant, Isabella, six months old, are left with their mother to mourn the death of an affectionate husband and parent.

By much the larger portion of the facts in the foregoing memoir have been derived from a "Biographical Sketch," by William Jones, M. A.

From the Quarterly Review.

Outlines of Phrenology. By George Combe, Esq., President of the Phrenological Society. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1836.

THIS is very kind of Mr. President Combe. There are many readers who could not possibly be brought to encounter even one octavo volume upon the science over which this gentleman presides; and here he has given them a pamphlet—brief, cheap, and containing, what to most of them, we suspect, will prove quite sufficient, a compendium of the principles of phrenology. We have perused the document with patience, and shall take this opportunity of investigating the principles of phrenology, with a brevity corresponding to the account here presented of them.

We wish, in the first place, to point attention to the following glaring contradiction, if not in the system of phrenology, at least in the language of its teachers. The brain, we are told, is divided into a number of distinct organs, the material instruments of thought. There are the perceptive organs, whose objects are such as form, colour, number, and place; there are the reflective organs, called by the names of causality and comparison; and there are organs of propensities and sentiments, such as those of destructiveness and benevolence. Each of these organs is said to be as strictly limited to its peculiar object as the eye to light, or the ear to sound. Yet no sooner are they represented in operation—no sooner is the cerebral machinery set to work, than those very organs which were described as limited, it may be to a solitary sentiment, are found to be invested with half the faculties of the human head. "The optic nerve," says Mr. Combe, "when stimulated by light, induces the active state called *seeing* in the mind; and the organ of benevolence, excited by an object of distress, produces the mental state called *compassion*."—(p. 3.) What light, therefore, is to the optic nerve, an object of distress is to the organ of benevolence. But an object of distress is only known to be such from certain circumstances which indicate the presence of pain or misery; and the organ of benevolence, in order to become cognisant of its appropriate object, must be capable of perceiving the external form of things, their hue, their locality—and must be endowed, moreover, with some capacity of reasoning to draw from these the necessary conclusion. We shall be told that the perceptive and reflective organs perform these offices—that *they* represent the pallor of countenance, the emaciation of frame—and decide on the connexion between these appearances and the existence of disease or affliction. But the organ of benevolence must itself also understand the picture thus produced before it. There is no conceivable manner in which an image of affliction can become the object of the organ of benevolence, but by being perceived and understood; and thus the instrument of a single feeling is found to be invested with the greater part of the faculties of the human mind.

If the productions of one organ are represented as the objects of another, it follows that every organ, as we ascend in the scale of mental development, must, in order to be affected by its own specific object, be endowed not only with its own peculiar faculty, but with those of the previously developed organs. Thus the reflective organs must be capable of perception, and the sentimental both of perception and of reasoning. What now becomes of that nice division of our intellectual functions amongst the several portions of the brain, which constitutes the very essence of phrenology? After allotting out the faculties of the mind to separate independent organs, it is discovered that these organs have usurped other powers than their own, and have often become, as it were, little minds of themselves.

We will endeavour to extricate the phrenologist from a difficulty which at the very outset threatens the confusion and overthrow of his system; but we can extricate him only by divesting his hypothesis of that convenient ambiguity of language which disguises its naked absurdity. As the real object of an organ of sense—of vision, for instance—is not the tree, or the human form which we seem instantaneously to behold

—(this object being composed of the remembered intimations of several senses which are brought rapidly before us by their association with the sensation of colour)—but merely the impulses received on the retina by the particles of light; so, in phrenology, it is not the image of distress which ought to have been described as the object of the organ of benevolence, but the impulse received from the activity of other organs of the brain—as of form, colour, and comparison—whose activity again might be traced to the vibrations of the organs of sense, which last are affected by the operations of the external world. This is the only intelligible manner in which the system of the phrenologist can be stated. Here the analogy between his organs of thought and those of the senses, is strictly preserved. As vibrations communicated to the optic nerve produce the sensation of colour—so pulsations, communicated from one part of the brain to another, produce in each portion of the cerebral substance a peculiar mode of thought or feeling.

When, however, the matter is stated thus broadly, we think we see sufficient reason why the phrenologist should seek a shelter in the obscurities of language; for what can be more improbable or grotesque, than the hypothesis here presented to our view! A number of distinct and conflicting organs are set in motion by each other, creating each its own especial feeling or cogitation. This is a machinery for madness, not an organization for a reasonable being. It reminds us of nothing higher—nor can we find a similitude more fitting—than the bells of a household which have been waggishly tied together, so that one being pulled, the whole peal goes off in a continuous clatter.

The phrenologist, we suppose, will content himself with asserting that this body of independent organs act on each other after such laws, and form together so harmonious and amicable a republic, as to produce all the order and congruity observed in the human mind. We cannot demonstrate the absolute impossibility of this, knowing, as we do, so little of these organs of thought. He claims the benefit of the utter darkness of his subject, and we yield it to him.

Admitting, then, the *possibility* of his system, we proceed to make our observations—first, upon the list of organs which the phrenologist has set forth as containing a classification of mental phenomena; and, secondly, on the evidence by which the existence of these organs is professedly established.

In criticising the phrenological theory as a new account of the human mind, we shall avoid, as much as possible, all reference to the peculiar tenets of any one school of metaphysics, and appeal only to those facts which every intelligent man will be ready to admit. We shall not require the categories of Kant to be marshalled on the forehead, or exact that the skull be mapped out into the few large provinces which the analysis of Brown, or of Mill, might teach us to expect. We shall shun all disputable ground; but at the same time let it be remarked, that the phrenologist is not released, more than any other metaphysician, from the difficulties which beset the subject of mental philosophy. He boasts, indeed, of appealing to the palpable experience of eyesight and the touch; but this experience is nothing but inasmuch as it corresponds to the reports of his own consciousness. In making up his list of organs, he must continually refer for their verification to that fine internal experience

of his own mental operations, on which the science of metaphysics is founded, and over which so much doubt is supposed to hang. Let no one imagine that, in embracing phrenology, he has escaped from all the perplexities of psychological investigation, and landed at once on the *terra firma* of natural philosophy.

We have no desire to fasten upon the phrenologist the charge of materialism. If he object to the accusation, he is at liberty to avoid it by acknowledging that there is, or there may be, a spiritual substratum, in which inhere the thoughts and feelings produced in it by the cerebral organs. The existence of this spiritual substratum is a question that stands out quite by itself; and it is a question, we are willing to concede, which is not peculiar to an inquiry into the nature of the human mind—to the science of anthropology—but which may be canvassed in relation to all animal life. Take the instance of a simple sensation in a creature of the lowest ranks of zoology. A nerve touched produces a sense of pleasure or pain. Does the nerve feel, it may be asked, or does the sensation exist in some immaterial essence, which feels through the instrumentality of the nerve? We ask exactly the same question when we inquire of the phrenologist, whether the brain thinks, or whether thought inheres in some totally different substance, which cogitates through the medium of the brain? The phrenologist will be satisfied, we presume, if we allow him to have proved the same intimate connexion between his organ of causality, for instance, and the process of reasoning, as exists between the nerve of the animal and its sensation. He need not take upon himself to deny that a spiritual power pervades both the one and the other.

But though we will not dwell on the imputation of materialism, which may possibly be offensive, yet we beg it to be remembered that, according to the phrenologist, every mental condition, in whatever substance it inheres, is the immediate product of a material organ. The intelligence has no operation of *its own*. Its faculties—its varied states of consciousness—the psychological phenomena, by whatever term we signify them—are the result of a number of independent organs; and the word *mind* (when not applied to that occult essence of which we have been speaking) can be only an expression for the totality of these results. This it will be found indispensable to keep always in view, while investigating the problems of phrenology. The phrenologist, when he ascribes all the mental phenomena to certain organs, must be assured that they are equal to the task allotted them. He must not, after this, leave anything to be done by a sort of *general agent* called the *mind*.

We require, then, of these cerebral organs of the phrenologist, that, on the one hand, they should not be redundant, and, on the other, that they should be sufficiently numerous to perform all those intellectual operations which manifestly are performed. Now, we think it impossible for any one to run his eye down the list of them without perceiving that it supplies us, on some occasions, with superfluous organization—and is, on others, lamentably deficient. A few instances of each of these failings must suffice.

We have both *Form* and *Size*. In the language of metaphysics, a knowledge of *extension* includes the two. For what is *form* but the comparative extension of the several parts of the same object? or *size* but the comparative extension of two separate objects?

The services rendered to us by the organ of *Destructiveness* (see p. 9) are almost identical with those attributed to *Combativeness*, except that we are told that one use of *Destructiveness* is to teach us "to kill for food!" which led us to expect some organ whose province it was to dig for food—to roast or boil for food.

The organ of *Veneration* is not supposed to furnish us with the idea of God, but only with a feeling which may be turned towards that, or any other less sublime object. An organ for veneration, therefore, was superfluous, as this sentiment is evidently resolvable into a mixture of other feelings—love, fear, and admiration.

We are told, and we think with propriety, that *Attention* ought not to be described as a separate faculty, but as a vigorous exercise of any power of the mind, due to some strong desire to which that power is subservient. Yet when *two* faculties are in simultaneous activity, it seems that a third power is found necessary, called *Concentrativeness*, to keep them applied to their task. This is exactly repeating of *Concentrativeness* what had been exploded when applied to *Attention*. What office does this new agent perform which was not fulfilled already by that emotion or desire to which the two faculties were acting in subservience? Or does Mr. Combe intend, after assigning a certain passion to the mind, to provide it with another power simply to infuse strength into that passion, and sustain it in its functions?

But we are more disposed to insist on that *deficiency* of organization which, notwithstanding this slovenly superfluity, is manifest on other occasions. Some doubt may hang over the clearest analyses of our mental operation; and the resolution of a complex feeling into others of a more simple nature, can hardly be made so evident as not to admit of cavil or dispute. But if phrenology supplies us with no agent to perform that which nevertheless is undoubtedly accomplished, this is a defect so gross and palpable, that it must prove fatal to the science.

It is a leading doctrine of phrenology that *Memory* and *Judgment* are not distinct faculties, but that each faculty has its memory and judgment. Thus *tune* remembers and judges of *tune*, *locality* of place, and so on. It is plain that the mental phenomena admit of being classed after this fashion. We may, if we please, arrange our intellectual acts according to the objects about which they are engaged, and not the nature of the operations themselves. In like manner, if we had chosen, instead of speaking of the general faculty of vision, we might have made our classification to run upon the various objects of sight, and spoken of book-sight, tree-sight, man-sight. We prefer the old method of generalizing, but since the phrenologist has adopted another, we have only now to see that he has embraced under his new classification all the facts that were included in the old.

Now keeping in view that we want an organ for every distinct species of object on which memory and judgment are exercised, we shall find a woful deficiency. The eye affords us the perception of colour, and the sense of touch that of extension; but, as there is no such thing as a general faculty of memory or judgment, a colour-organ which remembers and judges of colour—and a form-organ which remembers and judges of form—are supplied to us. But we have two other senses—those of taste and smell. It is undeni-

able that we remember and judge of the sensations offered to us by the palate and the olfactory nerves, yet we have no taste-organ and no smell-organ to perform these functions which, without any question, are performed. We leave the reader to follow this out further for himself. He will find that it reveals an enormous gap in the system of phrenology.

A word on the explanation given of memory. It is denied to be an original faculty, and is described as the repeated activity of the organ under whose cognisance the subject of remembrance is placed. This might be a sufficiently accurate account of what, in the language of Stewart, is called conception. But there is in memory something more than the recurrence of the image—there is the recognition of its having been entertained before. Why should not the image appear always new?—always perceived, or thought of, as for the first time? The renewed activity of the organ supplies us with a repetition of the sensation or idea, but the very circumstance, by the addition of which it becomes a case of memory, is left unexplained. Resolve this if you will—and it is the simplest account which has ever been attempted—into an association with previous trains of thought, and still it is unexplained by the phrenologist.

If we are told that the organ which is said to remember not only repeats the image, but does this with a consciousness of having produced it before, then, since its second mode of activity is so different from the first, what is gained by denying memory to be an original faculty? All that the phrenologist has done is this—he has made it a distinct original faculty of each of his remembering organs.

There is not a better established fact in the science of metaphysics than that our ideas and feelings, by frequent association, coalesce, so as to become apparently one simple idea, or feeling. This is strikingly exemplified in an act of vision, which is allowed, on all hands, to be not a simple process, but a result of certain inextricable associations of the products of the eye, the touch, and the muscular movement. Here is something accomplished by the mind—we ourselves attempt no further explanation of it—we speak of it as an undoubted, ultimate fact. What provision has the phrenologist made for the performance of this mental operation? His organs have each their independent consciousness—there is no other consciousness of which he can speak—there is no such thing as a general power called the mind which the phrenologist can call upon to mould and unite the products of the several organs. How is this mental chemistry performed? "Association," we are instructed, "expresses the mutual influence of the organs." While association refers only to the *successive* activity of these organs, this may contain sufficient explanation, but no "mutual influence" which we can conceive of, can account for one simple consciousness resulting from the activity of several independent organs. Let it not be said that the rapidity of successive operations has this effect upon the mind, just as colours painted on a revolving wheel appear white to the eye of a spectator. The mind is nothing here but these operations themselves. The mind is not the eye looking on the wheel, but—to carry forward the illustration—it is the successive colours in the wheel each conscious only of itself.

Into the list of propensities and sentiments we shall not enter. It proceeds upon no intelligible principle.

For instance, we have an organ for cupidity—or, as it is called, acquisitiveness—but none for ambition, for the love of power. Reduce this latter sentiment, if you will, to the general desire of happiness, to which the possession of power is subservient, but then apply the same analysis to the case of acquisitiveness. The love of power is as original a passion as the love of wealth. Indeed, avarice has been generally held to submit itself to an analysis of this kind more readily than ambition.

The reflective organs are but two, and even here there is either a superabundance, or a deficiency. To *comparison* would naturally be attributed all that Locke includes under his customary expression, the perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas. This seems to embrace the whole province of reasoning. If we are to limit the operation of comparison in order to obtain a department for *causality*, we shall find, if we act with any consistency, that we have created a want for a still greater number of reflective faculties. "*Causality perceives*," we are told, "the dependencies of phenomena, and it furnishes the idea of causation as implying something more than mere juxta-position, or sequence."—(p. 24.) By the way, the organ is said to be large upon the head of Dr. Brown, to whom it certainly failed in suggesting any such idea of causation. Now, granting that there is this "something more" in causation than the prediction that arises from the invariable order of events (a question with which we are not at present concerned,) if every leading idea that is involved in our reasoning is to be provided with a separate organ, we cannot stop so soon as this. *That every sensation inheres in a sentient being*, will be considered by many to be a maxim of belief as well deserving of a separate organ, as *that everything which begins to exist has had a cause*. The perception of the relation of *equality*, the foundation of all reasoning in logic and mathematics, might also claim the same honour.

Thus much for phrenology as a theory of the mind. The reader, if he is disposed, can easily carry on the examination for himself. We promise him he will find many more examples of both those defects on which we have been animadverting; but we cannot promise that he will find much entertainment in the investigation. For never yet was language used in a more obscure and slovenly manner than—judging from the specimen before us—by the phrenologist. When you read the bare catalogue of his organs you have some idea—or you think you have—of what is meant by the names attached to them. But on advancing to the description itself of the organ—of its object, and its scope of operation—the confusion thickens just in proportion as the account is prolonged. Take, for instance, the following description of the first in order of the intellectual faculties—Individuality. "This faculty," says Mr. Combe, "gives the desire, accompanied by the ability, to know objects as mere existences or substances, without regard to their qualities, their modes of action, or their effects." A strange knowledge of an object this! For how can we know an object but by an acquaintance with its qualities, its modes of action, and its effects? These being withdrawn, what remains but an abstract, unrepresented entity? Perhaps we have fallen upon the organ which, akin to that of *causality*, supplies us with the metaphysical idea of *substance*. But no, the residue of the description forbids us to rest in this conclusion. "It prompts

to observation"—this faculty that overlooks qualities, and modes of action, and effects!—"and is an element in a genius for those sciences which consist in a knowledge of specific existences, such as natural history, botany, mineralogy, and anatomy;"—all which have nothing to do with qualities and effects! "It forms the class of ideas designated by nouns substantive. When deficient, the power of observation is feeble. Established"!!—*Established?*

We now proceed to the second part of our subject, the evidence on which this strange theory is founded. And here we cannot be expected to go into particulars, into the discussion of this or that pericranium—the debate would be interminable, and, as we shall show, necessarily fruitless—but we shall content ourselves with such general remarks on the *nature* of the evidence, as will go far to prove, we think, its utter inadequacy.

What proof is there, we ask, of the existence of these separate organs of the brain? No Sir Astley Cooper or Sir Charles Bell, by his finest operation, can detect their presence. No anatomical skill can lay bare from the mass of the brain those distinct conical portions which the language of phrenology leads us to expect; neither has our consciousness ever informed us of the possession of these organs. We readily admit, that the not being immediately conscious of their operation is no proof of their non-existence. In a healthy state of the body we are not aware of the activity of our internal mechanism. The stomach and the liver perform their unimpeded functions in silence and in secrecy; nor are we immediately cognisant of the operations of the organs of sense. If the eye had stood always open, and we had not been assisted to the discovery by other sensations, we should not have attributed the sense of colour to the organ of vision. But the wonder here is that no pain or fatigue—no contemporary sensation whatever—should have conducted us to the knowledge of these organs—that the same circumstances which have rendered us conscious that hearing is in the ear and vision in the eye, should never have intimated that our intellectual faculties lie in one region of the head, and our passions in another. Was it ever found that one part of the forehead ached while the reader was puzzling at his Locke, and that another throbbed while he hung over the pages of Milton? Or was it ever discovered that the poet endured pain in the region of *ideality*—that the temples of the orator ached in *comparison*, and of the metaphysician in *causality*? A set of organs, the presence of which no anatomist can detect—the possession of which no fatigue, or derangement, or accessory sensation whatever, has ever rendered us conscious of—must be announced, to say the least, under singular disadvantages.

In the absence of that testimony which we naturally expect of the existence of bodily organs, what is the proof afforded us? We are first supplied with a series of presumptions which should induce us "to regard the brain as an aggregate of distinct organs." Let us hear this string of presumptions—

1. "The mental faculties appear and come to maturity successively,—just as in *some* animals hearing precedes sight."—A fact as easily explicable on any other hypothesis. For how could the mind reason till materials were supplied? or how experience certain sentiments till the circumstances had made their appearance on which they are necessarily founded?

This order in our mental development is very intelligible—it is not just as *some* animals hear before they see—it is just as *all* animals see before they run and gambol on their pastures.

2. "Genius is generally partial: a man is often an excellent musician who has no talent for painting or metaphysics."—Genius is generally partial, for it is not often in the power of man to give that time and undisturbed attention to more than one pursuit, which is necessary for great eminence. The causes which may divert an individual mind into any one track are many. A delicate organization, either in the eye or the ear, may be the proximate cause which induces, in a susceptible mind, a love of painting or music. The physical temperament of an individual has a strong influence in directing his intellectual powers, whether, for instance, to poetry or metaphysics. Circumstances of life operate still more in deciding the current of his thoughts. If, after these general remarks, there is any mystery still hanging over the simple fact that men's minds are not all equal, but surpass each other, some in this talent and some in that, we, at least, are not oppressed by the difficulty. We find it just as easy to admit an original disparity in that existence we call the *mind*, as an original difference in the size of the *phrenological organs*.

3. "In dreaming, one or more faculties are awake, while others are asleep; and if all acted by means of one organ, they could not possibly be in different states at the same time."—What are the faculties that can be positively pronounced asleep during the hours of dreaming? Our ideas proceed, at this time, in a very loose, disorderly manner, but what one faculty can be said to be absolutely inactive? We imagine strange things, and reason very oddly, and entertain very perverse sentiments, but still we feel, and reason, and imagine. But—if certain faculties *were* shown to be decidedly torpid in the state of dreaming, this would afford no presumption in favour of a multitude of organs. It is quite as difficult to understand why one of the intellectual organs should fall asleep while the others are awake, as why the mind should continue to act in some of its modes, and cease as to others.

4. "Idiocy and insanity are generally partial, which could not be if all the faculties depended upon one organ."—Here is another "could not be," which, however positively affirmed, has no warrant whatever. That all the faculties really depend upon one organ it is not our business to prove; for of the corporeal organization through which the mind operates, we confess ourselves in ignorance. But the existence of partial insanity is quite as possible on this hypothesis as on that of the phrenologist. Partial insanity, according to him, results from the derangement of one of the organs. What is meant by this derangement, but that the organ acts imperfectly on some occasions and perfectly on others? The nature of the cases of partial insanity forbids him from describing the organ as altogether and utterly impaired. What the phrenologist may assert of one of his organs, surely another individual may predicate of the whole brain, considered as an entire organ, and describe this also as acting perfectly on some occasions, and imperfectly on others.

5. "Partial injuries of the brain do not equally affect all the mental powers; which they would do if the organ of the mind were single."—This is bold

strategy on the part of the phrenologist, to seize that for an argument of his own which he knows will be thrown as an obstacle in his way. We shall content ourselves with asking—*Do partial injuries of the brain affect the mental powers in the manner they ought to do if phrenology were true?*

Such are the presumptions which are to induce us to expect with eagerness, and to receive with confidence, the more direct testimony which the phrenologist has to offer for the existence of these unheard-of organs. This he now proceeds to demonstrate by strict inductions of experience. The head is marked with a number of prominences,—these he measures,—and taking note, at the same time, of the mental and moral qualifications of the individual,—pronounces that there is a strict conformity between the size of the former, and the degree of strength and vigour of the latter. Can any procedure be more simple—more philosophical—more Baconian!

Now, that which first occurs to us is the extreme difficulty—the impossibility we might say—of deciding, in the far greater number of cases, on the degree in which a mental faculty is possessed by the subject of experiment. The swellings of the head admit, indeed, of admeasurement, and stand before us in unalterable reality, but the swellings of the man's mind and character shift and fluctuate with our changeable appreciation. If, of two subjects between which it is proposed to institute a comparison, the one is uncertain and fluctuating, it is in vain that you insist on the steady and stable character of the other. The phrenologist appeals to length and breadth during one half of his process—but his process is worth nothing till the other half is completed, and during this latter half his *data* are very obscure and unsatisfactory. With so complicated and flexible a subject as a human character to deal with, he may find no difficulty in multiplying his list of seeming proofs; but this very circumstance, which obtains for him an easy and ostentatious triumph, renders it almost hopeless that he should ever secure for his observations a steadfast and indisputable authority.

We admit that the phrenologist can exhibit to us the busts of many eminent men very distinctly marked with those protuberances supposed to indicate the talents for which they were really celebrated. But we know also that protuberances of the same kind, and quite as ample, may be detected on the foreheads of people not at all remarkable for the qualifications these are said to portend. Many a man, we are well assured, who passes through life in noiseless and happy mediocrity, ought to be a great genius if credit were but given to the elevations of his skull.

Here we are met with a host of explanations. These cases of disparity between the mental and craniological development are owing, it seems, to the different degrees of *exercise* which the brain has received; for though the organ, we are elsewhere told, "will always seek its own gratification," it may yet be repressed by invincible circumstances, or it may be encouraged to a disproportionate activity by favourable events. Again, the *temperament* of the individual is to be taken into consideration, "because two brains may be of the same size; but if the one be of the lymphatic, and the other of the nervous temperament, there will be great difference in the powers of manifesting the faculties." Age, also, and ill health, produce deceptive appearances on the skull, so that

demonstrative evidence is to be looked for "in healthy individuals not beyond the middle period of life." Now, we quarrel not with these explanatory circumstances, but let the reader call to mind that we are still in search for evidence to establish the *existence* of the phrenological organs; and that these causes of disturbance must be taken into consideration as well in those cases which have seemed favourable to the theory, as those which are adverse. We wish to draw attention to the following observation:—If the natural predominance of an organ may be thwarted by the contradiction of circumstances—if the degree of exercise it has received may endow it with a disproportionate energy—if the temperament of its possessor may greatly influence its powers—if age and sickness may interfere with its external manifestations—and if, moreover, according to the analogy of the senses, its *quality* as well as *magnitude* ought to be an element in the calculation—how little is left to be determined by the mere *size* of the organ! How very rarely could two cases be found, which, agreeing in all these secondary circumstances, admitted of any safe deduction being drawn from the measurement alone of the external form! How hopeless the endeavour to prove that any two cases *have* this necessary congruity! The phrenologist has seen *too much*, if, after this, he pretends to any palpable evidence; yet, without very palpable evidence, he cannot, in the first place, establish his hypothesis. Doubtless, it is extremely unfortunate for the cause of truth; but, according to his own array of circumstances, it seems *impossible* that he should obtain any satisfactory testimony of the existence of these organs by (what is the only means at his disposal) the measurement of the surface of the head. The only mode of discovery which he professes—the comparison of size—is rendered utterly inadequate by the number of other influential circumstances, the force of which he never, or very rarely, can determine.

Much stress is laid upon the different formation of skull observable in the various races of mankind—a difference which is *pronounced* to be in strict accordance with the principles of phrenology; but this argument must wait for whatever cogency it may possess, till it is decided whether these national diversities are due to those adventitious circumstances which conduct to civilization, or are the result of in-born tendencies. Our British ancestors were a race of painted barbarians, yet they possessed the Caucasian formation. We must wait till the Malay savage has undergone the same tuition of fortunate circumstances, before we pronounce that his receding forehead has condemned him to a life of ignorant and headstrong passion.

Neither are we greatly affected by the feats said to be performed in prisons and in mad-houses by the discriminating phrenologist. In a company of thieves, M. Gall, or Spurzheim, we forget which, saw the organ of theft very largely and uniformly developed. This organ has since acquired the more respectable name of *acquisitiveness*, and *now* the Gall or Spurzheim of the day can behold it, we presume, equally developed in any company he enters.

Such is the kind of evidence on which is founded one of the most extraordinary theories that ever disgraced the unfortunate science of mental philosophy! By rapidly assuming the truth of his hypothesis, the phrenologist is capable of making a stand by means of

that very complication and obscurity of his subject which ought to have been present to his mind at the first step of his progress. Once grant the existence of the thirty-six organs, reciprocally acting on each other, and influenced by adventitious circumstances, and he is a man of little ingenuity who cannot prove any possible arrangement of them to accord with the character of any given individual, or provide a plausible account for the apparent discrepancy. "We build on facts," exclaim the phrenologists. "What avail your abstract reasonings!—You must convict us with contradictory facts, and this is impossible." We acknowledge that it is impossible. There are bumps upon the head, and there are faculties in the mind; and if you have once convinced yourself that these exist as cause and effect, we confess that you are so strong in the weakness, obscurity, and flexibility of your materials, that it is impossible to dislodge you from this position. You are, nevertheless, very bad reasoners for having assumed it. In the days of astrology, there were stars shining in the heavens, and there were diversities of fate amongst the inhabitants of the earth; and the reasoner, who had once persuaded himself that the changeful aspects of those luminous bodies occasioned the vicissitudes of human affairs, was proof against every argument derived from facts. How could he possibly be refuted by the facts of the case, when he had already shown himself incapable of estimating their value!

We have thus scrutinized—with more attention, perhaps, than our readers will think the subject deserved—the theory of phrenology and the evidence on which it is founded. That such a system, and so supported, should have attained any favour, ought to be somewhat humiliating to our intellectual pride. There is a pleasure, however, in dogmatizing on the character of our neighbour, of understanding the most secret processes of his mind,—and this phrenology has rendered quite easy to persons heretofore considered as remarkable for anything but acuteness and perspicacity. We are willing to believe that some may have assumed a nominal belief in the *science* (!) merely for that air of surpassing knowledge which it gives to the adept. Many more, we know, are pleased to let it run its course, in hope that the observations of its disciples, by whatever system directed, may lead ultimately to some curious facts on the connexion between the brain and the phenomena of thought: this is its most favourable aspect. How much longer the absurdity has to live we pretend not to divine; reasoning, we suspect, however cogent, will do but little towards its extermination; and the doctors and disciples, groping and canting away in their complacent coteries, are far above attaching any sort of importance to the undeniable fact that no man of distinguished general ability has hitherto announced his adhesion to their creed.

From the Annual Biography.

THE REV. ROBERT MORRISON, D.D.,
F. R. S., M. R. A. S.

For the following able and interesting account of this eminent Chinese scholar, translator, and missionary,—several facts in the early part of which have been derived from a "Domestic Memoir" of himself and his first wife, drawn up by Dr. Morrison, and in

his own hand-writing,—we are indebted to "The Asiatic Journal."

The father of Dr. Morrison was James Morrison, who was born in Perthshire, Scotland, and who, when a young man, removed into Northumberland. In early life he obtained a livelihood by husbandry, his father (the grandfather of Dr. Morrison) having been also a husbandman; but, towards the latter end of his life, Mr. James Morrison worked at a mechanical trade (that of a last and boot-tree maker), and kept several workmen under him. He was a pious man, and was for many years an elder of a Scots Church. The mother of Dr. Morrison was Sarah Nicholson, a native of Northumberland. Her father was a husbandman and lived near Morpeth, where she was married to James Morrison. They had seven children, four sons and three daughters.

Robert, the youngest of their family, was born at Morpeth, January the 5th, 1782. About the year 1793, his parents removed to Newcastle, where he was taught reading and writing by his uncle, Mr. James Nicholson, a respectable schoolmaster; and at the proper age became an apprentice to his father. At the age of sixteen, he states, he became "seriously religious," and on the 1st of January, 1799, began to "keep a journal and to study."

It is stated that his education was conducted under the immediate superintendence of the father, beneath whose paternal roof, both his religious and his intellectual character were formed; the former, by means of catechetical instructions, together with those delivered from the pulpit by ministers of the Scottish church; the latter by the tuition of the Rev. W. Laidler, minister of the Presbyterian meeting-house in Silver Street, under whom Robert Morrison acquired an elementary acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, some systematic theology, and the art of writing short-hand. He has recorded that he began the study of Latin on the 19th of June, 1801. His zeal, as a member of a society for the relief of the friendless poor, also, at that time, attracted the particular notice of his friends and neighbours.

In 1802 his mother died; and in January, 1803, having then just entered his twenty-first year, he came to the metropolis, and was received as a student or probationer into the dissenting academy at Hoxton, on the 7th of that month. There he continued till May 28th, 1804, when he was accepted as a missionary, and was received under the patronage of the London Missionary Society, who sent him to their seminary at Gosport, to be educated for that service, under the superintendence of the Rev. David Bogue.

He returned to London in the summer of 1806; and, having chosen China as the field of his missionary labours, he, the better to qualify himself for them, obtained the assistance, as a preceptor, of a young Chinese, named Yong-Sam-Tae, by whose assistance, and with the practice he acquired in forming the Chinese character by transcribing a Chinese MS. of the four Gospels in the British Museum, and another the property of the Royal Society, he made considerable progress in qualifying himself for his undertaking. In addition to the knowledge he thus acquired of the Chinese language, he had gained some elementary acquaintance with medicine and surgery, by attending Dr. Blair's course of lectures on medicine, and walking St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and some insight into astronomy, from the instruction of Dr. Hutton of

Greenwich, to whom he had been so fortunate as to obtain an introduction.

Thus qualified, on the 8th of January, 1807, he was formally set apart, or ordained, according to the practice of the Church of Scotland, in the Scottish church in Swallow Street, to the work of a Christian missionary among the Chinese; and on the 31st he embarked for China, *via* America, and landed at Macao on the 4th of September, 1807.

On Mr. Morrison's arrival at that place, he was accommodated with lodging at the factory of the American agents, Messrs. Milnor and Bull; where he continued to prosecute the study of the Chinese language, and assumed the Chinese habiliments; but these he relinquished, on discovering that his assumption of them was displeasing to those whom it was his wish, by all legitimate means, to conciliate. The first sixteen months of his residence, we are told, were extremely irksome, and attended by many privations and difficulties: he spent the day with his Chinese teacher, studying, eating, and sleeping in a room under ground; foregoing the pleasures of intercourse with his countrymen, and taking his meat with the Chinese, who taught him the language.

About the close of the year 1808, he informed the Missionary Society that he had completed a grammar of the Chinese language; that his dictionary of the same language was daily filling up, and that his MS. of the New Testament was in part fit to be printed; although he deferred sending it to press until he should be more deeply versed in the language, in order that what should be done might not be hasty and imperfect.

On the 20th of February, 1809, he married Miss Mary Morton, a young lady of eighteen, the daughter of Mr. John Morton, a gentleman of worth and respectability, still living, a native of Dublin, who became surgeon-in-chief to the Royal Irish Artillery. After the union, he went out in the king's service to Ceylon, where he remained about seven years, and on his return to England touched with his family at China.

Mrs. Morrison's mother, Rebecca Ingram, was born at Limerick, where she was married to Mr. Morton. They had six sons and six daughters. One of the former is the Rev. William Morton, of Bishop's College, Bengal, who is distinguished by his skill in the Oriental tongues; Mary, the youngest daughter, was born October the 24th, 1791, and accompanied her parents to Ceylon. The memoir of this lady, from the pen of Dr. Morrison, now before us, and the letters written by her to her husband when he was called by his public and literary occupations from Macao to Canton every season, exhibit her in a most amiable light, as a woman, a wife, and a mother. Her constitution was originally good; and although on the passage from Madras to Penang her slight frame suffered greatly from the effects of sea-sickness, she had recovered on their arrival in China. Her temperament, however, soon became nervous; and during the ten years of her married life she seems to have endured severe trials, and sometimes extreme anguish, from this cause, which once, in 1811, threatened her life. In one of her letters she describes her disorder as sometimes reaching such a height as to be almost insupportable. In another she says, "With naturally good talents, and, when reason has the sway, a tolerably enlarged mind, yet from nervous weakness, I am one of the most pitiable, helpless creatures on earth."

Of the talents possessed by this lady, her letters afford decided proofs. A spirit of piety and resignation, a tone of warm benevolence and philanthropy, a strong affection for her husband and her children, are the predominant characteristics of these very pleasing epistles; but they likewise evince qualities of the mind as well as of the heart, confirming the remark of her husband, that she possessed an acute intellect, improved by much reading. In the unavoidable privations of her husband's society, she found resources in books, principally history and theology, and she made an attempt, more than once, to acquire the Chinese language, but found this effort to be beyond her strength. Her religious sentiments were evangelical, though not of an exclusive cast. In one of her letters to her husband, she observes, "I am a Christian on the broad scale, and feel good-will towards all Christians of whatever sect. I think no one can lay to our charge any party-spirit: we have never shown it in our conduct, because we did not feel it."

On the day after his marriage, he received information that the East India Company's supercargoes, to whom he had rendered some assistance in translating their Chinese correspondence, had resolved to give him an appointment as their secretary and interpreter. He appears to have been considered, at that early period, as the most expert Chinese scholar in the factories. The correspondence of the supercargoes with the Chinese had previously been conducted in a very circuitous manner, and often with great difficulty, by the intervention of Portuguese padrees, of the College of St. Joseph, who first rendered the several papers, of which Chinese versions were required, into Latin, and then, with the aid of their native assistants, into Chinese.

Mr. Morrison, as appears by his published correspondence with the Missionary society, had in view, when he accepted a civil employment under the East India Company, and in perfect consistency with the obligations of the new office he had undertaken, to further the object of his mission with greater effect, and probably with less expense to the Society, than must necessarily have attended it had he not availed himself of the improved means and powerful aid which such an appointment could not but afford him. He had sufficiently acquainted himself with the peculiar character of the people for whose moral and spiritual advantage he had been sent to China; and knew, and stated in his reports, that the Chinese were not accessible by ordinary means; that the country was, in fact, closed against itinerant foreigners; that "preaching the Gospel," in the usual sense of the phrase, was a thing utterly impossible in China, and would probably ever continue so; but that the Chinese possessed a literary character superior to that of any other nation in the world, and that the press might be made a powerful agent, and probably would be found to be the only efficient instrument, whereby the strong-holds of Paganism in China might be successfully assailed. Accordingly, in the year 1812, he commenced operations with this valuable auxiliary, and printed, in Canton, in the Chinese manner, from wooden blocks, an edition of the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese.

In the same year he forwarded his Grammar of the Chinese language (which he completed on the 2d of April,) through the committee of supercargoes, to Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, in order to its being printed at the Calcutta press; but the ob-

stacles to the accomplishment of such a design appear to have been so great, that the work did not make its appearance till the year 1815, when it issued from the Serampore Mission press, having been printed there at the East India Company's sole expense, from types specially prepared for it in England.

In 1812 (February 29th) his father died. To the care and comfort of his aged parent both Mr. and Mrs. Morrison appear to have been anxious to contribute out of their slender means. The following extract is from a letter from Mrs. Morrison to her husband in December, 1811:—"My first wish is to assist our aged father (Mr. James Morrison); that certainly is now our duty. If this is not compatible with decorating our house, I would most certainly deny myself, to enable us to send yearly fifty pounds to our father. Do not delay a moment, dear Robert, I request you, in fulfilling both our wishes, for I am sure it is as much yours as mine."

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, at this period (1811 and 1812) appear to have experienced some of those slights, which their comparatively humble station, and perhaps the office of a missionary, invited from the vain and the arrogant. "These slights and unpolitenesses," Mrs. Morrison observes, in one of her letters, "should be indifferent to us; they will not add to, nor take from, our happiness. Yet one cannot help being hurt at the marked inattentions to which I am frequently exposed: I will endeavour to be indifferent to them"—"I believe the Chinese doctrine of bearing insults is the wisest plan to follow. They reason very simply and very well. It is certainly the person who causelessly insults us that ought to be ashamed, and not ourselves for bearing patiently with them. As Christians, also, we have a much higher motive for being humble and peaceable."

In 1813, Mr. Morrison completed an edition in Chinese of the whole of the New Testament,* of which he forwarded a few copies to Europe as presents to his friends; and particularly to the Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and the Academy at Hoxton. Large impressions of this Testament have since been printed; they bear date in the years 1815, 1819, 1822, and 1827, and were extensively circulated in China.

He at the same time wrote and printed a *Catechism* in Chinese, with a tract on the *Doctrines of Christianity*, of which 15,000 copies were printed and circulated.

In the early part of 1814, it would appear he had some thoughts of giving up his situation in China, and going to Java or Malacca. In April of that year, Mr. John Robert Morrison, the present Chinese secretary to the superintendents at Canton was born. A daughter had been born the year before, and a son in 1811, who died an infant.

In the year 1815, it was represented to the Court of Directors that he was prosecuting his translations of the Scriptures in the face (as it was erroneously conceived) of an edict of the Emperor of China, which prohibited the Chinese from consulting certain Christian books prepared and published by the Jesuits. The court, therefore, ordered that his services to the factory should be dispensed with. On this occasion,

* The correspondence of Mrs. Morrison refers to the severe affliction of her husband, his headaches, &c., occasioned by "too long writing."

Dr. Morrison addressed a letter to the supercargoes, in which he vindicated his conduct, by reminding them that, in accepting office, he had not consented to relinquish his important missionary trust; and at the same time submitting the impropriety of identifying his peaceful and legitimate pursuits with those of the Jesuits. It was, in fact, he observed, the temporal ascendancy asserted by the Pope, and claimed for him by the Jesuits, which had excited the jealousy of the acute Chinese and occasioned the imperial edict, and not the quiet unobtrusive dissemination of theological writings among a highly literary people. These explanations were considered satisfactory, and his services were retained.

In 1815, also, he commenced the publication of his *Dictionary of the Chinese Language*. The first number was printed on the 29th of December, 1815. This work was printed at a press established expressly for that purpose at Macao. It consists of three parts:—the first part, containing the Chinese and English, arranged according to the radicals, fills three quarto volumes of about 900 pages each, bearing date 1815, 1822, and 1823. It was by this systematical arrangement of the elements of the Chinese language that Morrison surmounted a difficulty, which had till then been found insuperable by Europeans, in their endeavours to understand the speech and writings of the natives of this immense empire.* In the advertisement, dated April the 9th, 1822, which appeared at the close of the third volume, the author modestly pleaded his numerous engagements, as an apology for the time which had been spent in the preparation of this Dictionary. The second part, which fills two volumes, published in the years 1819 and 1820, contains the Chinese and English arranged alphabetically; the third part, published in the year 1822, consists of English words with Chinese meanings. The Dictionary was completed on the 15th of April, 1822.

Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary is unquestionably the imperishable monument of his literary fame: it occupied, from its commencement to its completion, thirteen years of the prime of his laborious life. He dedicated it to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, by whose orders the Company's funds were munificently charged with the entire expense of its publication, amounting to about 12,000*l*. The Court, also, after having directed the distribution of 100 copies, generously presented the author with the remainder of the impression, for circulation among his friends, or for sale on his own account.

After he had completed his translation of the New Testament, in 1813, he obtained the co-operation of the Rev. Mr. Milne, who had been sent to Malacca by the London Missionary Society, in charge of their missionary establishment at that place. With Mr. Milne, whose life fell a sacrifice to the climate in the year 1822, the subject of this memoir maintained a constant and cordial friendship, and with his assistance he completed a Chinese version of the books of the *Old Testament* on the 25th of November, 1819. The portion of this work which was translated by Dr. Milne consists of the book of Deuteronomy, and later historical books, and the book of Job. The translation and publication of the whole of the Old and New Testaments, in nineteen volumes octavo, was com-

pleted in the year 1819. Leang-a-fa, a native Chinese, who had been converted to the Christian faith by Dr. Milne, assisted in passing the work through the press. Other editions of this inestimable work have been printed since the year 1819, at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and Dr. Morrison meditated, and, indeed, had undertaken, previous to his decease, a new and revised edition of the Sacred Scriptures in Chinese, under the patronage of the Bible Society.

In January, 1815, Mrs. Morrison and their two children went to England, and did not return to China till August, 1820.

In 1817, he published a *View of China for Philological Purposes*, in one volume quarto, containing a sketch of Chinese chronology, geography, government, religion, and customs, designed for the use of persons who study the Chinese language. This volume contains an outline of the Chinese dynasties, with many historical facts, of which more recent writers on China have not failed abundantly to avail themselves.

In the same year, his extensive acquaintance with the language and literature of China recommended him as the fittest person to accompany Lord Amherst on his embassy to Peking. Mr. Morrison, accordingly, accompanied his Lordship as his Chinese interpreter; and, among the incidents of that eventful enterprise, it may be worthy of record, that it was to him his Lordship was indebted for the knowledge of the fact, that the presents from our sovereign to his celestial majesty were forwarded on the great canal, in barges, under flags, which imported that they were tribute from the King of England to the Emperor of China. Mr. Morrison wrote a memoir of Lord Amherst's embassy, which was afterwards published in this country.*

On the 24th of December, 1817, the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of Glasgow unanimously conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity, in token of their approbation of his philological labours.

In 1818, Dr. Morrison executed a project, which he had long had in contemplation—the establishment of an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, in which the languages and literature of the two countries should be interchangeably communicated, chiefly with a view to the final object of his mission, the introduction of the Christian religion into China. The London Missionary Society had previously obtained a grant of ground for the erection of a mission-house; and on a part of this ground, with some additional land which he obtained by purchase, he caused his college to be erected. Towards the foundation of this college he gave 1000*l*., with an endowment of 100*l*. per annum for five years; and obtained the further requisite pecuniary aid from his friends in Europe and Asia. The foundation stone was laid on the 11th of November, 1818, by Lieutenant-Colonel William Farquhar, with the concurrence of the Dutch authorities, to whom the settlement was then on the eve of being restored. Dr. Morrison made other pecuniary grants towards the support of this institution, and was, till his death, its most powerful and efficient patron, in obtaining the means of its support by voluntary contribution. He also drew up, for the better manage-

* The Chinese dictionaries are mostly arranged in this manner.

* In 1817-18 he published his *Discourses of Jesus*.

ment of the college, a code of laws,* by which it continues to be regulated, on Christian principles. In the year 1825, it contained twenty Chinese students; and according to the latest report, its utility and prosperity are unabated. In 1827, Mr. Fullerton, the Governor of Prince of Wales Island, recorded a minute, in which he took a view of the history of the college; and, after recommending the East India Company to afford it pecuniary aid, in the expectation that it would, as indeed it had, become the depository of the literature of the surrounding nations, and that the Company's servants might avail themselves of it as a means of qualifying themselves for their respective official stations, he added,—“I do not contemplate any interference by the officers of Government in the direct management of the institution, being perfectly satisfied that it is now in better hands.”

Dr. Morrison visited this college in the year 1822; and, during his stay at Malacca, entered into arrangements with the view of forming a new institution at Singapore, in connexion with the college at Malacca, but without disturbing the original plan of that establishment.† The languages which it was designed that the Singapore institution should disseminate, are, the Chinese, Malayan, Siamese, Buggese, Arabic, and Balinese. The project was discussed and adopted at a public meeting, held at Singapore, on the 1st of April, 1823, at which Sir Stamford Raffles presided; who appropriated for this establishment 100 acres of waste land, the property of the Government, and assigned to Dr. Morrison fifty acres, on which to erect a private residence for himself, whenever he should reside temporarily at Singapore. The erection of this college, towards which Dr. Morrison obtained private subscriptions to a considerable amount, and himself gave 1000*l.*, commenced on an extensive scale, on the 4th of August, 1823, Sir Stamford Raffles laying the first stone. The return to Europe of that distinguished statesman shortly afterwards, and the consequent change in the government of Singapore, co-operating with other causes, appears to have prevented the completion of this munificent design.

In 1821, Dr. Morrison lost his amiable, affectionate, and beloved wife. We quote his own words: “On Saturday evening, June 9th, expecting to be confined, she put away all her work, books, &c. in daily use, and did not finish the reading of her usual chapter and prayer till about eleven o'clock at night. Next morning she rose and dressed, came out to breakfast and family prayer, but was unwell. The disease was cholera morbus; and that evening, being Sunday, 10th June, 1821, stretched on a couch, with Mrs. Livingstone, the doctor, and Robert by her side, after one day's painful suffering, she ceased to breathe. She was interred in the British Factory's burial-ground in Macao.”

Dr. Morrison, having previously returned from Malacca to Canton, embarked at Macao in December, 1823, in the *Waterloo*, Captain Alsager, with the view of revisiting his native country, whither his two children, a son and daughter, had preceded him. In March, 1824, he arrived in England, and was received

with marked attention in the several religious, literary, and scientific circles in England and Scotland, in which he made his appearance; and not less so in the French metropolis, where he spent part of the summer of 1825.

He had also the honour, during his residence in England, to be enrolled a member of the Royal Society; and was presented, as one of the most eminent Chinese scholars of the age, by the President of the Board of Control, to the King at his levee, to whom he submitted a complete copy of the Sacred Scriptures in the Chinese language, together with some other productions of the Chinese press. He brought with him to England his Chinese library, consisting of several thousand volumes in every department of Chinese literature. It was his intention and chief object, in bringing this library to Europe, to promote by means of it the study of the Chinese language. For this purpose he projected, and with the aid of friends in England founded, an institution in Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, which he called the Language Institution. The plan of this establishment was simple and unexpensive; and it was based on the most catholic principles, it being the design of the projector that it should exist for an object, so simple and easily defined, the study of language, as to entitle it to the support of persons of all religious denominations, who were favourable to missions to the heathen. It was, of course, open to *all* missionaries,—both to returned missionaries, as instructors of their younger brethren, and to those younger brethren, who wished to qualify themselves for future labours, by receiving the counsels and instructions of those who had preceded them. Thus constituted, it prospered under his personal superintendence, and several missionaries, who are now labouring in the East, owe to it their earliest acquaintance with, and advances in the languages in which they communicate with the natives of the countries where they labour; but after it had ceased to enjoy his personal presence and direction, it declined, and in about two years from that date was discontinued: a fact which called forth, on his part, expressions of the sincerest regret.

He also, during his residence in England, published a thin quarto volume entitled the *Chinese Miscellany*, consisting of original extracts from Chinese authors, in the native character; with translations and philological remarks. In the publication of this work, he had recourse to lithography,—an art which he subsequently described as peculiarly well adapted to the multiplication of copies of pages written in the Chinese character, and which for that reason he has introduced into China.

In 1824, Doctor Morrison married Miss Armstrong of Liverpool, and in 1826 he returned to China, under the auspices of the Court of Directors of the East India Company; accompanied by his wife, an infant son, the fruit of their union, and his two elder children. He had four children born at Macao, after his return to China, making altogether seven children. These, with his widow, who with her young family is now in England, have to lament his sudden removal from them.

The services of Dr. Morrison to the East India Company are admitted to have been, on some occasions, of immense value. He was more than once called into council at Canton, on very trying occasions, and whenever his advice was followed, it proved

* See Parliamentary Papers relative to India Affairs, Sess. 1832. No. 735. Public Appendix, p. 480.

† Governor Fullerton states, that Morrison's consent had been obtained for an eventual abolition of the establishment at Malacca in favour of that at Singapore.

beneficial to the Company's interests. In the Lintin affair, in 1821, he was the only person at the factory capable of opposing argument to the claims of the Chinese, and he did so with success. In public transactions, as in private, he was the *Christian*; effecting the greatest objects by conciliation; and there is good reason to believe that, had his advice been followed on some occasions, when it was disregarded, considerable inconvenience and loss of property would have been avoided. There are now but few among the Company's servants, formerly on the Canton establishment, who were not indebted to him for their acquaintance with the language of China: indeed, this particular branch of his duty (teaching the junior servants the language) is understood to have been that for which the Court of Directors consented, temporarily, to his drawing those allowances from the Company's treasury, which he continued to receive, and latterly under a more formal recognition on the part of the Court, till within a few days of his decease.

Talents so commanding, and success in literary enterprise so distinguishing, as were possessed by Dr. Morrison, could not fail of encountering the hostility of rivals in the field of science. Even in his native country, the productions of his mind and pen often received much less than justice from one portion of the periodical press, and on the continent of Europe they were exposed to a formal rivalry; which was occasionally productive of ludicrous effects. One of these was an application made to an English gentleman, in habitual intercourse with the Doctor, and who had received from him instruction in Chinese, requesting that, in return for certain literary gratifications, he would eulogise and exalt an eminent continental professor of Chinese, and decry Morrison. The answer given to this request, from which the following is an extract, is as creditable to the writer as it is to the character he undertook to vindicate. "I cannot help regretting that you should indulge in such hostility to Dr. Morrison, concerning whom I must declare, (and I could not, without the greatest baseness, do otherwise,) that I agree with Sir George Staunton in considering him as 'confessedly the first Chinese scholar in Europe.' It is notorious in this country (England) that he has for years conducted, on the part of the East India Company, a very extensive correspondence with the Chinese in the written character; that he writes the language of China with the ease and rapidity of a native, and that the natives themselves have long since given him the title of *Le Docteur Ma*. This testimony is decisive; and the position which it gives him is such, that he may regard all European squabbles regarding his Chinese knowledge as mere *Batrachomyomachia* (Battle of Frogs and Mice.) What Mr. Majoribanks stated, in relation to a Japanese version of the Dictionary, is perfectly correct. The Japanese were so well pleased with the alphabetical arrangement of the second part, that they have availed themselves of Dutch interpretations, and convert it into their own vernacular language."

The circumstance above referred to occurred in 1828, when the head Japanese translator, at Nangasaki, was employed in translating Morrison's Dictionary into Japanese, from a copy which had been presented to him by the Dutch naturalist, M. Burger.

It is well known in the Indian circles, that he was the first European who prepared documents in the Chinese language, which the Chinese authorities

would consent to receive, and that the first document so prepared by him and presented was supposed to have been the production of a learned Chinese; and means were employed to discover its author, in order to visit upon him the vengeance of the Chinese law, for an act, regarded in China as an act of treason, the exertion of such talents in the service of foreigners. It was this inquiry which gave publicity to the circumstance, and established Morrison's character as a Chinese scholar. But it is unnecessary to multiply facts, in order to establish the just literary claims of this eminent and amiable individual. The following, however, so strikingly exhibits the manliness and benevolence of his character, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to omit it.

In 1829, a party of Chinese navigators, among whom was one Teal-Kung-Chaou, were navigating a vessel near the coast, with fourteen passengers and property on board; when the majority of the crew rose, and, for the sake of the property, murdered the passengers, with the exception of one individual who escaped to land. Teal-Kung-Chaou had been no party to the crime, he having endeavoured to prevent its perpetration; but, upon the survivor's making known the transaction to the magistrates, on shore, the whole of the crew, including Teal-Kung-Chaou, were arrested and convicted, on evidence which was afterwards found to be insufficient by the law of China. However, identification was all that remained to be done, after conviction, previous to execution. Accordingly, the Court was solemnly opened for the purpose of identification, and foreigners of distinction were permitted to be present; the prisoners were then called in and produced in cages, and were all identified by the survivor of the murdered passengers, as *participes criminis* in the transaction, excepting Teal-Kung-Chaou, who, when he stepped out of his cage, was seized by the surviving passenger, and thanked for his service in having, amid the slaughter of his associates, saved his life. Yet no attempt was made by the Chinese present to obtain a reversal of the sentence of this man. Leang-a-fa, who had accompanied Morrison, expressed a desire to attempt it; but he could not command sufficient attention. Perceiving this, Dr. Morrison himself stepped forward, and eloquently advocated the poor man's cause, in Chinese, with such ample reference to Chinese legal authorities, as procured the release of Teal-Kung-Chaou, and obtained for the doctor very many high compliments from the Chief Judge, and the applause of the whole Court. According to Chinese usage, the redeemed captive presented a formal letter of acknowledgments to his deliverer, at whose feet he could not be prevented from performing the accustomed homage of "bumping head."

On the arrival of Lord Napier at Macao, with his Majesty's commission, constituting the new arrangement for the administration of the British affairs in China, he found Dr. Morrison there; and, in pursuance of instructions received from our Government, appointed him Chinese secretary and interpreter to the commission. Dr. Morrison was then, and had been for some time, in declining health; he, nevertheless, consented to accompany his lordship, on his resolving to proceed immediately to Canton, and was with him, in an open boat and in a storm of rain, on the Canton river, in the night between the 24th and 25th of July, 1834. The party did not arrive at Can-

ton till the morning of the 25th. From that time, disease made rapid advances, and he expired in the fifty-third year of his age, on the evening of the first of August, in the arms of his eldest son, John Robert Morrison. This gentleman has been appointed his father's successor in the duties of his offices.

On the following day, the 2d of August, Dr. Morrison's remains were carried by water to Macao. They were followed from his residence, No. 6, in the Danish Hong, to the river-side, by Lord Napier and all the Europeans, Americans, and Asiatic British subjects, then in Canton. On the fifth of the same month, they were deposited with those of his first wife and one of his children, in the private Protestant burial-ground at Macao. He was attended to his tomb by about forty of the most respectable inhabitants of that island; the Rev. E. Stevens, the seamen's chaplain in the port of Canton, officiating on the occasion.

The magnitude of the loss which the literary world has sustained by the removal of this distinguished individual is, perhaps, most correctly estimated nearer to the scene of his active, laborious, and useful life. There it has been appreciated and expressed, not in strains of unmerited eulogy, but in acknowledgments as unanswerable as they are emphatic. "Countless millions of the human race," it has been observed, "may have to rejoice in the effects of his toils: and hereafter, when the attainment of the Chinese language shall have become an easy task, and a succession of Chinese scholars shall have arisen to profess it, it will still be to him that they are indebted for the means whereby they have acquired it; and long, very long, will it be before there shall be found among them one, whose knowledge of China and of Chinese literature shall be as extensive and solid as his—one, whose mind shall have been as thoroughly saturated with Chinese lore;" to which might have been added, "and one, whose unfeigned piety and domestic and social virtues, were as conspicuous and as indisputable as were those of the late estimable and lamented Dr. Robert Morrison."

From his first appearance in China he seems to have availed himself of that most important means of acquainting the heathen with one of the elementary principles of Divine Revelation—the observance of the Sabbath-day. As a servant of the Company, he had only lodgings at Canton, where he spent the portion of the year devoted to trade, and a house at Macao, where he resided generally for the larger portion of the year: both these residences were used by him as chapels, in which he performed religious worship, and preached usually four times in the day; twice in English, to such of his countrymen as would attend, and twice in Chinese, to his Chinese servants and others. The effect of his Chinese sermons appears to have been the conversion of a few natives of the empire to Christianity, who have been at different periods baptized by him into the Christian faith, and, inclusive of Leang-a-fa, five of them have been destined to the missionary service. He also kept a school for Chinese children in his house at Macao, employing Chinese preceptors, and giving them presents to induce them to send their children.

In 1832 he lent his powerful aid to the objects of

the Temperance Society, and patronised a tea and coffee shop in Canton, to which the British sailors in the port were by public advertisement invited to resort, in preference to those houses where ardent spirits were sold, and used much to the prejudice of the morals of those who partook of them.

In the same year he opened the floating chapel at Macao, which had been fitted up chiefly by the exertions of the Americans who frequented the port.

There is a portrait of Dr. Morrison, from a painting made by Chinnery, at the request and expense of the Company's servants and others at the factory, which gives a very correct representation of his person. His face was remarkable for a smiling aspect, a quick, full eye, and the abundance of dark-coloured hair with which it was surrounded.

His engagements through life had been such as to induce a habit of economising time, and to prevent much of that intercourse with society which he would otherwise have enjoyed. When in company, his address was mild and gentlemanly, but his desire that all his intercourses should tend to mental improvement, manifested itself in an utter disinclination to join in frivolities; and when conversation appeared to take that turn, he usually availed himself of the earliest opportunity of withdrawing from it. From his own family, and among his children, he derived the greatest delight: with them he was playful as a child, and embraced every occasion to instruct and to enlarge the sphere of their information. They were his companions and his correspondents, even at the very earliest age at which they were capable of becoming so, and their attachment to him was proportionably ardent.

The following is a list of publications by Dr. Morrison, which have not been particularly noticed in the foregoing memoir:—

1. A Tract, printed in China, in Chinese, entitled, *A Voyage round the World, illustrative of the Manners and Religious Opinions of Christians.*
2. A translation into Chinese of *The Morning and Evening Prayers of the English Church*; with the *Psalter*, divided into portions to be read daily.
3. A translation into Chinese of the two first Homilies of the English Church.
4. Introduction to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, in Chinese, with Chronological, Historical, and Literary Notices, and a System of Reference to Books, Chapters, and Verses.
5. Epitome of Church History and Prophecy.
6. *The Devotional Times, Forms, &c., of the Protestant Church.*
7. *Aids to Devotion, taken from the English Liturgy.*
8. *Prayers and Hymns, in Chinese, 1833.*
9. A work on the First Epistle of St. Peter.
10. *Dialogues and Detached Sentences in the Chinese Language; with free and verbal Translations.*
11. *China; a Dialogue for the Use of Schools.*
12. *Hints on Missions.*
13. *Religious Tracts, addressed to Sailors.*
14. A Sermon preached at Whampoa, 1833; printed in London.
15. A Volume of Sermons in English.

From the Quarterly Review.

Lectures on Subjects connected with Clinical Medicine. By P. M. Latham, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Vol. I. Svo. 1836.

DR. LATHAM has been long known as one of the most conscientious and judicious cultivators of his profession. As a physician of, perhaps, the largest hospital in the metropolis, his opportunities of investigating disease have been equal to his industry in making use of them. Independently of diligence and occasion, those main springs of acquirement, circumstances have been favourable to him, as to all those who, situated similarly to himself, have lived to track the great improvements of physic made in this century, from their origin to their completion. These discoveries sprung up in their youth and have advanced with their maturer years, and in a rapidly progressive age it is a great advantage when the mind ripens with ripening events. Truths already common do not rouse the vigour of youthful powers: and elder minds are too rigid and inductive to be swayed or impressed by new thoughts. Dr. Latham's work bears all the marks of one who has begun with a new subject at an age when the entanglements of truth and error do not daunt nor disgust, who has followed it up with patient labour, and who has from much experience in teaching learned how to communicate clearly the knowledge which he has painfully collected. The volume in which he has embodied his thoughts is addressed to students in a peculiar, perhaps a quaint style, occasionally overdone with illustration, but oftener so picturesquely written as to carry us back to that vigorous English which pervaded the Elizabethan age, and the last example of which, in its application to medicine, is found in the works of the great Harvey.

Although a variety of topics are discussed by Dr. Latham, we shall confine ourselves to the single one of "Auscultation," or that method of investigating diseases of the chest which Laënnec discovered in 1816, and which has at length wiped off, with regard to an immense range of disease, the vulgar opprobrium of the uncertainty of medicine. They who have cast this reproach on the physician and his art, have not considered the nature of the evidence which guides him. The certainty of the conclusion in surgery as opposed to physic, has had its effect in depreciating the latter in the public mind, or at least, in the minds of those who have not the inclination or the power to look at the very different foundation of surgical and medical discipline. The surgeon investigates external maladies, and the evidence is as rapid as the eye-sight and as unobscured as the touch. The physician has to determine the existence of a malady hidden from his senses, and its investigation is and must be as painful and as fallible as thought. The surgeon need not in a majority of cases ask a single question. The physician has to learn the new, difficult and obscure language of disease—often doubtfully, often mysteriously expressed, and which is not seldom at variance with the oral communications of his patient. The surgeon need not hesitate an instant, for he has direct evidence of the bleeding artery or the broken limb. The physician must and ought to admit a wholesome

delay, in weighing the circumstantial evidence which enables him to determine at length, with the certainty of sense, not only what invisible organ labours, but what part of it.

As soon as anatomical knowledge could be obtained, surgery advanced rapidly, and the history of this branch of science shows that it does not, like physic, require an indefinite time to extend its empire. A few gifted men have in their day carried on the landmarks of their province immeasurably beyond its former limits. Whereas in physic, the prime antithesis of the length of art and the shortness of life has always been felt, so that its perfections are due rather to the aggregate efforts of generations than to those of individuals.

"One reason," says our author, "why surgery is more popular than medicine is, that it is easier. Do not, I beseech you, imagine that I wish to disparage surgery. In a profession like ours, nothing can show such bad feeling, or such bad taste, as purposely to let fall expressions which cast an imputation of inferiority upon those who happen to cultivate a different portion of the same field of science and usefulness from our own. And even here I will allow, if you please, that cases occur in the department of surgery, beset with difficulties and perplexities, which we in the department of medicine do not meet with, and which require information, and judgment, and skill of the highest order, to surmount. But I am now speaking of the ordinary routine of cases, such as we find them in hospitals; and upon a comparison of such cases, surgery is certainly much easier than medicine; and students take to it the more kindly because it is easier.

"Surgery, for the most part, requires fewer circumstances to bring you to a knowledge of its object than medicine does. In surgery there are prominent points of interest, which arrest and command the attention at once; in medicine the points of interest are to be sought after, and, being found, are to be retained and cherished by much labour of the understanding. External sores, external inflammation, and broken bones, require only to be seen and handled in order to be known. But the same knowledge which, in surgery, is obtained by the use of the senses, in medicine, which is conversant with internal disease, can only be acquired by a process of reasoning; and reasoning is more difficult than seeing and touching, and its conclusions are more uncertain, and much more liable to error.

"Moreover, the adaptation of curative means requires more vigilance in medicine than in surgery. There is no end of the circumstances to be taken into consideration day after day, in order to practise medicine with tolerable success. A man has an external inflammation: the surgeon sees it, and is at once sure of its existence; he prescribes for it, and sees its gradual decline as plainly as he first saw its rise and progress. A man has an internal inflammation; but the physician, not seeing it, is obliged to come to the knowledge of its existence by a great variety of considerations: he prescribes for it, and is again obliged to enter into a variety of considerations before he can know that it has begun to decline or has ceased. The uncertainty of physic I readily admit; but I do not admit the vulgar reproach which has followed from it. There is nothing absolutely sure but what rests upon the basis of numbers, or falls within the sphere of the senses. Where reasoning begins, there begins uncertainty; and on this account the highest and the best things in the world are all uncertain, and so is our profession. But from this very uncertainty those who practise it successfully claim

their greatest honour : for where there is no possibility of error, no praise is due to the judgment of what is right."—pp. 39-42.

To come at once to the subject of Auscultation,—by this one happy and happily improved discovery the physicians of the present age have forced one half of human diseases to give us a more direct and open statement of their nature. We find that they have a language of their own which, though varying with the varying malady, is still clear and distinct, and intelligible, to all who have ears to hear, and a patient mind to understand. All the diseases of the chest, whether of the heart, or the great vessels, or of the lungs, are now ascertainable—and where, from their nature and our present limited knowledge, they are not curable, still may they be alleviated. Not only the entire organ, but each separate portion of it can be scrutinized. Not only can the modern practitioner state where the respiration labours and what part is clogged, but why, and how it is impeded. In a word, he now knows not merely the symptom but the disease.

"Auscultation," says Dr. Latham, "professes to make us acquainted with the actual condition of the lungs in many of the most important diseases incident to them : their actual condition at any *particular time*; and their changes from one condition to another *from time to time*."

"I am not aware that, before auscultation lent its aid to diagnosis, we could do more than speak generally concerning the diseases of the lungs during the life of the patient. We could affirm generally that the lungs were inflamed; and, knowing, from our acquaintance with morbid processes, that it was the tendency of inflammation to produce such and such changes of their structure, we were aware what perils it involved, and could anticipate with tolerable accuracy what we should meet with when the patient died. So, too, we could affirm generally that there were tubercles or vomica in the lungs; and, understanding the forms and processes of phthisical disease, we could foretell in the main what we should find after death.

"But auscultation anticipates the disclosures of morbid anatomy. Nearly all that dissection can unfold, it tells while the patient is yet alive. It does more : it brings us acquainted with diseases long before they have reached their fatal stage. By dissection we come in with our knowledge *at last*, and gain assurance of the disease from its ultimate results. By auscultation we are often—very often—enabled to make our knowledge keep pace with the disease from its least and earliest beginnings, through all the stages of its progress to the end."—pp. 168, 169.

The *comfort* of such knowledge can only be conceived by him who possesses it, and feels the duties which belong to one intrusted with human life. But the indirect benefits derived by society from any method which gives accuracy to medicine, are neither few nor unimportant. Formerly, for example, when physicians had no certain information to give us concerning the forms and stages of consumption, every species of trial was enjoined and carried into effect, with regard to this disease. One man mewed his patients for months in cow-houses—a second shut his up in well-stoved rooms—a third exposed his to the open heavens under every variety of atmosphere, and stuffed them with beef-steaks. Tar-vapour and tar-water were the specifics with one class of practition-

ers, caustic washes with another. And all, amidst their diversity of earlier practice, agreed on removing the despairing sufferer, too often quite uselessly, to another climate. The errors of this empiricism were great aggravations of the natural course of the malady. There is a double death for one who parts to die; and though his days, under whatever management, may be but few and full of sorrow, the absence from friends, from home, and from his country, will scarcely alleviate the pangs of the last hour.

Auscultation implies a listening—the ear, especially if assisted by a small trumpet-shaped tube, can hear many sounds which arise from the healthy action of our internal organs. Thus, the beat of the heart may be heard, as also the rush of blood along the arteries. Thus, too, the ingress of air into the lungs is accompanied by a murmuring noise, which is very distinct in most healthy individuals and audible in all. In some parts of the pulmonary tissues, the sound is louder than in others; and we find that this is accounted for by the natural structure of such parts, for the air tubes are here larger. If the ear is accustomed to recognise the sound which attends the act of respiration in a healthy lung, it readily detects any deviations from it in the diseased lung. Then the sole question that remains to be determined is, the nature of the malady producing these deviations; and this is answered by the investigation of the diseased organ in those who have succumbed. In short, by the repeated examination of the act of breathing, we learn that certain sounds are heard only in a healthy structure; and that certain deviations from such sounds denote a change in such structure—which change is disease. Let us apply this general proposition to the investigation of pulmonary diseases. But in order to render ourselves intelligible, we must give a popular, and therefore imperfect, description of the intimate structure of the lungs.

The lungs may be looked on as a set of tubes, which ramify like the branches of a tree, and end in tiny bladders. Perhaps a bunch of grapes when the fruit is just appearing, and is small in proportion to the stalk, will assist the imagination in figuring the lung. The minute bladders or air-cells are not, however, loose like each grape, but in apposition with each other like the cells of a honeycomb.

The *trachea* or windpipe, a tube about four inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, is the stem from which all the branches are given off. Immediately after it has entered the chest it divides into two tubes, one of which goes to the right, the other to the left lung. That to the right sends off a branch to each of the three compartments or *lobes* of the lung of that side : while that to the left sends off but two, one to each of two lobes. These larger branches of the windpipe, called *bronchi*, are then subdivided into numberless gradually diminishing tubes, the least of which terminate in those bladders, or air-cells, or vesicles, which are in diameter not more than 16-100th parts of an inch. The whole of these tubes and cells are lined with a mucous membrane, similar to that on the inside of the cheek, on which innumerable minute blood-vessels are spread, for the purpose of being brought into contact with the air, which passes from the windpipe through the bronchi to these cells.

Of all parts of the lung the mucous membrane is the most liable to become diseased. It is essential to our hearing the healthy sound in breathing, termed

the respiratory murmur, that the great air-tubes and their ramifications should be, not only pervious but lubricated—yet not in excess. If there is an excess of the natural moisture secreted by the mucous membrane, the air in passing through the bronchi will become entangled in the fluid, and form bubbles, which burst and crepitate during the act of breathing—and so are readily heard. These Dr. Latham has called “moist sounds.” If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of fluid, then the sounds have been termed “dry sounds;” of which Dr. Latham has made two varieties, a hoarser (*rhonchus*), a shriller (*sibilus*)—and from what is familiarly known of the sound produced by blowing into tubes of greater or less calibre, it will readily be understood that the shriller noise proceeds from the smaller, and the hoarser from the larger ramifications of the bronchi. Of the moist sounds he has also made but two varieties, the large and the small crepitation. The large crepitation occurs in the larger *bronchi*, for here there is sufficient space for the formation of an ampler bubble; while the small crepitation arises in the minuter tubes, where the struggle between the passing air and entangling fluid is carried on in a more confined space. Thus, to a certain extent, the kind of sound denotes not only the excess of fluid, but the part of the lung in which that excess exists. Let us apply these facts to the investigation of diseases of the lining membrane of the lungs.

Of those sounds which are not “moist,” the hoarser or *rhonchus* is the most common and most variable. Its commonest cause is a tough piece of phlegm adhering to the sides of the larger *bronchi*, too solid to permit the air to pass into it, or do more than make it vibrate like the tongue of a Jew's harp. Persons in the most perfect health may have *rhonchus*, which an effort of coughing will remove. A more dangerous cause for the occurrence of this sound will be found in obstructions of the great air-tubes from tumours or ossifications, which narrow their calibre. *Sibilus*, or the shrill dry sound, cannot be regarded as so trifling a symptom as *rhonchus*. It is usually heard with the sound called the small crepitation, and there is in such cases an alternate predominance of either sound. The diminution or increase of the *sibilus* coincides with the diminution or increase of the inflammatory symptoms, and with the increase or diminution of the expectoration, so that there is little or no expectoration when we hear the *sibilus*, and much when these shrill sounds cease. The following examples will illustrate the importance of the foregoing remarks. Dr. Latham says—

“There are cases of (what I suppose would be called) genuine asthma, that present some such symptoms as these; dyspnoea; or rather an agony and fighting for breath; livid lips; cold and livid extremities; and a dry ineffectual cough, terminated and relieved, after an uncertain interval, by a copious puriform expectoration. Here, during the agony or paroxysm—(and unfortunately it often continues long enough to allow a very leisurely examination of the chest by the ear—sometimes many days, sometimes a week or two)—the sole auscultatory sign is a *sibilus*, pervading a larger or smaller portion of the lungs, according to the severity of the case. And, as the agony lessens, and the expectoration begins to appear, crepitation is found mingling itself with *sibilus*; and, when the agony has entirely ceased, and the expectoration become more copious and

free, crepitation, and crepitation alone, is then heard in the same situations, and to the same extent, that *sibilus*, and *sibilus* alone, was heard before. I have witnessed instances of asthma in several individuals, and several attacks of asthma in the same individual, where the auscultatory signs have had as strict and definite a correspondence with the stages, progress and prominent symptoms of the disease, as that which I have here described. Now, if absolute dryness can be ever safely predicated of the respiratory passages, and can be ever safely reckoned among the pathological ingredients of their diseases, and ever clearly notified by one express symptom, it is in spasmodic asthma, of which it seems the chief pathological ingredient during its first and often most protracted stage, and is clearly notified by a widely diffused *sibilus*. I am persuaded that the natural moisture of the respiratory passages is *then* really in defect, and that *sibilus* is really an index of the fact. *Sibilus* may then, if ever, be truly called a dry sound. But I am not sure that the *sibilus* directly results from the mere condition of dryness; I doubt whether simple dryness alone would naturally produce it. In consequence of its dryness the mucous membrane may lose its elasticity, and become to a certain degree unyielding; or it may undergo wrinklins or puckerings at various spaces, or its general tumefaction may produce a narrowing of the smaller tubes, and thus present obstacles to the passage of air, and impart to it new vibrations; and hence the *sibilus*. But does *sibilus* ever occur in acute bronchial or vesicular inflammation? And does it ever so occur as to throw essential light upon morbid processes going on, and upon modes of treatment? Inflammation of the bronchial ramifications perhaps never exists without the natural secretion of their mucous surface being either diminished or increased, and, consequently, without the accompaniment of those sounds which indicate its defect or excess, *i. e.* without *sibilus* or crepitation. *Sibilus* is apt to occur at the beginning of such inflammation; and thus it corresponds with the pathological condition out of which it arises, the mucous membrane, when it is inflamed, becoming drier than ordinary before it yields a more abundant secretion. *Sibilus*, too, after it has arisen, is apt to be of short duration, seldom abiding long as the sole auscultatory symptom of such inflammation. And herein also it corresponds with the pathological condition from which it proceeds; for the dryness of the mucous surface generally soon gives place to moisture. Hence it happens that *sibilus* is so seldom met with in practice, except with some mixture of crepitation. The inflammation is, in truth, not submitted to our observation until the stage of *dry* sounds is passing, or has already passed, into the stage of *moist* sounds. Nevertheless, there are cases in which *sibilus* is the sole and abiding symptom derived from auscultation, and a dryness of the air-passages the sole and abiding morbid condition. They are cases distinct from asthma—cases of genuine inflammation, and so remarkable as to require an especial notice. I have met with a frightful affection in children; but what its nature was I could never tell, until auscultation enabled me to unravel it. It commonly passes for inflammation of the lungs. But, when children have got well, they have got well so soon and so entirely, that I could never believe the disease to be pneumonia, although the symptoms seemed to indicate that it could be nothing else.

“Last summer I went out of town to see a little boy, seven or eight years of age, whose life was very precious to his family. He was thought to be dying of inflammation of the lungs. I found him raised up in bed, supported by his nurse, and breathing with all his might. His skin was hot; his face flushed; and his chest heaved, and his nostrils quivered frightfully. There was no croupy

sound. Whatever the disease was, it was all within the chest. I percussed the chest: it sounded well in every part. I listened: the air entered freely, and reached every cell and vesicle of the lungs; but there was not the least perception of the natural respiratory murmur: a shrill sibilus had taken place of it altogether. Wherever you applied your ear to the chest, you might fancy you heard the piping and screaming of a nest full of unfledged birds.

"But what was this disease? Surely it was inflammation largely diffused over the mucous surface throughout the bronchial ramifications, but inflammation as yet only in its *first* stage; for the air, as it passed through them, did not mingle with a particle of fluid anywhere, and the sound it produced was a dry sibilus only. But *how* inflammation yet only in its *first* stage? The boy had been already ill four days. Still it might be inflammation in its *first* stage. The boy continued ill two days longer, with the same kind and the same degree of suffering; and then, under the influence of tartar emetic, the fever began gradually to subside, and the dyspnoea to abate. The sibilus gradually gave way to the healthy respiratory murmur, and he was well again *without expectoration of any kind*. The inflammation began and ended with the *first* stage; and, although it continued with great severity for a week, it never got beyond the *first* stage. This is an instance, which strikingly shows the value of auscultation in detecting at once the state of things, about which you might go on conjecturing and conjecturing for ever what it *possibly* might be, and not gain the least assurance what it *actually* was.

"In adults sometimes, but not so frequently as in children, I have met with the same evidences of acute inflammation widely diffused through the bronchial ramifications, and remaining in this its *first* stage for days and days together. In the mean time their mucous surface has still been dry throughout a great part of both lungs, and the ear has continued for days and days together to hear no other unnatural sound but a sibilus. Convalescence has taken place without expectoration, and the sibilus has given way, without the intervention of any *moist* sound, at once to the murmur of health. But such inflammation, after lingering long in the *first* stage, will sometimes pass beyond it; and the whole mucous surface that was previously dry will pour forth an enormous secretion, and the widely diffused sibilus will be changed into a widely diffused crepitation. Still the lungs are unharmed beyond the lining membrane of the air-passages, and the patient will get well, if he be not suffocated by the enormous expectoration. I am speaking of a disease which must be distinguished from asthma, according to the usual acceptation—a disease not habitual to the individual, and of which, perhaps, he has never suffered a previous attack. I am speaking of acute inflammation extending throughout the bronchial ramifications, and reaching, perhaps, the vesicular structure of the lungs, putting on a peculiar form, and affecting a peculiar course; but still of acute inflammation, as further evidenced by the remedies necessary for its relief.

"During the last summer I saw a gentleman who had been, two days previously, seized rather suddenly with feverish symptoms, and with the most dreadful dyspnoea. His lips were blue; he was labouring for breath, and coughing with hard and ineffectual efforts to rid himself of something which seemed to tease the larynx, but no expectoration followed. Cupping on various parts of the chest (the state of vascular action required that blood should be drawn,) and tartar emetic in frequent doses, were the remedies employed; but in the same state of agony he remained for a week, propped up in bed, striving with all his might to free himself from his oppression, coughing and endeavouring to expectorate, but ineffectually. What was going on all this time? There was *an* guish enough for any disease of the most formidable name;

for fluid in the pericardium; for extensive hydrothorax (water in the chest;) for induration of a whole lung; for stricture at some orifice of the heart. A few years ago the most sagacious physician could only have guessed at the real state of disease, and probably would have guessed wrong. Such severe dyspnoea, so long continued, without expectoration, would probably have determined his diagnosis to hydrothorax. But what was the disease? Every part of the chest sounded well to percussion. The heart beat regularly, and with a natural sound, only with too great frequency. What could it be? There reached the ear from every part of the chest to which it was applied a loud sibilus. The disease was an inflammation largely diffused through all, perhaps, of the bronchial passages, great and small; inflammation abiding long in its *first* stage, and limiting itself to one structure. But in this case the inflammation ultimately passed beyond its *first* stage; for ultimately there arose an immense expectoration, and so the disease reached a favourable termination." —pp. 189-196.

Moist sounds or crepitations are among the commonest of auscultatory signs, proving, in the generality of cases, the moisture of the air-passages to be in excess. In some persons they endure for weeks or months, and are harmless; in others they are accompanied by fever and great danger. In chronic diseases of the heart, in pulmonary hæmorrhage, and in the habitual coughs of the aged, crepitation may be recognised.

Now, while the great constitutional symptoms are our paramount guides to the full knowledge and treatment of each of these diseases as a whole, it is to this crepitation we are to look in each particular case for information as to what the disease is in the lung—its exact seat, extent, and the stage of its progress. A patient exhibits the following group of symptoms: cough, oppression of breathing, slight expectoration, a bounding pulse, and much fever. These are the signs of disease of the lung; they betoken, moreover, inflammation of the lungs. But what is its seat? Is it the large tubes or the small and vesicular structure? Is it equally indifferent whether the disease be in one or the other? These are questions to which the physician could only have answered by a guess a few years ago; but, at this day, he is enabled to distinguish with certainty cases having the same general aspect, yet varying in their probability of cure. If he found in the forementioned patient that the crepitation was large exclusively, while the ear could detect the rush of air into the pulmonary vesicles, he would be warranted in concluding the excess of fluid to be in the large air-tubes—that these were exclusively the seat of inflammation, and that the result would be favourable; for he knows that even the acutest inflammation of the larger bronchi is unapt to involve other parts of the pulmonary tissue in disease. On the other hand, if the crepitation heard be small exclusively, it denotes the excess of fluid to be in the air-cells. There is no respiratory murmur audible. The malady is a dangerous one—for the inflammation of the lesser tubes and air-cells is apt to extend over the whole of the lung. Accordingly, he finds that the malady increases—the explosions of minute bubbles cease—the inflammatory process, the tendency of which is always to effuse some kind of fluid, has caused it to be poured out in such quantities as to fill and obliterate the air-cells and minute bronchi, and so to render them impervious to air. Thus the function of the lung is almost destroyed and life is put in imminent peril. Even here, however, his remedies may still help the labour-

ing organ—and then again auscultation gives him the earliest intelligence of the moment when hope may rationally be entertained.

"This," says Dr. L., "is a painful period of suspense in every case of pneumonia, when a whole lung, or a large part of it, has ceased to admit air, and the patient still survives. The disease may go farther than auscultation can follow it. Auscultation only discovers that the lung does not admit air; that it has become solid from having been permeable. But its texture may be softened; its cohesion destroyed; and it may be reduced to a state of pulp and rottenness, which is irreparable. But if its texture be not thus disorganized, it is yet capable of reparation; and then, the inflammation having ceased, auscultation beautifully takes up its part again, and gives the first notice of reparation, as it gave the first notice of disease. Crepitation again begins to be heard where there was no sound; at first in a small space—then more extensively; then some vesicular breathing is mixed with it; and the respiratory murmur and the crepitation seem as if contending with each other for the mastery, until the respiratory murmur is predominant; and then all is well.

"And what is going on all the while within the structure of the lungs? Even this. The lymph within and around the pulmonary vesicles is gradually absorbed, and the air gradually finds admission within them. At first, it is impeded by the extravasated fluid it meets with in its passage; but as the permeable texture of the lungs gets disentangled and set free, it glides through them unobstructed and alone, and with the genuine murmur of health."—pp. 215, 216.

Hitherto we have only considered the auscultatory signs of disease in the mucous membrane of the lungs as heard during the act of respiration; but when other parts of this organ are diseased, other sounds indicate the nature of the malady. If instead of the natural respiratory murmur, we hear gusts of air puffed in and out of the lung, this has been termed "bronchial respiration;" and if, in the same spot, there is a humming, muttering, though inarticulate sound, when the patient speaks, this is termed the "bronchial voice," or "bronchophony." They have been so called because both are formed in the larger bronchi. Here we have an exaggeration of sound not only in the act of breathing, but in the resonance of the voice in speaking. Why are the lungs now better conductors of sound? We know that solidity increases the power of conducting sound; we suspect, therefore, that the malady has caused the spongy pulmonary texture to be solidified; but the group of general symptoms must determine the kind of malady. There are many diseases by which the lungs are rendered dense. Thus, consumption fills up the air-cells with tuberculous matter—pulmonary apoplexy, with blood—inflammation, with lymph—effusions of water or pus into the chest increase the density of the lungs by squeezing and compressing them. The value of these auscultatory signs, bronchophony and bronchial respiration, when taken alone, is not much, but when taken in conjunction with other symptoms, they are of the greatest importance. A patient may have a quick pulse, a hurried respiration, a slight hacking dry cough, a wasted and wasting body; these signs lead you to suspect consumption—a very little additional evidence will clear up all doubts. If the bronchial respiration or bronchial voice be heard, the part where these fatal sounds arise is most assuredly altered and solidified, and articulate words could not more plainly declare that consumption has begun.

There are other auscultatory signs which regard the respiration, and the voice, which have been termed pectoriloquy, or chest-speech—cavernous respiration—gurgling respiration—and gurgling cough. The two former denote that there is a cavity in the lung which has a communication with a large air-tube. The two latter prove that the cavity contains a larger quantity of fluid than could be collected in any one bronchus, which, mingling with the air in the act of breathing, or in the succussion of coughing, gives rise, in the first case, to sounds which, to use Dr. Latham's illustration, are exactly similar to that which a boy makes when he blows up soap-suds with a pipe; and in the second, to a sound as if the whole contents of the cavity struck the ear with "a plash." If the stethoscope be placed over the windpipe of a healthy man when speaking, his voice will seem to come through his throat and pass up the instrument directly to the ear; this is what, if heard in the chest, would constitute pectoriloquy. The cavernous respiration varies according to the size and shape, and other circumstances of a cavity, which affect the ingress of air into it. Sometimes the sound is as if air were blown into a bottle; at others, as if the air were blown into the ear, or as if it were drawn out of the ear.

All these various sounds are best illustrated in consumption; every step of this fatal malady may be accurately traced, and in none is knowledge more completely an alleviation of those sufferings which it too often cannot remove. It is said that one in six of all who die, perish of consumption—this, perhaps, is a little, though not much exaggerated. There are few who have not to mourn over its frequency. Tears can scarcely number its victims—the father, the husband, the brother, the friend—he who reads and he who writes these lines will probably meet on equal grounds of a common sorrow—sorrowing more for what is left than what is gone of life:—

"Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
Quæ tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor."

The essence of the malady consists in the deposition in the lungs of a peculiar substance called tuberculous matter. It may exist in distinct small points which, by additional accretions, may clog up a large portion of the pulmonary tissue, rendering it at such parts solid and impervious to air. These masses are usually deposited immediately under the collar-bones; and in the progress of the malady become first soft, then fluid, giving rise to abscess of the lung, which, opening into a large air-tube, is at last expectorated by cough. The evacuated abscess now is converted into a cavity; thus the lungs in phthisis are in parts first consolidated, and lastly excavated. Besides these, the simple and direct effects of consumption, the rest of the lung suffers indirectly. Its sounder portions are taxed to make up for the deficiency of the diseased; they become overworked, then overloaded and gorged, or inflamed; and thus we have added to the suffering of the peculiar malady the painful irritations of fresh disease. The common course of swelled glands has been very aptly produced by Dr. Latham, as illustrative of what takes place in the progress of phthisis.

"You have all," he says, "seen an absorbent gland of the neck become as hard and as large as a marble, but without pain, or heat, or discoloration of the integuments; and hard, and indolent, and marble-like, it has remained for weeks, or months, or years. This is a mere deposition of tubercular matter in the substance of the gland. And

you have all seen an absorbent gland of the neck hard and large, and without pain, or heat, or discoloration of the integuments, for a while; but presently pain, and heat, and redness, have arisen, and what was hard has become soft, and the integuments have become thin, and have ulcerated or burst; and pus has been discharged, and with it a hard nucleus of tubercular matter; whereupon the swelling, heat, and pain, have subsided, and the parts have been restored without any remaining mark of injury, save a slight scar. This is a deposition of tubercular matter followed by inflammation in the substance of the gland. But the inflammation is restricted almost, if not altogether, to the gland itself; and it has no sooner done its work of eliminating the tubercular matter, than it ceases entirely.

"In like manner you have seen many glands of the neck remain hard and indolent, or all or several of them go on to inflame and suppurate simultaneously, or in succession. But the inflammation and suppuration have not continued longer, nor extended farther, than was needful for the purpose of eliminating the tubercular matter. There is (what is called) the *specific limit* of a disease. By this is meant the limit proper to its local morbid action, which, for any purpose it has to accomplish, it never need to transgress. Thus, in the instances alluded to, the specific limit of the disease was strictly preserved; for if the tubercular matter was to be evacuated, no less degree of inflammation could have succeeded in bringing it to the surface. But in such tubercular affection of the cervical glands, the disease may spread beyond its specific limit. It may give occasion to inflammation both more severe and more extensive than is needed for the mere elimination of the tubercular matter; to inflammation pervading the whole neck widely and deeply, and accompanied by diffused redness, and swelling, and pain; the whole subcutaneous cellular structure, between the angle of the jaw and the clavicle, being loaded with effused serum and blood, and numerous apertures dipping with pus. And all this inflammation, with its destructive processes, is engendered and spread abroad from a mere nucleus of tubercular matter in a few absorbent glands. Yet in another case this same tubercular matter lay indolent and harmless, neither the constitution nor the part feeling any apparent inconvenience from it. And in another case it created just inflammation enough (and no more) to produce a process of ulceration which might bring it to the surface.

"Behold here, upon the surface of the body, that very disease which in the lungs constitutes consumption! Behold here transacted before your eyes the same morbid changes and processes which (allowance being made for difference of structure) are there transacted within reach of the ear! There are cases in which pulmonary tubercles abide long, and, perhaps, never suppurate, or at a very late period; and there are cases in which pulmonary tubercles excite around themselves just enough of inflammation and suppuration to procure their own solution or evacuation, and no more; and again, there are cases in which pulmonary tubercles produce and spread abroad inflammation of every degree and every extent throughout the lungs, beyond what is necessary to produce their own solution or evacuation. And these cases are to be distinguished from one another by auscultation. And their distinction is of vast practical importance."—pp. 243-246.

In all the several stages of consumption much good may be done, much suffering removed, much solid comfort and support afforded, but especially in the first, when a seasonable word will postpone the malady and protract a valuable life. The first stage may be thus determined:—

"Let us consider pulmonary consumption in the stage of its first development, as most uncertain, but its most

fearfully interesting stage. An individual is suspected to be phthisical: he has some fever, some acceleration of pulse, some emaciation, and some cough; all inconsiderable in degree, yet all abiding; but no expectoration. In a patient thus suspected to be phthisical, auscultation may discover no more than this; that beneath the clavicle and about the scapula the respiratory murmur is less clear on one side than on the other, and that, where the murmur is defective, there too, the chest is less resonant to percussion. Now if, after repeated examinations, auscultation comes always to this result, no doubt can remain that tubercles are already formed in the upper lobe of one lung. But here is no unnatural sound, only the natural sound is in part defective; and this must arise from some impediment to the passage of air through that portion of the lungs. Now impediment may arise from the deposition of lymph, or any of the common products of inflammation, as well as from tubercular matter. But inflammation is very unapt to take place, and its products to be effused into the apex of an upper lobe, while every other part of the lungs remains unaffected by it. It may ultimately reach this situation, but seldom, very seldom, begins in it. On the other hand, it belongs to phthisical disease to deposit tubercles in the upper lobes first, and thence gradually to scatter them over the rest of the lungs. Always bear in mind that there are no auscultatory signs which expressly bespeak tubercles. You are left to get at the knowledge of their existence by that sort of evidence which has been called *circumstantial*; auscultation, however, having an important share in the result. As thus, auscultation finds the respiratory murmur defective at a certain part of the lungs; and hence we infer its obstruction by the deposition of some kind of matter or other. But the part is that which nature chooses, above all others, for the deposition of tubercular matter; and hence we further infer that the matter is tubercular in this particular instance. But, moreover, the constitutional symptoms are such as are wont to accompany phthisical disease; and hence we finally infer almost a certainty that tubercles are deposited at the upper part of one lung. We conclude that the thing must be, because it *can* be nothing else. Circumstantial evidence, it is acknowledged, may be as infallible as the evidence which bears direct attestation to the simple fact."—pp. 233-235.

When the mass of solid tubercle is about to soften and be converted into an abscess, a sharp sound ("click") is heard in those points under the collar-bone, which hitherto had been dull and impervious to air. That the ear may not be deceived by an *accidental* sound, the patient should be directed to cough, in order to dislodge any tough piece of phlegm which might have caused the noise. If, after repeated examination under varying circumstances, the ringing sharp sound is heard, it is the most authentic sign of a fatal change. That the circumstances cannot be too widely varied before the physician comes to a decided opinion, the following admirable example of Dr. Latham's own acumen will show:—

"Some time ago I was desired to pronounce upon the nature of the disease, in a gentleman who was affected in this manner:—He had suffered a long and abiding hectic, and had reached a state of extreme emaciation, but had a very slight cough, and expectorated only one large globule of yellow heavy matter once a day, immediately after he awoke in the morning. His little cough, his little expectoration, and his ability to inflate his lungs freely and deeply, encouraged a hope that he still might not have consumption, his abiding hectic and his extreme emaciation notwithstanding. I examined the chest, and found the respiratory murmur clear and loud, and vesicular. In the act of breathing

there was no unnatural sound, either cavernous or gurgling, anywhere. Having learnt thus much, or, rather having puzzled myself thus far, I was interrupted in my further examination by some accident, and I postponed it until the next day. The next day I could get no more information from the mere breathing, except that, upon the whole, the air entered more freely into one lung than the other; the other, however, not wanting the vesicular murmur in any part. Neither from the voice could I get more information; it was neither cavernous nor pectoriloquous. Percussion elicited a somewhat different sound from the space between the clavicle and mamma on one side and the other. But the sound was dull on neither side. What, however, neither the respiration nor the voice could declare by any authentic sign, was made clear and manifest by the act of coughing; viz. that there was a large cavity, full of fluid, occupying a space in one lung between the clavicle and the mamma. For when I desired the patient to make as deep an inspiration as he could, and then to cough with all the force he was able, instantly there came plash after plash against my ear from the whole of this space; a sound which could only result from the agitation of fluid in a large cavity.

"But why was there a vesicular murmur at this space? Probably because the cavity, large as it was, had a considerable stratum of healthy lung interposed between it and the walls of the chest. Why was there no pectoriloquy? These same conditions, the size of the cavity, and the intervention of healthy lung between it and the walls of the chest, were enough to prevent it. Besides, the cavity was full, and thus was unfavourable to pectoriloquy. And why, above all, was there no *gargouillement*, no gurgling sound in the respiration, and little or no expectoration? The air during ordinary respiration might not have free access to the cavity. The cavity was there, but there might be no considerable bronchus entering it. Or, what is most probable, a considerable bronchus or bronchi entered it, but were obstructed by some obstacle, from within or from without, before they reached it. Either hypothesis will furnish the explanation, how a large cavity full of pus can exist in the lungs, and yet not enough of air find its way *into* it, in ordinary breathing, to produce an audible agitation of its contents, and not enough of matter find its way *out* of it to furnish more than a scanty expectoration. In this case it took the whole night, and the continual oozing of pus by some narrow passage from the cavity into the bronchi, to accumulate half an ounce ready to be expectorated in the morning."—pp. 240-242.

Although the deposition of tubercle in the lung and its subsequent softening are the genuine characters of phthisis, yet there is great variety in the course of the malady. In some, the first or tuberculous stage is slow, and attended with such slight symptoms, as merely to fix the attention of the patient and his friends on a feeble and declining state of general health. Such an individual is said never to be ill and never to be well; he outlives many with whom he had been an object of pity—whose robust frames and capacities of active enjoyment he has envied. Perhaps a little bleeding from the lung may excite alarm, which, however, is soon allayed: and then the usual hopes, and fears, and thoughts, and habits of his every day life run in their usual channels. If he be calm and placid, little will occur to break on his tranquillity; if tinctured with melancholy, he will run the quantlet of medical inflictions, trying every name and system uppermost in the scum and froth of a metropolitan reputation.

Having stated what consumption really is as a malady of the lungs, and compared certain forms of phthisis with kindred forms of disease in external parts, Dr. Latham proceeds to follow out his great practical distinctions. These distinctions are new; but they are stated with the precision and simplicity of truth, and are the unquestionable results of the vast experience of a wise observer. He shows that there is an unmixed phthisis and a mixed phthisis, and that each has its own auscultatory signs, marking all its stages, and suggesting its treatment, and determining the prognosis of the physician. Of the unmixed phthisis he describes two varieties—

"Consumption is perpetually presenting itself to me in this form. An individual loses the complexion of health, and becomes thin; he coughs a little; but perhaps he has no notable fever, and no constant acceleration of pulse. I auscult his chest, and find a dulness beneath one or both clavicles, or about one or both scapulae, and a free respiratory murmur through every other part of the lungs. Here there is no disease beyond tubercles; and while they occupy the upper lobe, the whole lungs besides are without a vestige of disease. This form of consumption may endure for years and years, the auscultatory signs continually denoting the same thing, and the patient getting neither a bit better nor a bit worse in the mean time. But he is a wretched invalid, and finds that there is something continually incapacitating him for the severer business of life.

"To such a person it is a continual puzzle why he does not get well. He consults an infinite number of medical men; and it is remarkable that he gets no comfort or satisfaction from those who understand his disease the best, and the greatest comfort and satisfaction from those who understand nothing about it. Those who know what it is, out of kindness do not tell him the truth, and they cannot asseverate a falsehood stoutly enough to carry any weight with it; whereas, those who know nothing about it affirm boldly and unhesitatingly that it is *all stomach*, really believing that the whole and sole disorder is in the stomach, and that it is within the reach of an easy cure. Surely auscultation is so essential a help for arriving at the truth in such a case, that they who are skilled in the use of it always agree as to what the truth is: and, indeed, there is no wonder in their agreement: the wonder is, that they who do not arrive at the truth should so constantly agree in adopting the same fallacy. I have been somewhat curious in my inquiries concerning this matter, and the constancy with which I have found the whole malady imputed to the stomach has appeared to me very strange. There is, however, a circumstance in the history of these cases which gives a colour of truth to this opinion. The state of the bowels is very frequently such as to demand the continual use of purgative medicine; and the cough often comes on, and with it a kind of asthmatic breathing, soon after dinner; and both continue as long as the stomach is distended with food.

"In this form of chronic consumption, spittings of blood are apt to take place occasionally; and, when they do, they must give fearful intimations of disease of the lungs to those who are not yet assured of it by auscultation. But I have known *them* also imputed to the stomach. In this form of chronic consumption, abscesses are apt to occur by the side of the rectum and to degenerate into fistulous sinuses. But in this form of consumption vomice are not postponed indefinitely: they at length are formed, and from that time the patient sinks rapidly. Often, when a fistulous sinus has been cured by an operation, and the long abiding discharge

from it abolished, an expectoration of pus will occur for the first time, and never afterwards cease. From the first formation of vomica the patient sinks rapidly. In pulmonary consumption, characterized by the length of its tubercular stage, (if I may so call it,) and by a seeming reluctance to pass on to the formation of vomica, when, after several years, vomica do ultimately take place, it is often in great numbers simultaneously, or in very quick succession; so much so, that a lung which two or three weeks ago was, in a great part, dull to percussion, and yielded no sound to the ear but bronchial breathing or bronchophony, will now give the clearest auscultatory signs that it is literally riddled with cavities; and not only so, but, if the patient survive a little longer, that many cavities have run together, and a multitude become one. The same simultaneous gurgling when the patient breathes, and the same simultaneous plash when he coughs, will reach the ear from half one side of the chest.

"It is remarkable how, to the very last, the sounds are often properly and exclusively those of *phthisical* disease, or rather those which it belongs to the essential conditions of phthisical disease in the lungs alone to produce, and those sounds only. There are cavernous breathing, or gurgling breathing and gurgling cough, or pectoriloquy; and in whatever parts of the lungs you have not these, if you have any sound at all, it is the vesicular murmur of health. Nothing is more common, upon dissection, than to find the lungs most largely beset with tubercles and vomica; and at the same time every part of them, which a tubercle or a vomica does not absolutely occupy, altogether healthy.

"Such is one form of pulmonary consumption; and it would seem to be, in many striking circumstances, distinguishable from others. I may fairly wish that I had a less accurate knowledge of it; for that knowledge first came to me from observing its symptoms in two of my most valued friends, and from watching in them, year after year, the sure but hesitating approaches of death.

"But consumption is perpetually presenting itself to me under a different character. The patient will live as long as he whose disease is slow to advance beyond the stage of mere tubercles. His condition, however, is different; and that condition varies more from time to time; he will spit for a while considerable quantities of pus, and then cease from expectorating altogether. He will suffer hectic fever, and then throw it off, and then suffer it again; lose his flesh, and recover it, and then lose it again. Here, if you auscult the chest, you will find cavernous respiration or pectoriloquy, a gurgling respiration or a gurgling cough at the apex of one or both lungs, and at every other part a clear vesicular murmur. These are the cases in which pulmonary tubercles excite around themselves just enough of inflammation and suppuration to procure their own solution or evacuation, and no more. The phthisical disease is carrying on its own specific processes within its own specific limits. It is depositing tubercular matter, and then maturing, and softening, and evacuating it; and the result is the formation of a vomica. But, except in the seat of the vomica, the whole lung remains healthy.

"A very dear friend of my own was twelve years dying of consumption; and another individual was twenty. They had expectoration, and hectic fever, coming and going during twelve and twenty years; but they died before the days of auscultation, and, therefore, the exact condition of the lungs at different periods during the progress of their disease was not known. I know a man, now living, who occasionally spits blood and pus, and who has occasionally spit blood and pus during the last twenty years. At various times during the last four

years, auscultation has discovered a vomica or vomicae at the apex of one lung, but, withal, a satisfactory vesicular murmur in other parts. This individual, in what regards eating and drinking, has lived a life of abstinence, but a life of great toil in what regards exertion of body and mind. Sometimes his friends are full of apprehension about him; his hectic fever, his emaciation, his cough, and expectoration, seem precludes to the worst event; but again he rallies, and his mind and his body recover, or seem to recover, their wonted powers.

"But in this form of pulmonary consumption, a time arrives at which there is no more resumption of the appearance or reality of health, no more pausing between (as it would seem) the formation of one vomica and another. The hectic, the cough, the expectoration, continue; the emaciation increases; the strength declines; and auscultation has no longer to seek the gargouillement, the cavernous breathing, or the pectoriloquy, in one spot, but finds them at all times any where between the clavicle and the mamma, or anywhere about the scapula, on one or both sides. Here, too, however, it is remarkable, as in the other form of consumption, that the vesicular murmur of health is often heard to the last in all parts of the lungs besides; and upon dissection, that all parts are often found healthy which a tubercle or vomica does not actually occupy.

"The difference between the present form of pulmonary consumption and the former is this—that the former lingered long in the tubercular stage, tubercular matter continuing to be deposited year after year, but no vomica occurring, until, at a very advanced period, many were formed simultaneously, or in quick succession, and hurried on the patient to dissolution with great rapidity; whereas, in the present, the vomica, and vomica only, is the object recognised by auscultation. Tubercle must precede it. But the tubercle is hardly deposited before the process of softening and evacuating it arises, and a vomica is the result. Thus tubercle is formed after tubercle (as it should seem) with some interval of time between, and vomica after vomica; but the vomica is the more abiding morbid condition. These are genuine and unmixed forms of pulmonary consumption; and I have dwelt upon them because they are so, and because I am indebted for my knowledge of them, as distinguished from others, to auscultation.

"Of these two genuine and unmixed forms of phthisis, the first is unquestionably the most hopeless. Where tubercles are largely deposited, and continue still to increase, and do not pass on to vomica, there is never the smallest attempt towards a restoration to health—not even of a temporary or apparent restoration. But where tubercles arise one by one, or a few together, and this one or these few pass rapidly into the state of vomica—and where a pause ensues between each successive formation of tubercles or vomica—then, during that pause, there is an opportunity for the powers of reparation to come into action; and, in truth, there often does arise a manifest endeavour after health—an endeavour which succeeds so far as to recover some of its conditions, and to suspend the disease; and then, during that pause, there is always the hope (for where disease is suspended and health is partly recovered, we cannot help hoping) that reparation may be complete, and the disease abolished altogether."—pp. 247—254.

Dr. Latham here takes occasion to discuss the question, "*Does consumption ever admit of cure?*" And he considers, that, if ever, it must be in this form of *unmixed phthisis* which he has last described. To this important question, taken in a mere pathological sense, he answers in the affirmative, and allows that a vomica is capable of reparation. To the same ques-

tion, taken in the sense which those intend who have more than a scientific interest in proposing it, his experience has not allowed him to return the same satisfactory affirmation; but it *has* allowed him to speak many words of encouragement and comfort to those who may ask it in too desponding a spirit.

"Does consumption ever admit of cure? A vomica certainly admits of reparation so far as not to be a vomica any longer, but not so far as to leave no trace within the lungs. It leaves behind it a scar—that is, the disease ceases in the part, but the part is not restored to the exact condition in which it was before the disease began.

"In examining by dissection the bodies of those who die of pulmonary consumption, among many existing vomice we occasionally find the traces of a vomica healed. At the apex of the lung we find an indentation, and descending from it, for half an inch or an inch, a thick perpendicular line of tough ligamentous substance. Sometimes this substance, by being pulled asunder, is discovered to contain the remains of a cavity, and sometimes not. But what imports this reparation of a single vomica, if so many besides still exist? A reparation of a twentieth part of the existing disease cannot be called a cure.

"But in those who have not died of any pulmonary symptoms, and who were never known during their lives to have had any symptoms apparently phthisical, the same evidences have been found after death of what once was a vomica, but no existing vomica together with it. This is a cure, or tantamount to a cure. It is as much a cure as when a single scrofulous cervical gland goes on to supuration and heals with a scar. A single vomica, you may say, is as much of the essence of consumption, as a hundred; and if the morbid structure (no matter how small) in which the disease essentially consists be repaired, the disease is cured—that is, the consumption is cured. But it was a consumption which nobody knew to exist. Now all this may be very fine reasoning; but it does not meet the plain meaning of the inquiry *whether consumption be curable*. It is not proof enough to common sense of its being so, that a few isolated vomice, which gave no sign of their existence, should have undergone reparation. All the world is asking us whether consumption be curable? Indeed, all the world is interested in the question: for there is hardly a family into which consumption, sooner or later, does not enter; and when a man makes the inquiry (as it were) speculatively, or indifferently, he has most likely a real practical interest in it at home. He says, "Is consumption a curable disease?" But he would say, "I have a wife or a child, a brother or a sister, who is decidedly consumptive; is there the least possible hope left me that they can recover?"

"To the question proposed with *such intent*, it is a mockery to answer "Consumption is a curable disease;" because, forsooth, its entire process from beginning to end—its formation, progress, cure—may be *secretly* transacted within the body without our knowing or suspecting anything about it.

"If you ask me as a physician, whether I have ever had experience of a perfect and satisfactory recovery taking place, where there have been all the best known popular symptoms of phthisis decidedly marked, symptoms which (*as far as they go*) no physician could possibly say were not those of phthisis? I answer, "Often."

"But if you ask me whether I have ever had experience of the like perfect and satisfactory recovery where there were all these popular symptoms, and, *withal*, the conditions proper to phthisis, ascertained by auscultatory signs to exist beyond a doubt within the lungs? I answer, "Hitherto never."

"What shall you say then? How shall we answer the popular question in the popular sense, and still answer it

truly? We cannot say that consumption is curable; but we can say (and truly) that there are cases of *imputed* consumption which put on such an aspect of the *real* disease that they are with difficulty distinguished from it, yet have not its essence. These are all within the possibility of cure.

"We can say that there are cases essentially phthisical, in which the disease is so lingering in a particular stage, that many years are often required to bring it to its fatal termination. The decline is gradual, almost imperceptible, but sure. These fall within my first description.

"And we can say that there are cases essentially phthisical (and these fall under my second description) in which the disease accomplishes its course, as it were, by parts and parcels; many times apparently beginning, and many times apparently ending, but always (as far as I see) beginning again: a year or two of disease, a year or two of health, then a year or two of disease again. Yet, upon these terms, I have known those who have passed neither a short, nor a useless, nor an unhappy life. I have known those who have so gathered up the fragments of their broken health as to make them serve for high and useful purposes, and put to shame the fewer and smaller performances of stronger men."—pp. 254-255.

The mixed phthisis next comes to be considered, and the mixed nature of its auscultatory signs. The mixed character of the disease is derived from hæmorrhage or inflammation being united with it in individual cases. We have not room for more than the passage in which Dr. Latham describes generally the condition under which the combination takes place.

"I think I have observed that, as long as the pulmonary consumption remains in its tubercular stage, if an inflammation or an hæmorrhage be added to it, they are apt to occur in distinct attacks, occasionally and casually.

"I formerly mentioned the frequent cases of hæmoptysis admitted into this hospital, which were connected with tubercles of the lungs. The attack is usually sudden; the quantity of blood lost in a short time considerable; the treatment required usually active; and the result, as far as the mere hæmorrhage is concerned, usually successful. Moreover, the auscultatory signs denote the mixed nature of the disease. While the spitting of blood continues, and perhaps for a short time after it has ceased, there is a large or small crepitation commonly arising from a considerable space at the lower part of one or both lungs. This denotes the bronchial or vesicular effusion, as distinguished from the deposition of tubercles. Then there is a diffused dulness both to percussion and auscultation somewhere; perhaps between the clavicle and mamma on one side; and an exaggerated respiratory murmur somewhere else; perhaps between the clavicle and mamma on the other side. These denote the deposition of tubercles, as distinguished from the bronchial or vesicular effusion.

"To my experience bronchial or vesicular hæmorrhage is more familiar as an accompaniment of phthisis, than bronchial or vesicular inflammation; the effusion of blood than the effusion of serum or mucus, while the disease is yet abiding in its tubercular stage. But when inflammation *does* occur, I have generally remarked in it the same circumstances and attendant conditions which belong to the hæmorrhage; the same sudden and distinct mode of attack; and that degree of excitement of the blood-vessels which requires the same treatment, and the same successful result. Moreover, there have been the same auscultatory signs; namely, crepitation at the lower part of the lungs, produced by the effusion of serum or mucus; and dulness at the upper part, produced by the deposition of tubercles. The only difference is, that in one case serum or mucus is expectorated, and in the other blood.

"But it is when pulmonary consumption has advanced

beyond the tubercular stage that we find the most frequent examples of its mixed character. Bronchial or vesicular effusion is almost the constant accompaniment of vomica; and the expectoration is now often as much supplied by the mucous lining of the air-passages as by the cavities themselves. You have only to go into the wards of the hospital, and you may at once acquaint yourselves in a dozen instances with the mixed character of the auscultatory sounds. Gurgling cough, gurgling and cavernous respiration, pectoriloquy, one, or several, or all together, will show that this, that, and the other patient, have vomica in their lungs; and large and small crepitation, one or both concurrently, will show also that this, that, and the other patient, have fluid effused here, there, or everywhere, within the respiratory passages.

"Now, when vomica have been long formed, and the expectoration long established, hæmorrhage and inflammation are less liable to occur in sudden and distinct attacks. The blood, or mucus, or serum, which are now separated from the surface of the air-passages, result from a vascular action of less force, but of more permanency, and are themselves more abiding. It should be remarked, however, that blood, which is more common in another stage of pulmonary consumption, is more rare in this; not that blood does not *now* sometimes appear, but it appears rather as a part of the expectorated matter, streaking or staining it, than as pure and sincere blood. Assuredly, after the expectoration is established, sudden and profuse gushes of blood seldom occur. Probably the expectoration itself is the security against them, the circulation thus obtaining all the relief it stands in need of. Probably, too, the security becomes greater in proportion as the expectoration is more copious and more free, and proceeds from a larger extent of mucous surface.

"All this is, in the nature of things, very probable, and it is confirmed to me by the striking facts which, in a few instances, I have known, of a copious muco-purulent expectoration suddenly ceasing, and a frightful hæmoptysis at once bursting forth; as if the circulation, being suddenly baffled, had sought and found the nearest way to free itself. In these instances, when the hæmorrhage ceased, the expectoration was re-established. It should be mentioned, that in the destructive processes connected with the formation of many and large vomica, the blood-vessels of the lungs do not always escape ulceration, or rupture, while they are yet pervious; and then a mortal hæmorrhage is the consequence. But such hæmorrhage is purely accidental, and independent of any proper hæmorrhagic action (if I may so call it) in the vessels themselves. Let me guard you against a vulgar error. Hæmoptysis and rupture of a blood-vessel are, in the popular sense, convertible terms; so much is one conceived to be the natural and necessary consequence of the other. But rupture of a blood-vessel, which has been esteemed the only cause of hæmoptysis, is unquestionably the rarest cause of all; and this accident, which one might expect to find frequent in pulmonary consumption, nature has taken great pains to guard against; for no sooner does the destructive process of forming vomica within the lungs begin, than she sedulously betakes herself to closing up the arteries which lead to them by clots of blood: and as to the veins, partly (I believe) by the same process, and by otherwise arresting the circulation through them, she reduces them to imperious shreds.

"Now, in all cases of pulmonary consumption arrived at the stage of vomica, I would recommend a constant regard to the extent of the disease beyond its specific limits. I would recommend that, besides attending to the sounds indicative of cavities, you should take especial note of *crepitations*, and how they vary in the distance to which they spread themselves from time to time. The gurgillment, and the pectoriloquy, and the vomica from which they arise, are beyond our reach *remedially*; not so the

crepitations, and the vascular action which produces them. In my treatment of pulmonary consumption, I am accustomed to make these crepitations serve me for practical indications, endeavouring by all means to lessen and circumscribe them, and thus seeking, under the guidance of auscultation, to bring back the disease as much as possible within its specific limits.

"The bronchial and vesicular effusion, which is the concomitant of vomica, submits itself to the influence of medicine in various degrees. Very often when there are gurgling cough, and gurgling and cavernous respiration and pectoriloquy, at certain points, and, withal, large and small crepitations diffused widely through the lungs, a sea-sonable remedy will entirely sweep away the latter sounds, and leave the former *alone*. A small cupping, a few leeches, a blister, a liniment, a mustard cataplasm—one or other of these, according to the degree of vascular action, applied at the right time and in the right place, will produce immense relief, by bringing the disease back for a while within its specific limits.

"It is thus, as perhaps you may have remarked, that almost every phthisical patient brought into the hospital experiences great relief for a short time after his admission. The poor, alas! are not only the chief victims of phthisis, but they suffer the disease with all its occasional superadded evils, which their exposure, their hardships, and their needful toils, will not allow them to escape. With them, the superadded evils are often beyond all proportion to the disease itself. The tubercles and vomica may be few, and the bronchial and vesicular effusion immense; and this superadded effusion may be for the first time submitted to a remedy when they reach the hospital, and then it is often in a great part or altogether swept away. No wonder that, from the relief which follows, the patients should sometimes believe themselves cured at once and entirely! But the effusion again and again returns, and requires again and again to be abated."—pp. 266-273.

Thus we have presented to the general reader an outline of one of the greatest modern improvements in our means of investigating diseases. The English press had hitherto afforded on this subject of auscultation only translations from, or loose commentaries on, a French text. But Dr. Latham has worked out the matter afresh for himself, and illustrated it by his own instances, put it in an English garb of thought and language, and adapted it to English common sense. Our account might have been rendered more accurate by being made more minute; but what it then would have gained in exactness, it would have lost in intelligibility to those who are uninitiated in the barbarisms of medical nomenclature. To those who are fascinated with the details of medicine, and who love to attribute to themselves all the ills that flesh is heir to, the perusal of Dr. Latham's work will be good mental discipline. The unpretending good sense which pervades it, and the just estimate he has made of the objects, the means, and the powers of medicine, may serve to unload the imaginations of such medical diletanti of the perilous stuff which they have gathered up for their own discomfort. As to those who are tortured by uncertainty—who know not what to hope nor what to fear—for some friend stricken with malady, this little volume will remove from them the "infinite vague," and steady the mind and clear away all the mists which obscure the paths to action; and, though its perusal may sometimes remove cheating hopes and baseless expectations, it will oftener rouse the anxious inquirer to economise those hours of life which seemed disputed by health and disease. We can wish nothing better for Dr. Latham's fame, than

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here and there enrich the poem, we must still consider it, as, on the whole, more in the light of a failure, than as any addition to his literary reputation.

We must now advert to a brighter era in the Shepherd's career,—the collection of his prose sketches under the title of "The Shepherd's Calendar;" by far the most finished and interesting, with the exception of the "Queen's Wake," of all his works. There the Shepherd is at home; recounting the deeds of his early days: or the credulous chronicler of past events, stamping with the rich impress of his genius the most homely human episodes, and endearing them to our recollection by many fine passages of quiet pastoral beauty. These chapters appeared originally in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and had been much admired long before the idea of collecting them into a separate and distinct volume occurred to their author.

It is needless to particularise the later productions of the Shepherd: suffice it to say that, except the collection of his songs, many of which are quite exquisite, none of them contributed much to the fame of the author of the "Queen's Wake."

In 1832 Mr. Hogg visited London; and during his short sojourn there was the lion of the day. He was dined, and bepraised, and flattered by the great: every one exhibiting more anxiety than another how to show his kindness, and extend his patronage.

In personal appearance Mr. Hogg was a well-built, active, and muscular man; about the middle height; with a sharp, lively gray eye, an expansive forehead, and sandy hair; with a fresh and ruddy colour on his cheek, the concomitant of a sound constitution and good health. At times when he doffed the plaid, and visited the city in his new suit of sables, he had something in his appearance akin to the homely and benevolent minister of some quiet country parish, far away among the hills: but when in his yellow vest and his brown coat, with the hearty shake of the hand, and the gruff, homely, and heartfelt inquiry after "a' at hame," we had the warm-hearted sheep-farmer;—a lover of out-of-door exploits, and athletic exercises; "an angler by the streams, and a hunter on the hills."

The grave has now closed over the remains of a national poet; and a widow, with her five children, has to mourn over a cheerful home made desolate. Now is the time to exhibit kindness; now is the time to stretch forth the hand of liberality. Hogg was never rich—how could he have been so? And it is to be feared that those who looked up to him for support must be anything than well left. Let us hope, however, for the honour of our country, of Scotland, whose manners, and customs, and feelings, the departed poet so ably and beautifully illustrated, that this appeal to their better and nobler feelings will not be made in vain, and that some plan will be immediately organised for insuring the moderate competence of the widow and the fatherless; that the readers of the "Queen's Wake," in after ages, may not look back upon us with shame and indignation, for suffering them to remain in distress and penury. But the thing cannot, must not, be so; and we confidently look forward to the immediate collection of a fund sufficient for ever to raise them beyond the fear of want. Let no one pretend that he honours the memory of James Hogg, unless he proves it by extending a helping hand to his helpless family.

Extempore Effusion, upon reading in the Newcastle Journal, the Notice of the Death of the Poet, James Hogg.

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mould'ring ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the Braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, his steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at his marvellous source;

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature, sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanish'd from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crown'd with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which, with thee, O Crabbe, forth-looking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath;

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; yet why
For ripe fruit seasonably gather'd
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

No more of old romantic sorrows
For slaughter'd youth and love-lorn maid,
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Nov. 30, 1835.

From the Retrospective Review.

Chester Mysteries, MS. in the Harleian Collection, British Museum.*

Coventry Plays, MS. in the Cottonian Library, British Museum.

Hawkins's Origin of the English Drama, 3 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1773.

Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays, 12 vols. 12mo. 1744.

As it is one of the objects of this work to trace the history of literature, and particularly the literature of

* *The Fall of Lucifer* was represented by the Tanners. *The Creation*, by the Drapers. *The Deluge*, by the Dyers. *Abraham, Melchisedech, and Lot*, by the Barbers. *Moses, Balak, and Balaam*, by the Cappers. *The Salu-*

our own country, it is our design, in pursuance of that plan, to present our readers with a series of articles on the English Drama; more especially of that part of it which is most ancient and little known, except to antiquaries and professed scholars. Before, however, we can enter upon this task, with any pleasure either to our readers or ourselves, it will be necessary to take a review of the earliest specimens of the dramatic art in this kingdom, if we may be allowed to apply the term of art to compositions as inartificial, as crude and jejune, as can be well imagined. It will, at all events, prepare the way for more interesting disquisitions and more agreeable extracts than those with which we shall commence the present series. Let not our readers, however, be startled at the ominous words *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, for we fairly give them notice, that it is not our intention to enter into a recondite detail of their origin, or even to give any very minute account of them. All we mean to do, is to make a few desultory observations on this kind of composition, and on the interest which they excited in our unlettered ancestors; and to give such specimens of them as will enable the reader to form some opinion of the nature of the first rude attempts of our dramatic muse. Religion, which has in all countries first excited dramatic representation, was the subject of the *Mysteries* or *Miracle-plays*, as they were sometimes denominated. These productions were either founded on different parts of the Old and New Testament, or on the legends of the Saints; but the former description were chiefly prevalent in England. They sometimes consisted of detached historical events, as in the old *Mystery of Candlemas Day, or the killing of the children of Israel*; and, at other times, of a succession of such events, even from the creation of the world to the day of judgment; or it might be to a less remote period, as in Bale's *Mystery of The Promises of God from the fall of Adam to the incarnation of our Saviour*; but these were, in fact, rather a collection of distinct mysteries than a continued drama. The latter class of these sacred exhibitions, it must be confessed, comprise a sufficient space of time, and could not, with a greater degree of ingenuity than fell to the lot of their composers, be rendered much more comprehensive. The very early writers of these productions, however, appear to be altogether guiltless of any knowledge of the rules by which the drama is governed in more critical times, and therefore ought not to be adjudged criminal for any infraction of them. Notwithstanding this total disregard of one of the most important unities, which a short time ago would have been sufficient to rouse the ire and contempt of the most placid critic, and the absence of the still more

essential qualities of the drama, we conceive it will not be either useless or unprofitable to dwell, for a short time, on what constituted the chief intellectual entertainment of our forefathers. At what time such exhibitions were first introduced into this kingdom, is not accurately ascertained; but it appears from Fitzstephen, who wrote about the year 1174, that religious plays were even then by no means uncommon. The oldest *Mysteries* now extant, and in all probability the first which appeared in the English language, are the *Chester Mysteries*, written by Ralph Higden, the Chronicler, and exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. *Mysteries* were acted on solemn festivals in the churches, or at some place near to them in the open air, by the monks, and subsequently by the students at the universities or public schools. The learned fraternity of parish clerks of London also cut no inconsiderable figure in these theatrical representations; for, in the years 1390 and 1409, they exhibited a play at Clerkenwell for eight days successively, at which most of the nobility and gentry were present. One cannot help admiring the unsuspecting innocence of our ancestors on this subject.—The gravest personages are introduced speaking in the most ludicrous manner:—the Almighty Creator of the universe almost always fills a conspicuous part among the *Dramatis Personæ* of these sacred plays; and, if we are to take his character, as there delineated, for their conception of it, what a strange earthly notion must they have had of the divine Intelligence and his attributes! If such a character were drawn of him in our days, it would be considered absolute blasphemy; but our progenitors, in the simplicity of their hearts, and in the absence of the divine record itself, considered it as gospel—as authentic “as proof of holy writ.” The Devil, too, was not unfrequently introduced:—John Heywood says, in the *Four P's*—

“For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
He hath play'd the Devil at Coventrie.”

A *Mystery* was, in fact, neither more nor less than a few chapters of the Bible stripped of all their simplicity—of all their solemnity, and of all their poetry, and converted into English verse. From the *Miracle-plays*, founded on the more mysterious part of the New Testament, into which it was frequently necessary to introduce allegorical characters, arose a species of drama called *Moralities*, which entirely consisted of such personifications. In the *Moralities*, some progress was certainly made in the drama.—“They indicate,” as Warton observes, “dawnings of the dramatic art: they contain some rudiments of a plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and paint manners.” If they do attempt to delineate character, we must confess we think it a lamentable failure; but they most assuredly afford us a picture of the manners of the times, and as such are highly valuable. As to plot, too, they have but small pretensions; and we cannot but consider Bishop Percy's proposition, that in the *Morality of Every Man* “the fable is constructed upon the strictest model of the Greek Tragedy;” and that, “except in the circumstance of Every-Man's expiring on the stage, the *Sampson Agonistes* of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan,” as not a little extravagant. The plot is, in few words, the summoning of EVERY-MAN, who represents the human race, out of

tation and Nativity, by the Wrights. *The Shepherds feeding their flocks by night*, by the Painters and Glaziers. *The three Kings*, by the Vintners. *The Oblation of the three Kings*, by the Mercers. *The killing of the Innocents*, by the Goldsmiths. *The Purification*, by the Blacksmiths. *The Temptation*, by the Butchers. *The Last Supper*, by the Bakers. *The Blind Men and Lazarus*, by the Glovers. *Jesus and the Lepers*, by the Corversays. *Christ's Passion*, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers. *Descent into Hell*, by the Cooks and Innkeepers. *The Resurrection*, by the Skinners. *The Ascension*, by the Taylors. *The election of S. Matthias*, *Sending of the Holy Ghost*, &c. by the Fishmongers. *Antichrist*, by the Clothiers. *Day of Judgment*, by the Websters.

the world by death. EVERY-MAN, in this extremity, applies to FELLOWSHIP, KINDRED, and RICHES, for relief, but they successively forsake him; he then has recourse to GOOD-DEDES, by whom he is introduced to KNOWLEDGE, and by her to CONFESSION, who gives him "a precious jewel" called PENANCE. After receiving this jewel, he is deserted by STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION, and FIVE-WITS, and expires, accompanied only by GOOD-DEDES. This plot, such as it is, is perhaps more perfect than that of any other of the Moralities; but still it does not more deserve the name of a plot than some of our ancient ballads. The Mysteries, it is proper to notice, did not altogether cease with the introduction of Moralities, but continued to be acted for some time afterwards. The *Chester Mysteries* were represented so late as the year 1600. At the commencement of the Reformation, Moralities were found convenient for the purposes of religious controversy, and we have, accordingly, Moralities both for and against the Reformation. This was so much abused, that by Stat. 34 and 35 of Henry the VIIIth, all religious plays, interludes, except plays for the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue, were abolished; and it is probable, that after this time Mysteries were, in a great measure, superseded by Moralities, which appear to have been exempted from the above prohibition, and continued to be occasionally represented even after the appearance of more regular dramas. It may seem strange to us, that exhibitions of this kind, without plot, passion, or character, and with no scenical illusion, should have attracted such attention, and excited such interest, amongst all ranks of society. That such was the fact is evident, and, as one proof of the assertion, we need only refer to the circumstance of the play before mentioned to have been acted at Clerkenwell, being attended by most of the nobility and gentry for eight days. There is a curious account of the representation of a Morality, and the effect it produced upon the author, who was then very young, in a book, entitled *Mount Tabor, or private Exercises of a Penitential Sinner*, by R. W. published in 1639, when the author was seventy-five years of age, which we shall extract.

"Upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child.

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is, (as I think it is in other like corporations) that when players of enterludes come to towne, they just attend the mayor, to enforme him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself, and the aldermen and common counsell of the city; and that is called the mayor's play: where every one that will, comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play, my father tooke me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sate upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsell and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, that he snorted again; and, in the mean time, closely

conveyed under the cloaths, wherewithall he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at armes, his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along, with a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till, at last, they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man, with his mace, stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle; wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies, and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up bare-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgement, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the morall, the wicked of the world: the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgement. This sight took such impression on me, that when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted.*"

The people could not forget their old predilections for the sacred plays—they still cherished the recollection of them, and hung over their expiring glories with fond partiality. At length, the faint rivalry with which they had contended with the regular drama altogether subsided, and they sunk into the mass of things forgotten.

The fondness of our ancestors for Mysteries and Moralities may be, perhaps, in some degree, ascribed to the circumstance of there being, at that time, no other species of dramatic entertainment. But a still more powerful cause of this partiality was in the subjects of the sacred dramas. Few being able to read the Scriptures, and those that could being shut out from their perusal by the want of a translation,† it is

* *Historical Account of the English Stage*, prefixed to the *Plays of Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 29.

† Tyndale's translation of the Bible, which was printed at Paris, in 1536, was abolished by Stat. 34 and 35 Hen. VIII. c. 1.; and, although a corrected English Bible was allowed to the higher classes of society under certain restrictions, it was forbidden to be read or expounded in churches, and the common people were prohibited from reading it, either publicly or privately, under the penalty of one month's imprisonment. It was not until the reign of Edward the Sixth, that a translation of the Bible was admitted into the churches; when this statute with others of the same oppressive character were repealed by stat. 1. Ed. VI. c. 12. the preamble to which is worthy of the statute itself. It is written with great wisdom and solemnity. Our Statute Book presents few specimens of such composition.

"Nothing being more godly, more sure, more to be wished, and be desired betwixt a prince, the supreme head and ruler, and the subjects whose governor and head he is, than on the prince's part great clemency and indulgency, and rather too much forgiveness and remission of his royal power and just punishment, than exact severity and justice to be shewed; and on the subjects' behalf that they should obey rather for love, and for the necessity and love of a king and prince, than for fear of

not surprising that, considering the Scriptures as the oracles of God, they should seize, with avidity, the only means open to them of obtaining a knowledge of holy writ, and treasure up even the poor and feeble exhibition of it contained in the Mysteries, in the holy tabernacle of their memory. They thirsted for the living springs of immortality, and, not being able to obtain access to the sacred fountains themselves, they drank in with delight the vapid waters, which were brought thence by those who had been more fortunate.

In this point of view, the devotion of the people to sacred plays is not surprising. The capacious soul of man is not satisfied with the things of this world—it cannot be divested of a natural “longing after immortality”—it feels an alliance with something beyond and above the earth. The effect even of the insipid Mysteries on the general mind must have been great, considering the tremendous impulse which was communicated to it when the word of God itself was laid open to the public in all its simplicity and solemnity. The Mysteries indeed were sufficiently accurate as to facts. As an exemplification of this, we shall make a short extract from one among the very old MS. collection of Mysteries before mentioned. It is called the *Draper's Play*, and the subject of it is the Creation.

“Then God doth make the woman of the rib of Adam, then Adam wakinge speaketh unto God as followeth:

Adam. O Lorde, where have I longe bene,
For, since I slepte, much have I seene;
Wonnder that withouten weene
Hereafter shal be wiste.

Deus. Rise up, Adam, and awake,
Here have I formed thee a make,
Her to thee thou shalt take,
And name her as thy [liste.]

Adam rising up, saith:

Adam. I see well, Lorde, through thy grace,
Bone of my bone thou her mase,
And fleshe of my fleshe she hase,
And my shape through thy lawe,
Wherefore she shal be called I wysse
Virago, nothinge amisse,
For out of man taken she is,

his strait and severe laws; yet such times at sometime cometh in the commonwealth, that it is necessary and expedient for the repressing of the insolency and unruliness of men, and for the foreseeing and providing of remedies against rebellion, insurrection, or such mischiefs as God sometime with us displeased, for our punishment doth inflict and lay upon us, &c. and the which thing (it goes on to recite,) caused the prince of most famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, to enact certain laws and statutes, which might seem and appear to men of exterior realms and many of the king's majesty's subjects very strait, sore, extream, and terrible, al though they were then, when they were made, not without great consideration and policy moved and established, and for the time, to the avoidance of further inconvenience, very expedient and necessary. But as in tempest or winter, one case or garment is convenient, in calm or warm weather a more liberal case or lighter garment, both may and ought to be followed and used; so we have seen divers strait and sore laws made in our own parliament (the time so requiring,) in a more calm and quiet reign of another prince, by the like authority and parliament taken away.”

And to man she shall drawe.
Of earth thou madest first me,
Bouth bone and fleshe now I see,
Thou hast her given thorough thy postye
Of that life I in me had.
Therefore, man kindly shall forsake
Father and mother, and to wife betake;
Too in one flesh, as thou tane make
Eyther other for to gladd.

Then Adam and Eve shall stande naked, and shall not be ashamed; then the Serpent shall come up out of a hole, and the Devill walking shall saye,” &c. &c.

“Then Adam and Eve shall cover themselves with leaves, hydinge themselves under the trees—then God shall speake to Adam, sayinge—(*mynstrells playinge.*)

Deus. Adam, Adam, where art thou?

Adam. O Lord, I harde thy voice nowe,
For I ame naked and make a vowe,
Therefore nowe I hyde me.

Deus. Who told thee, Adam, thou naked was?
Save only thine owne trespass,
That of the tree thou eaten hast
That I forbade thee.

Adam. Lord, this woman that is here,
That thou gave to my fere,
Gave me parte at her prayer,
And of yt I did eate.”—&c. &c.

“*Adam.* (*Mynstrells playinge.*)

Highe God and highest Kinge
That of naught made all thyng,
Beaste, foule, and grasse growinge,
And me of earth made.
Thou gave me grace to do thy willinge,
For after greate sorrowe and sighinge,
Thou hast me lent greate lykinge,
Two sonnes my harte to gladd.”—&c. &c.

The above stage-directions certainly contain a singular display of primitive simplicity—it appears from this extract, that the representation itself was accompanied with music.

The *Mystery of Candlemas Day, or the killing of the children of Israel*, was written by Jhan Pafre in 1512; and is printed, in Mr. Hawkins's book, from an old MS. This Mystery does not, by any means, literally pursue the account given in the New Testament, like some of the Mysteries on the Old Testament. The prologue is spoken by the poet (poeta) as the worthy Jhan Pafre styles himself—the facts represented are the flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt; during which, Herod's knights are directed to walk about the stage—the slaughter of the Innocents and the death of Herod—the return of the Virgin and Son, and the presentation in the temple.

The *Nunc dimittis* is twice sung in the temple; and the play concludes with music and a dance. The author has attempted, and not unsuccessfully, to communicate a degree of elevation to the speech of Herod, with which the piece opens.

“*Herodes.* Above all kynges under the cloudys cristall,
Royally I reigne in welthe without woo,
Of plesant prosperytie I lakke non at all;
Fortune I fynde, that she is not my foo,
I am kyng Herowd, I will it be knowne so,
Most strong and myghty in feld for to fyght,
And to venquyshe my enemyes that ageynst me do;
I am most be dred with my bronde bryght.

My grett goddes I gloryfy with gladnesse,
And to honoure them I knele upon my knee;

For thei have sett me in solas for all sadnesse,
That no conqueroure nor knyght is compared to me;
All the that rebelle ageyns me ther bane I will be,
Or grudge ageyns my godds on hyll or hethie;
All suche rebellers I shall make for to flee,
And with hard punyshments put them to dethe."

It is worthy of remark, that a sort of fool or buffoon is introduced, under the name of Watkyn, the King's Messenger.

The following is a specimen of the speeches put into the mouth of this personage.—He has obtained Herod's permission to accompany the knights appointed to slay the children.

"*Watkyn.* Nay, nay, my lord, we will let for no man, Though there come a thousand on a rought;
For your knyghts and I, will kylle them all, if we can:
But for the wyves that is all my dought,
And if I see any walkyng a bought,
I will take good hede tyll the be goon,
And assone as I aspye that she is out,
By my feith, into the hous I will go anon.

And this I promise you, that I shall never slepe,
But evermore wayte to fynde the children alone;
And if the moder come in, under the bench I will crepe,
And lye stille ther tyll she be goon,
Than manly I shall come out and hir children sloon,
And when I have don I shall renne fast away:
If she founde nyr child dede, and toke me ther alone,
Be my feith, I am sure we shuld make a fray."

There is more discrimination of character in these two persons than in most of the Mysteries, as will be observed from the contrast between the foregoing extracts.

The Tragydye or Enterlude manifestyng the chiefe promyses of God unto man by all ages in the old lawe, from the fall of Adam to the encarnacyon of the Lord Jesus Chreste, by Bishop Bale, was a later production than the foregoing, being printed in 1538. The interlocutors are, Pater celestis, justus Noah, Moses sanctus, Esaïas propheta, Adam primus homo, Abraham fidelis, David rex pius, and Joannes baptista; and Baleus is the prolocutor. It is divided into seven acts or distinct Mysteries, each of which is opened by Pater celestis, and consists of a dialogue between him and one of the other personages. There are only two speakers in each act, and this famous tragedy might, with more propriety, be termed a series of dialogues.

From this brief account it will be seen, that it has far less pretensions to the title of drama, or, as prolocutor Baleus would say, to tragedy, than the very curious old Mystery of *Candlemas-Day*.

We shall, however, trespass on the reader's attention for a few minutes, by quoting one passage from it. Pater celestis threatens destruction to Sodom and Gomor. Abraham fidelis beseeches him not to cast away the good with the ungodly, and suggests, that there might be fifty righteous persons within these cities, whom he could not be so rigorous as to destroy. The dialogue then proceeds as follows:

"*Pater celestis.* At Sodom, if I may fynde just persones fifty,
The place wyll I spare for their sakes verelye.
Abraham fidelis. I take upon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, Lorde pardon my neglygence,
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.

Pater celestis. Saye fourth, good Abraham, for yll dost thou non intende.

Abraham fidelis. Haplye there maye be fyve lesse in the same nombre;

For their sakes I trust thou wyll not the rest acc mbre.

Pater celestis. If I amonge them myght fynde but fyve and fortye,

Them wolde I not lose for that just companye.

Abraham fidelis. What if the cytie maye fortye ryghteous make?

Pater celestis. Then wyll I pardone it for those same fortye's sake.

Abraham fidelis. Be not angrye, Lorde, though I speake undyseretely.

Pater celestis. Utter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis. Perauventure there maye be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater celestis. Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothyng do unto them.

Abraham fidelis. I take upon me to moche, Lorde, in thy syght.

Pater celestis. No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis. No lesse, I suppose, than twenty can it have.

Pater celestis. Coulede I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.

Abraham fidelis. Ones yet wyll I speake my mynde, and then no more.

Pater celestis. Spare not to utter so moche as thou hast in store.

Abraham fidelis. And what if there myght be ten good creatures founde?

Pater celestis. The rest for their sakes myght so be safe and sounde,

And not destroyed for their abhominacyon."

So much for Bishop Bale's tragedy. We now proceed to a few specimens from the Moralities. The very old piece of this class called *Hycke-Scorner*, was written in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The object of it is, to rescue two dissolute characters, distinguished by the names of Freewyll and Imagynacyon, from a vicious course of life. Hycke-Scorner, who gives the title to the Morality, and who has just returned from his travels, takes a much less considerable part in it than his two companions Freewyll and Imagynacyon. A quarrel having arisen between the two latter, Pytie attempts to make peace between them; an interference which they take so ill, that they put him in the stocks. Perseverance and Contemplation soon release him, and they go in search of Freewyll and Imagynacyon, whom they succeed in converting to a virtuous life, but what becomes of Hycke-Scorner does not appear. This Morality has no inconsiderable pretensions to liveliness and humour, for although the personages are devoid of any distinctive character, they afford us a very lively picture of the manners of the dissolute youth of the age.

Hycke-Scorner gives the following curious list of a fleet, which he describes as having been lost in the Irish Channel.

"Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one:
Fyrst was the Regent, with the Myghell of Brykylse,
The George, with the Grabryell, and the Anne of Foye,
The starre of Salte-Ashe with the Ihesus of Plumoth,
Also the Hermytage, with the Barbara of Dartmouth,
The Nycolas, and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,
With the Elyn of London and James also."

Freewyll's account of his escape from prison, is humorous.

"*Freewyll*. Make you rome for a gentylman, syrs, and
pease;

Duegarde, seynours, tout le preasse,
And of your jangelynge yf ye wyll sease,
I wyll tell you where I have bene:
Syrres, I was at the tavernne, and dronke wyne,
Methought, I sawe a peece that was lyke myne,
And, syr, all my fyngers were arayed with lyme,
So I conveyed a cuppe manerly:
And yet ywys, I played all the fole,
For there was a scoler of myne owne scole;
And, syr, the horesone aspyd me.
Than was I rested, and brought in pryson;
For woo than I wyste not what to have done,
And all bycause I lacked monaye,
But a frende in courte is worthe a peny in purs:
For Imagynacyon, myne owne felowe, I wys,
He dyde helpe me out full craftely.
Syrres, he walked thurgh the Holborne,
Thre houres after the sonne was downe,
And walked up towarde saynte Gyles in the felde:
He hoved styll, and there behelde,
But there he coude not spede of his praye,
And straight to Ludgate he toke the way;
Ye wote well, that potycaryes walke very late,
He came to a dore, and pryvely spake
To a prentes for a peny worth of uforbyum,
And also for a half peny worth of alom plomme;
This good servaunte served hym shortly,
And sayd, is there ought elles that you wolde bye?
Then he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone;
And downe in to the seller whan the servant was gone,
Asyde as he kest his eye,
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye;
Therin was an hondred pounde:
He trussed hym to his fete, and yede his waye rounde,
He was lodged at Newgate at the swanne,
And every man toke hym for a gentyll man;
So on the morrow he delyvered me
Out of Newgate by this polyce:
And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere."

Pytie describes the vices of the times in a very peculiar sort of measure, which is not without harmony.

"Loo, vertue is vanished for ever daye,
Worse was hyt never.
We have plente of grete othes,
And clothe ynoughe in our clothes,
But charyte many men lothes,
Worse was hyt never.
Alas, now is lechery called love indede,
And murder named manhode in every nede,
Extorsyon is called lawe, so God we spede;
Worse was hyt never.
Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyves,
And ever amonge true men leseth theyr lyves,
Lyke heretykes we occupy other menne's wyves,
Now a dayes in Englonde."

The *dramatis personæ*, in this *Morality*, are designated by portraits, or figures.

Every-Man,* of which we have before given a short account, was written in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in favour of popery. That our readers may see what was said by the advocates of that side of the question, and in favour of the reformation, we shall give an extract from this, and another from

* There is one line, and perhaps only one, which possesses a poetical turn of expression in this play. "I weep for very sweetness of love."

the *Morality* or interlude of *Lusty Juventus*, which was written in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by R. Wever, in favour of the reformation, and has for its object to reclaim a young man from Abominable Living, who is represented as a female, by the assistance of Good Counsel and God's merciful promises.

Our first quotation is from the former, and is a eulogy on the priesthood in no very moderate strain.

"For preesthode exceedeth all other thyng;
To us holy scrypture they do teche,
And converteth man fro synne heven to reche;
God hath to them more power gyven
Than to any angell that is in heven:
With five wordes he may consecrate
Godde's body in flesshe and blode to make,
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes,
The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
Bothe in erthe and in heven,—
Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seven,
Though we kyss thy fete thou were worthy,
Thou art surgyon that cureth synne deedly,
No remedy we fynde under God,
But all onely preesthode.
Every-man, God gave preest that dygnyte,
And setteth them in his stede amonge us to be;
Thus be they above aungelles in degree."

What follows is a satire on the Catholic superstitions, from *Lusty Juventus*.

The Devil complains, that in consequence of the progress made by the reformation, he is utterly undone—Hypocrisie, his offspring, denies it, and vindicates her own services in the cause.

"I set up great ydolatry
With al kynde of filthy sodometry,
To geve mankynd a fall:
And I brought up suche supersticion,
Under the name of holyness and religyon,
That disceyved almoste all.
As,—holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestiments, holy copes,
Holy armettes, and friars,
Holy priestes, holy bishopes,
Holy monkes, holy abbottes,
Yea, and al obstinate lyers:
Holy pardons, holy beades,
Holy saints, holy images,
With holy, holy bloud,
Holy stocks, holy stones,
Holy cloughtes, holy bones;
Yea, and holy holy wood.
Holy skinned, holy bulles,
Holy rochettes, and coules,
Holy crouches, and staves,
Holy hoodes, holy cappes,
Holy miters, holy hattes;
A good holy holy knaves.
Holy dayes, holy fastinges,
Holy twitching, holy tastynges,
Holy visions and sightes,
Holy waxe, holy leade,
Holy water, holy breade,
To drive away sprites.
Holy fyre, holy palme,
Holy oyle, holy creame,
And holy ashes also;
Holy brouches, holy rynges,
Holy knelinge, holy sensynges,
And a hundred trim trams mo.
Holy crosses, holy belles,
Holy reliques, holy jewels,

Of mine owne invencion;
 Holy candels, holy tapers,
 Holy parchments, holy papers:
 Had not you a holy sonne?"

There are two songs in *Lusty Juventus*, which are more poetical than anything we have met with in compositions of this kind—one of them, which is rather elegant, we shall quote.

"Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde,
 As the course of nature doth him bynde?
 Is not every thyng ordayned to do his kind?
 Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Do not the flouers sprynge freshe and gaye,
 Plesaunt and swete in the month of Maye?
 And when their time cometh, they fayde awaye.
 Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Be not the trees in wynter bare?
 Like unto their kynde, such they are;
 And when they springe, their fruites declare.
 Report me to you, reporte me to you.

What should youth do with the fruites of age,
 But live in pleasure in hys passage?
 For when age cometh, his luses wyll swage.
 Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde,
 As the course of nature doth him bynde?"

The above song we felt as some sort of reward for our labour, in travelling through such heavy stuff as is contained in the compositions we have been noticing. In an account of the ancient Moralities, we should not omit to mention those of Sir David Lindsay, represented in 1552; although they do not come exactly within the plan of the present article. Lindsay's play, which is very long, consists of eight interludes;* they differ considerably from the English compositions of the same class, mingling allegorical personages with real characters. It appears, that the play was acted in the open air, and began at seven o'clock in the morning, and that the place of representation was only separated from the spectators by a ditch. As it is written in a very superior style, although deformed with obscenity, we shall make two or three short extracts from it.

The following descriptions of Sensualitie are poetical:

"I wait nocht, Schyr, be sweit sant Mary:
 I haif bene in ane fery fary,
 Or ellis intill ane transa.
 Schyr, I haif sene, I yow asseur,
 The farrest erldly creature,
 That evir weis formit be nateur
 And moist till advance.
 To luik on hir is grit delyte,
 With lippis reid, and checkis quhyte.
 I wald gif all this world quyte
 To stand in hir grace.
 Sche is wontone, and sche is wyiss;
 And cled upoun the newe gyiss.

* The titles are, *The Auld Man and his Wife—Humanitie and Sensualitie—The Puir Man and the Pardonar—The Sermon of Folly—Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood mistak King Humanitie—The Three Vices overcome Truth and Chastity—The Parliament of Correction—The Punishment of Vices.*

It wald gar all flesche arryiss
 To luik on hir face.

O Lovaris walk, behald the fyrie speir!
 Behald the natural dochter of Venus;
 Behald, Luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
 The fresche fontaine of knichtis amorous.
 Quhat thay desyre in laitis delitius,
 Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
 In my mirthfull chalmer mellodiouss
 Thir sall they find all pastyme and plesance.
 Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre;
 Behald my hals luffsum, and lilly quhyte;
 Behald my visage, flammand as the fyre;
 Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte,
 To luck on me Luvaris hes gret delyte:

Schir, sche is mekill till advance,
 For sche can baith sing and dance,
 That patrone of plesance,
 The perle of pulchritude.
 Soft as silk is hir lyre;
 Hir hair lyk the gold wyre.
 My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
 Schir, be the rude."

In Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, is a more recent Morality, under the title of *A New Enterlude, no less witty than pleasant, entitled New Custom, devised of late and for divers causes now set forth*, originally printed in 1573. It was written for the express purpose of promoting the reformation, and displays considerable improvement in the structure of the language and versification, and is divided into acts and scenes. Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance, two popish priests, represent the Catholic, and New-Custom, a minister, the Reformed church, and the conclusion of the piece is, the conversion of Perverse Doctrine to the new faith. It appears from this and the older Morality of *Lusty Juventus*, that the new gospellers or adherents to the reformation were chiefly young men. The following is a specimen from this Morality, and contains some curious particulars.

"Do you not see howe these newe fangled prating
 elves
 Prinke up so pertly of late in every place?
 And go about us auncients flatly to deface?
 As who should say in shorte time, as well learned as wee,
 As wise to the world, as good they mighte accomptied
 bee,
 Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares do knowe
 no more,
 But that every pavishe boye hath even as muche witte
 in store:
 By the masse then have I lyved to longe, and I would I
 were dead,
 If I have not more knowledge then a thousande of them
 in my head.
 For how should they have learning that were born but
 even now?
 As fit a sighte it were to see a goose shodde, or a sadled
 cowe,
 As to hear the pratinge of any soche Jack Strawe.
 For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very
 dawe.
 As in London not longe since, you wot well where,
 They rang to a sermon, and we chaunced to be there.
 Up start the preacher I thinke not past twenty yeeres old,
 With a sounding voyce, and audacitie bolde,
 And beganne to revile at the holic sacrament, and transubstanciacion.

I never hearde one knave or other make such a declaration.

But, but if I had had the boye in a convenient place,
With a goode rodde or twain not past one howre's space,
I woulde so have scourged my marchant, that his breeche
should ake,

So longe as it is since that he those woordes spake.
What, younge men to be medlers in Divinitie? it is a
godly sight!

Yet therein now almost is every boye's delight.

No booke nowe in their handes, but all scripture, scripture.

Eyther the whole bible, or the new testament, you may
be sure.

The new testament for them? and then to for cowle my
dogge.

This is the olde proverbe, to cast perles to a hogge.

Geve them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and
a ball,

Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all.

Playinge at coytes or nine hooles, or shooting at buttes,
There let them be a goddes name, til their hartes ake
and their guttes.

Let us alone with divinitie, which are of ryper age.

Youth is rashe, they say, but olde men hath the know-
ledge.

They have brought in one, a younge upstart ladde as it
appeares,

I am sure he hath not ben in the realme very many
yeares,

With a gathered frocke, a powdle head, and a broad
hatte,

An unshaved bearde, a pale face, and hee teacheth that
All our doinges are naught, and hath ben many a day."

We have now passed the period when the first regular Tragedy and Comedy appeared; but, as we have before remarked, the ancient Mysteries and Moralities did not cease to be written and represented, notwithstanding the introduction of this more artificial form of composition. But in order to render the present article complete in itself, we shall still continue the subject of the sacred plays, although in our succeeding numbers it will be necessary to retrace our steps as far back as the first appearance of the regular drama. To one piece only, however, which belongs to the class of Mysteries, will the remainder of the space allowed for this article be devoted; and we must confess that we approach it with feelings of pleasure and delight. The production to which we refer, is *The Love of King David and fair Bethsabe*, with *The tragedy of Absalon*, written in 1579 by George Peele, the City Poet, and Master of the Pageants. It differs nothing in its plan from the ancient Mysteries, being founded on scripture story, and relating the events represented in chronological order, without any plot or pretensions to dramatic effect. The incidents which it contains are, the discovery by David of Bethsabe bathing, and the passion he conceives for her; the siege and capture of Rabath; the rape of Thamar; the death of Ammon; and the rebellion and death of Absalon. But it is in the plan alone that this composition corresponds with the old sacred dramas; in every other particular,—in all that is excellent in poetry, in beauty, in passion, in pathos, in numerous or polished language, it differs from them as much as Olympus from the atom that floats in the sun's beams, or as the sun itself from a midnight vapour. In the facts related, Peele is nearly as accurate as the mystery-

writers themselves; but, instead of confining himself to a mere sketch or outline of the characters, he has filled them up with bold and masterly touches, and with beautiful and true colouring; he has preserved their dignity and added to their spirit; he has breathed a soul into them and imbued them with a living energy; he has done that which is the end of all dramatic composition, he has excited our interest, and awakened our kindest sympathies. He wanted but a better model for the construction of his fable, to have formed, out of the materials of this play, a drama which would have ranked with our best tragedies. It may in some degree illustrate the difference between Peele and the old writers of mysteries, to mention the mode in which he has treated the capture of Rabath; Joab apprises Hannon of what would be the fate of his people. One of the old mystery-writers would not have been content with anything less than an actual exhibition of their being placed under saws, and under harrows of iron, and made to pass through the brick-kiln.

It is with great satisfaction that we now proceed to extract a few passages from this production, in vindication of the eulogy we have pronounced on its author. David sends for Bethsabe, and as she approaches, exclaims:

"David. Now comes my lover, tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for the homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon careless sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows."

On the violation of Thamar, Jonadab, by whose advice it had been accomplished, soliloquises as follows:

"Jonadab. Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands
Foretel an action of such violence,
As to contend with Ammon's lusty arms,
Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless love:
Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
And follows thee through ev'ry covert shade,
Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat
Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon;
Where cedars, stir'd with anger of the winds,
Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
Earth with their feet, and with their heads the heavens,
Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,
To bear this wonder round about the world."

Thamar is thrust out of the house by Ammon.

"Thamar. Whither, alas! ah, whither shall I fly
With folded arms, and all-amaz'd soul,
Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
(Where all delights sat bating, wing'd with thoughts,
Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)
To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
To desert woods, and hills with light'ning scorch'd,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horror sit;
There will I wander from my father's face,
There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn,
There will I live with my windy sighs,
Night ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,

Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart."

Absalom's denunciation against the ravisher.

"*Absalom.* Traitor to heav'n, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalom and Israel.
This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke, and tower of fire,
(As he rides vaunting him upon the greens)
Shall tear his chariot wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder, or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Ammon an ungracious end."

The following is his personification of sin—

"*David.* Sin with his sev'nfold crown, and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching, with his hundred eyes,
Our idle minutes, and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell."

And of sadness.

"And in the gates and entrance of thy feast,
Sadness, with wreathed arms, hangs her complaint."

The chorus alluding to David has this fine piece of imagery, written in the most harmonious numbers.

"O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell.
Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclams,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion;
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quick'ning savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unslack'd thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh."

Although there is a very beautiful simplicity in the narrative of Nathan's rebuke to David, we do not think our readers will be displeased to see the parallel passage in Peele. The concluding lines remind one very strongly of the style which modern Reviewers have agreed to term "Iakish."

"*Nathan.* Thus, Nathan saith unto his lord the king:
There were two men both dwellers in one town,
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank, as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd, and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house."

There is considerable grandeur in the succeeding lines.

"*Joab.* Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun attir'd in glist'ring robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth king David show."

The injunction of David to Joab, on his departure with the forces sent against his rebellious son, presents the fondness of parental partiality in its loveliest aspect.

"*David.* For my sake spare the young man, Absalom.
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;
If then thy love be to thy kinsman sound,
And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bow'rs in ev'ry golden tress,
To sing their lover every night asleep,
O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's fair ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace David's soul."*

The following scene is so excellent, is in such a dignified and sublime strain of poetry, that we cannot refrain from giving the whole of it.

David, Bethsabe, Solomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab,
with their train.

"*Bethsabe.* What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms;
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Bear head against the heart of Israel?"

David. Fair Bethsabe, thou might'st increase the strength

Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She, that in chains of pearl and unicorn,
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair;
She, she, my dearest Bethsabe,
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,

* But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom, for his beauty: from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him.—And when he polled his head (for it was at every year's end that he polled it: because his hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it,) he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight.
—2 Sam. c. 14.

The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chain,
Link'd to the life, and soul of Absalon.

Bethsabe. Then is the pleasure of my sov'reign's heart
So wrap'd within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?

David. Salomon, my love, is David's lord?

Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:

In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)

Must David needs be pleased at the heart;

And he shall surely sit upon my throne:

But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,

Fair Absalon, the counterfeit of love,

Sweet Absalon, the image of content,

Must claim a portion in his father's care,

And be in life and death king David's son.

Nathan. Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,

Whom God in naming hath anointed king.

Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,

Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth

Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;

While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,

Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:

Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,

Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.

David. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace

Thy father's precepts grav'd in thy heart,

And satisfy my zeal to thy renown,

With practise of such sacred principles

As shall concern the state of Israel?

Salomon. My royal father, if the heav'nly zeal,

Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,

Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own,

If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice

Should not each hour beat upon mine ears

As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him

That gaspeth scorched with the summer's sun;

I should be guilty of unpardon'd sin,

Fearing the plague of heav'n, and shame of earth:

But since I vow myself to learn the skill

And holy secrets of his mighty hand

Whose cunning tunes the musick of my soul,

It would content me, father, first to learn

How the Eternal fram'd the firmament;

Which bodies lead their influence by fire;

And which are fill'd with hoary winter's use:

What sign is rainy; and what star is fair;

Why by the rules of true proportion

The year is still divided into months,

The months to days, the days to certain hours;

What fruitful race shall fill the future world;

Or for what time shall this round building stand;

What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe

Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

David. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too deep:

The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts

Behold things present, and record things past;

But things to come exceed our human reach,

And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:

For those, submit thy sense, and say—Thou power,

That now art framing of the future world,

Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,

By frail conjectures of inferior signs,

By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,

By bowels of a sacrificed beast,

Or by the figures of some hidden art;

But by a true and natural presage,

Laying the ground and perfect architect

Of all our actions now before thine eyes,

From Adam to the end of Adam's seed.—

O heav'n, protect my weakness with thy strength;

So look on me that I may view thy face,

And see these secrets written in thy brows.—

O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon,

That now mine eyes, eclipsed to the earth,

May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven:

Transform me from this flesh, that I may live

Before my death, regenerate with thee.—

O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite,

That for the time a more than human skill

May feed the organs of all my sense;

That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,

And, when I speak, I may be made by choice

The perfect echo of thy heav'nly voice.

Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

Salomon. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,

Lifting my mind above her human bounds;

And, as the eagle, roused from her stand

With violent hunger, tow'ring in the air,

Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,

But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,

Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldened

With eyes intentive to bedare the sun,

And flyeth close unto his stately sphere;

So Salomon mounted on the burning wings

Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,

And cheers his senses with celestial air,

Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,

And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehova's brows.

Good father, teach me further what to do."

And again.—David is informed of the death of his son Absalon.

"*David.* Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?

Die, David, for the death of Absalon,

And make these cursed news the bloody darts,

That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.

Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,

And in some cedar's shade, the thunder slew,

And fire from heav'n hath made his branches black,

Sit mourning the decease of Absalon;

Against the body of that blasted plant

In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,

Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,

And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk

Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.

There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;

Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,

Threaten the forests with her hellish face,

And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,

Rend up the wretched engine by the roots

That held my dearest Absalon to death.

Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,

Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,

To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings."

The subject of this sacred drama seems to have elevated the genius of Peele, and to have embued him with an oriental exuberance of imagery. The beauty of the diction, and the stateliness and harmony of the versification, form a delightful contrast to the extracts with which we have thought it necessary to occupy the former part of this article. The dawn of the Mysteries indeed was mysty and obscure, their meridian was little less so, but in the eventide of their existence the mists and clouds cleared off, and they set in a glorious flood of golden light, which illuminated the sky long after their departure.

The Moralities, as well as those compositions which partially or not at all partook of their nature, were occasionally denominated Interludes. It was origi-

nally our intention to have comprised in this article the plays or interludes of John Heywood, published so early as 1533; but, considering that they do not in fact belong either to the class of Mysteries or Moralities, although there is as little pretence to class them with the regular drama, we have thought it best to postpone our notice of them to the succeeding number—more especially, as he was amongst the first who left the old beaten track of the Mysteries and Moralities, and attempted to delineate real characters and living manners. In our next article on this subject, we shall, after a few preliminary remarks and extracts, enter upon the pleasant discussion of the first specimens of our regular dramatic literature.

From the Examiner.

NEWSPAPER DISPENSATIONS.

A CELEBRATED engineer discovered that the use of great rivers was to supply navigable canals. It appears not less certain to us that the mighty stream of human events rolls on in its appointed course, for the sole purpose of supplying newspapers with matter. Nothing is more wonderful than the dispensations for filling the columns of the journals. We are fed like the young ravens, and have only to keep open our maws and to receive the necessary nutriment. If we crave food, some event is instantly ordered for our supply. Whenever there is a vacuum in a newspaper, the actions of men, or of nature itself, are shaped to fill up the void. There was a time when men imagined themselves to be governed by the stars; they have now to know that the incidents of their lives are carved out for the wants of the newspapers. A young couple marry. Why? Not for the reasons they suppose, of love or money, but to make a line in the newspapers under the head of marriages. A child is born. Was it wanted in the world?—see Malthus—no; but it makes a line in the newspapers. Folks die, and their heirs are so blinded by their tears as not to see that the dispensation is for the obituary. What is the cause of the tides? Newton could not see beyond his nose—the tides flow to fill up that single line of high water at London bridge, about which the *Times* and *Chronicle* very properly make it a point of principle to differ.

Of old crime was attributed to the immediate instigation of the devil. The phenomenon of crime is, however, in truth, referable to some vacancy in a newspaper department. As the air rushes into a rarefied atmosphere, so the actions of men rush into the vacuum of newspaper columns. Men are but like straws and cork floating on the stream of events that fill newspapers. The thief at the gallows cannot understand why he should be hanged—poor wretch, he does not see that his life has been shaped through all its stages of crime for the wants of the newspapers. Police reports, Old Bailey Sessions, and the interesting article of executions must have their subjects. Napoleon prated of his destiny, and wanted to extinguish the Press, for which he was made, like a comet to feed the sun. Juvenal had some glimpses of these great truths when he wrote that passage on Annibal in his tenth Satire:—

I demens et snevas curre per Alpas,
Ut pueria placeas, et declamatio fias.

The Constitution has obviously been only made for the newspapers, to which alone the fabulous balanced powers have served in abundant matter for controversy. The question, what is the use of the House of Peers, is easily answered,—to dispute about in the newspapers. Why do we live under a monarchy? Look not to Montesquieu, or De Lolme, or such dreamers, but to the *Court Circular*. See there the purpose to which the Sovereign serves. For what does he fill the throne, but to fill too lines of minion print daily with his drives and his walks, his going there, and tarrying here. In every journal he does twice as much as the high water at London bridge, which is much duty for a Prince.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything of Parliament, its use, in serving to the reports, being so obvious. But those who would learn the great truth, that all things are ordered for the newspapers, should watch the most curious workings of the vast system in the dispensations for the supply of the journals in the season of recess—the season of scarcity, as it is ignorantly imagined, but when, in truth, the wants of columns are as well provided for as at any other time. Why does a turnip in the field of Mr. John Dobson, of Stoke Staggeral, in the parish of Luton-cum-Peverell, in the county of Wilts, grow to the measurement of 42 inches in the waist, and weigh 14lbs.? Why has Mr. Calcraft, in his garden at Rempstone, a cucumber 30 inches long, and an onion 40 inches in circumference; and to what is to be attributed the aggrandizement of pumpkins? Why, that they may take their places in the newspapers in the dead season. Why do men ring rounds of triple-bob-majors, in the key of D, in 14 minutes and 57 seconds; and why does the tenor weigh 6 cwt.; and why do the ringers afterwards regale at the Cat and Bagpipes? The reason is obvious—to fill a paragraph in the vacation. Why are kittens born with five legs and any number of heads? Why are there never any partridges? Why are all the young birds every year either killed by the drought or by the rains? Why was there never any wall fruit? Why have they always been cut off in the bud by the east winds in the spring? What provocation have the dogs to go out of their minds, and why are their noses therefore put in muzzles by the advice of the best public instructors? Why do the omnibuses race, and why do the cads baste their passengers? Why did the old lady die of starvation, vibrating in the omnibuses from Paddington to the Bank, her destination being midway, and she having been shamefully carried on in omnibus after omnibus, first all the way to Paddington; then back again all the way to the Bank, then back again all the way to Paddington, and so oscillating till she was reduced to a skeleton, and miserably perished of famine? Why do all these things come to pass, and myriads of the like, but to feed the newspapers in the dead season.

Why do balloons go up the moment Parliament is up; and why, above all things, did the Duke of Brunswick go up, but that Mrs. Graham might fall down, expressly for the newspapers?

A finer newspaper dispensation than this could not be instanced. Parliament was prorogued on Saturday, 20th August. The newspapers of Monday had the last scene, Mr. Hume's Epilogue and the King's Speech. On Tuesday Mrs. Graham was destined to ascend, and to furnish paragraphs for a month. Every

one knows what happened—between his Serene Highness the Duke and the serene highness of the balloon—the poor lady had a fall of about a quarter of a mile, newspaper measure, or according to the dead reckoning kept in the dead season. Why was she not dashed “to countless atoms,” as the papers say? In reply to this question we come to the perfection of the dispensation; had the same thing happened during the Session of Parliament, no reasonable being can doubt that she would have been killed on the spot, broken to bits, because at that time the accident would have been announced in three lines, and no more could or would have been said of it; but in the recess it was necessary to the newspapers that she should only be dangerously hurt, for then there was a daily report of advices from Converse Farm, and very particular accounts of the movements of all the Graham family and those of their relatives and friends. Had the lady been killed by a tumble of a quarter of a mile* (by the dead reckoning,) a month's matter in accounts of danger and recovery, and the history of her family and their movements, would have been lost. As things were ordered, one of her eyelids afforded a week's subject, and the newspaper column that rested on it, putting together all the papers, probably far exceeded in height the poor lady's fall. Then

* Mrs. Graham stands up for her fall stoutly, and will not bate a jot of it. She rates it handsomely enough at 1,000 feet, and she had time to think about it as, she says her silk pelisse became “fully inflated with atmospheric air,” and prevented the rapidity of the descent. This was, as *Apollo* remarks in *Midas*, “a pretty decent tumble.” Mrs. Graham's reckoning shames the niggardly measurement of the newspapers, which, to be on the safe side of such a fall for their exclusive benefit, ought in gratitude to have made it a good half mile. As it is, Mrs. Graham may suspect that certain people grudge or envy her her fall, and certainly it is rather hard that a person who has had such a fall should lose an inch of the credit of it; and liberality would rather throw in a quarter of a mile or so, to make the lady more comfortable, than haggle about a hundred yards more or less. But let the lady speak for herself, which she can well do—“*I must distinctly state that I fell more than three hundred yards or one thousand feet. Having commenced my fall in a perpendicular position, I perfectly well remember that the silk pelisse which I had on at the time became fully inflated with atmospheric air, and prevented the rapidity of my descent.*”

A number of persons saw the Duke of Brunswick alight from the ear, and the balloon again ascend with me. My fall was observed by them, and Mr. Moir was the first to approach me. He states that in my fall I turned over several times, and on reaching the earth rebounded some feet.” Mr. Moir is reported to have said, that the height from which he saw the lady fall was such that he doubted whether his gun would have reached her (a gallant thought enough, but probably this was his measurement of the rebound of some feet, a hundred or so. We must not omit the conclusion of Mrs. Graham's letter—“I beg to state, in consequence of several erroneous reports, that no persons (with the exception of my husband and relatives) have visited me at Doddinghurst, or contributed to the expenses to which my unfortunate calamity has subjected me. The Duke of Brunswick, the day after my accident, transmitted to Mr. Graham the amount agreed upon for his ascent, and no other claim has been made upon his Highness.” So then, as the accident was caused by the Duke's getting out of the ear, it appears that in no sense has the Duke come down as he ought to have come down.

how many things of interest came in the train of this accident. What public concern was felt for the cloak, cap, umbrella, and telescope of the Duke of Brunswick, and never shall we forget the circumstantial announcement that on a certain day at a certain hour they had been delivered to his Serene Highness's servant by Mrs. Wilson. How the public anxiety about the cloak, cap, umbrella, and telescope, was relieved by that very precise intelligence, with all about Mrs. Wilson! But this was not all; one of the little Grahams burnt its chin, and another tumbled down and knocked its nose, and the public mind was to be eased as to the degree of these misfortunes, which had been exaggerated into the complete burning down of one infant, and the fracture of the other by a fall, to such a degree, that there were nothing but odds and ends to take to the hospital. All this, however, must have an end, and after having served the newspapers a good month, Mrs. Graham was happily out of danger and out of the newspapers. At that precise instant, then, the principle of attraction to newspaper craving began to operate, and Mr. Loudon, unconsciously obeying the all-pervading power, wrote to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* to ask news of the slips from the Napoleon willow and their whereabouts. Now newspaper men as we are, when we saw this pestilent inquiry, we wished Mr. Loudon at Jericho, for we saw all the dismal consequences—the press became one vast willow-bed throughout the country, and we shall hear of slips from the Napoleon willow for years to come. Men will write from China, from Mount Caucasus, from Timbuctoo about it. Here was a newspaper dispensation, and Mr. Loudon was the destined instrument of copy. It was not that any being in his senses cared to know about the progeny of Napoleon's willow, but that something must be done to make matter for the newspapers. Next *Medicus* pens an epistle to the *Chronicle*, praying that Heaven would dispose the hearts of men to fill up the Serpentine river, so that people above four feet in height should not be drowned in it, and there was every prospect of a most angry controversy on this theme, as some one held, on the other hand, that the shallow water with stinking weeds would breed a pestilence, when Mr. O'Connell made more serviceable matter by his letter to the Editor of the *Times*. Before that nice subject was quite exhausted, Agnes Graham (there is a run on the Grahams) with her romance, very opportunely presented herself to fill a few columns and the pockets of her provident foster-parents. And by such occurrences, a few earthquakes, a handful of revolutions, a hurricane or two, and a dozen or so of murders, the dead season is made a time prolific in wonders. Take any one newspaper, and observe the number and variety of actions and events that constitute its subjects. What crimes men commit when Parliament is up (Folly has its turn when it sits) that the newspapers may be supplied with matter; what dreadful accidents happen for the same reason. Fenning's warehouse would never have been burnt down if the two Houses had been sitting. Bearing these great truths in mind, people ought to be doubly careful in every step and proceeding during the dead season, when broken necks, fires, robberies, murders, &c. are much wanted by the newspapers. Misfortunes that would happen at no other time will happen now. A horse that never kicked, or got the rein under his tail, or ran away before, will kick, and get the rein

under his tail, and run away during the dead season, for he is possessed of an instinct for the good of the newspapers. A vacant place in the newspapers also causes many a coach to upset, and in turning the corner of a newspaper column old women out of number are run over. Wonderfully are we made! crimes and casualties run through our columns like blood through the veins.

From the Examiner.

The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
Collected and Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge,
Esq. M. A. Two volumes. Pickering.

Mr. Coleridge was the most impressive talker of his age, and to this, it is to be feared, he has sacrificed the claim of being remembered as one of its greatest writers. It is certain that his hitherto published works do not justify anything like that species of idolatry with which his genius is spoken of by those who knew *the man*. The influence he exercised over all who were admitted to his personal intimacy, was, through every part of his life, extraordinary and undeniable. When at school he was called the "*inspired charity boy*," and Charles Lamb has described the occasional passer through the cloister of Christ's Hospital, standing still, entranced with admiration, to hear him unfold, in his even then "deep and sweet" intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus. As it was in the beginning, it was to the end—

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire that he were made a prelate!
Let him but talk of any state-affair,
You'd say it had been all-in-all his study!
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter! When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, stands still!"

But speaking and writing are two different things, and Mr. Coleridge's prose-writing seems to us to be a bad translation of his speaking. We seldom read it without feeling ourselves, one way or other, ill at ease. He may be thoroughly convinced himself, but he does not convince his readers. The "braid" of his style is too ethereal and thought-woven. It does not give a body to the opinions he seeks to express. It leaves his belief, as it found it, unpermanent and fugitive.—Is there an instance on record of any man, with so idolized a fame among his friends, who, *for the public*, has done so little? Take his published works, and you find that everything that is of any weight or importance among them, was written thirty years ago. Did he indeed, after that time, do nothing but "live upon the sound of his own voice?"

He was one, says Mr. Nelson Coleridge of him, in "*L'Envoy*" to these volumes, "he was one who, with long and large arm, still collected precious armfuls in whatever direction he pressed forward, yet still took up so much more than he could keep together, that those who followed him gleaned more from his continual droppings than he himself brought home;—nay, made stately corn-ricks therewith, while the reaper himself was still seen only with a strutting armful of newly-cut sheaves." We will not pursue this figure, but we rather take it that the secret of Coleridge's failing to establish an actual property and power out

of many of his finest thoughts, lay in his tendency to overdo them all. He sought to make something more out of everything than it really had within it, or than it was really worth. He disdained, also, the recognised aids in giving exposition to what he felt and thought. It was all in all with him to have *invented* anything. It was to be nothing, if it was not to be wholly and solely the creation and the product of his own mind.

In one of these volumes we find the following extract of a manuscript note by Coleridge:—

"Often and often had I read Gay's '*Beggar's Opera*,' and always delighted with its poignant wit and original satire, and if not without noticing its immorality, yet without any offence from it. Some years ago, I, for the first time, saw it represented in one of the London theatres; and such were the horror and disgust with which it impressed me, so grossly did it outrage all the best feelings of my nature, that even the angelic voice, and perfect science of Mrs. Billington, lost half their charms, or rather increased my aversion to the piece by an additional sense of incongruity. Then I learned the immense difference between reading and seeing a play;—and no wonder, indeed; for who has not passed over with his eye a hundred passages without offence, which he yet could not have even read aloud, or have heard so read by another person, without an inward struggle? In mere passive silent reading the thoughts remain mere thoughts, and these too not our own,—phantoms with no attribute of place, no sense of appropriation, that flit over the consciousness as shadows over the grass or young corn in an April day. But even the sound of our own or another's voice takes them out of that lifeless, twilight, realm of thought, which is the confine, the *intermundium*, as it were, of existence and non-existence."

Now, undoubtedly, there is a great mistake here. The truth of the *Beggar's Opera*, its wit, its refinement, its philosophy—for it has all these—are addressed, not to any "lifeless, twilight realm of thought," but to the most actual and palpable sense which the most ordinary man can have, of the living usages and necessities of life. We should have said that the thoughts of the *Beggar's Opera* were far more likely to give offence as thoughts merely, than as having actual life and form. It may seem paradoxical to assert, but it is yet perfectly true, that it is well nigh impossible to give just appreciation to the subtle and abstracted view of human life which is presented by the *Beggar's Opera*, without the moving realities of the scene before us. It is only then that we can feel, in all the perfection of its detail, the great moral of the *vulgarity of vice*, which is taught by that master-piece of wit and intellect.—But is not Coleridge's remark a somewhat forcible illustration of what we have said of many of his own intellectual failures? He had obviously set up, or invented, something in his own mind about the *Beggar's Opera*, and was disenchanted by the intrusion of others. The metaphysical took offence at the corporeal, and the result was nothing. In the intellectual processes of Coleridge, we do not seldom find two affirmatives making up a negative. And should we be unjust to add, in reference to the point under discussion, that it is very likely our philosopher, on finding himself in the theatre, shrunk back annoyed at seeing the audience enjoy the scene so thoroughly *in their own way*? Coleridge was no stranger to the strong desire of being thought able "to look further into a mill-stone than any body else."

The nature of the present publication is explained by the following extract from the Editor's preface:—

"Mr. Coleridge, by his will, dated in September, 1829, authorized his executor, if he should think it expedient, to publish any of the notes or writing made by him (Mr. C.) in his books, or any other of his manuscripts or writings, or any letters which should thereafter be collected from, or supplied by, his friends or correspondents. Agreeably to this authority, an arrangement was made, under the superintendence of Mr. Green, for the collection of Coleridge's literary remains; and, at the same time, the preparation for the press of such part of the materials as should consist of criticism and general literature, was entrusted to the care of the present editor. The volumes now offered to the public are the first results of that arrangement. . . . The contents of these volumes are drawn from a portion only of the manuscripts entrusted to the editor: the remainder of the collection, which, under favourable circumstances, he hopes may hereafter see the light, is at least of equal value with what is now presented to the reader as a sample."

The worth of the "sample" is, we think, undoubted. Whatever may be thought of Coleridge as a close and consistent reasoner, the great value of his detached hints, of his indications of philosophy and criticism, is not to be questioned. We have too many instances in these volumes, indeed, of super-subtle distinctions and refinements, which it would require an understanding like his own to turn to good,—but they abound also with evidences of manly thought, of deep and ready reasoning, and of occasional power of illustration of the subtlest and most brilliant kind. In one passage Coleridge says—

"I not only love truth, but I have a passion for the legitimate investigation of truth. The love of truth, conjoined with a keen delight in a strict and skilful yet impassioned argumentation, is my master-passion, and to it are subordinated even the love of liberty and all my public feelings;—and to it whatever I labour under of vanity, ambition, and all my inward impulses."

Substitute for the "love of liberty," the love of legitimacy, or the love of things as they are, and, in the majority of cases, to Coleridge's honour be it said, this boast is true. The very fever of his early impressions for "liberty and equality" consumed them in his mind, but yet he was never found available as a tool for the vulgar politicians of the party to which he afterwards attached himself. His writing did little service to the *Courier*, and he never was doomed to reach that "bourne from whence no traveller returns"—a pensioned place under Government. He lived the last twenty years of his life on the charity of others.—What has Government to do with such thoughts as this, which we take, almost at random, from among many others in the volumes before us which would be equally distasteful in Downing street!—

"Our statesmen, who survey with jealous dread all plans for the education of the lower orders, may be thought to proceed on the system of antagonist muscles; and in the belief, that the closer a nation shuts its eyes, the wider it will open its hands. Or do they act on the principle, that the *status belli* is the natural relation between the people and the Government, and that it is prudent to secure the result of the contest by gouging the adversary in the first instance? Alas! the policy of the maxim is on a level with its honesty!"

The *sic vos non vobis* in the case of Coleridge, which we have seen his present Editor allude to in a passage already quoted, has one or two characteristic illustrations in the volumes before us.

"How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains! It sounds like stories from the land of spirits, If any man obtain that which he merits, Or any merit that which he obtains!"—

—is an exclamation in one of the fragments of verse that are preserved, to which we cannot but attribute something of self-reference. The same feeling has frequent vent in the prose—

"There have been instances in the literary world that might remind a botanist of a singular sort of parasite plant, which rises above ground, independent and unsupported, an apparent original; but trace its roots, and you will find the fibres all terminating in the root of another plant at an unsuspected distance, which, perhaps, from want of sun and congenial soil, and the loss of sap, had scarcely been able to peep above the ground."

We quote these passages in connexion with some more distinct charges of literary borrowing, to which we shall presently allude, because it is generally supposed that Coleridge was altogether indifferent on this score. We recollect the expression of a recent writer in the *Quarterly Review*, that no one could be named in literary history more utterly regardless of the reputation of the mere author than he was, and that no one ever lived so "reckless who might reap where he had most prodigally sown and watered." Now supposing this so, the virtue of the recklessness in question is much weakened by finding, that he did not reap himself only because he could not undergo the labour, and that he certainly was not indifferent to, but on the contrary guarded with extreme anxiety, the reputation of having been the planter and waterer of the seed.

Somewhere about the year 1797 or 1799 Coleridge delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on the subject of Shakspeare. Two or three years after, Schlegel commenced his lectures at Vienna, which, subsequently published, were thought the most perfect tribute that had been offered to the genius of Shakspeare. Not a syllable, with the exception of some rough memoranda, of Coleridge's original course remained, but, he observes in one of the volumes before us, "notes had been taken by several men and ladies of high rank." In 1813, however, on his delivering another course on the characteristics of Shakspeare, at the Surrey Institution, a strange similarity was immediately observed, and remarked upon, between much of these lectures and those criticisms of Schlegel which had appeared in 1808. Coleridge himself says, in a manuscript note of 1819, now first published—

"Even in detail the coincidence of Schlegel with my lectures was so extraordinary, that all who at a later period heard the same words, taken by me from my notes of the lectures at the Royal Institution, concluded a borrowing on my part from Schlegel. Mr. Hazlitt, whose hatred of me is in such an inverse ratio to my zealous kindness towards him, as to be defended by his warmest admirer, Charles Lamb—(who, God bless him! besides his characteristic obstinacy of adherence to old friends, as long at least as they are at all down in the world, is linked as by a charm to Hazlitt's conversation)—only as 'frantic,'—Mr. Hazlitt, I say, himself replied to an as-

section of my plagiarism from Schlegel in these words: 'It is a lie; for I myself heard the very same character of Hamlet from Coleridge before he went to Germany, and when he had neither read nor could read a page of German!' Now Hazlitt was on a visit to me at my cottage at Nether Stowey, Somerset, in the summer of the year 1798, in the September of which year I first was out of sight of the shores of Great Britain."

It follows from this that the German scholar is certainly the plagiarist, for the frequent likenesses between the two, which we have now been able to compare for the first time, are too close to have resulted from a merely fair coincidence on the part of the lecturers. We will give a single instance. In a note of the lecture delivered by Coleridge in 1813 and supplied to the present work by Mr. Justice Coleridge, we find among other allusions to *Romeo* and *Juliet* the following:—"In *Juliet* love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of an Italian evening." Now in Schlegel's lectures (we quote Black's translation) the following is to be found:—"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem * * the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh." There are likenesses in what we have been able to compare of the *Hamlet* quite as singular.

We are willing to accept Mr. Coleridge's own account as perfectly correct, but what a singular deficiency it proves both in his moral and intellectual character. These lectures were originally delivered *vis à voce*, and it is quite clear that he afterwards found himself actually unable to reduce them to writing. It is very well to talk of his having been indifferent to the reputation of the mere author, but it does not appear to have been at all times within his reach. That continuous flow of converse "fetched from Helicon or Zion" which he was able to pour out upon an audience, his pen was not the master of. The music of his voice had become necessary to the motion of his thoughts.—In all this there is surely a serious defect. Are we wrong in supposing him, for instance, to have possibly felt that what was intelligible and close enough in converse might not be so on paper? It has been described as the faculty of a very accomplished talker to make "the unintelligible seem plain;" and if ever there was a man whose tones in oral delivery were such as seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients, Coleridge was he.—Many of the best prose passages of the present volumes seem to want the accompaniment of some rich and varied voice, to give them more perfect shape and connexion.

All Coleridge's "remains" of his lectures on Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, appear to be included in about 300 pages of the second of the volumes before us. This, then, alas! is the Work which, in a letter to a friend some seventeen years since, and very recently given to the world, he described as all *written*—"requiring," as he said, "only to be put together, from loose paper and common-place or memorandum-books, and needing no other change, whether of omission, *addition*, or correction, than the mere act of arranging"—this is the Work

which "with every art of compression, amounts to three volumes of about 500 pages each!"—All the early portion of the first of the volumes before us, amounting to about 300 pages, includes, as clearly, the only "remains" of the other grand Work, which, seventeen years ago, was announced to be equally ready—the "philosophical analysis of the genius and works of Dante, Spenser, Milton, Cervantes, and Calderon, with similar, but more compressed, criticisms on Chaucer, Ariosto, Donne, Rabelais, and others, during the predominance of the romantic poetry." Sad is the contradiction between our intentions and our acts, between our desires and our success! *Vitam perdimus operose nihil agendo!*

We have already said that, such as they are, there is much beauty, and infinite subtleties of suggestion, in the volumes now before us. We do not doubt, as Coleridge himself used to say querulously, that they will serve "to furnish feathers for the caps of others." We question, however, if, as they stand, they will materially add to their author's fame. What is said of Shakspeare and his works, and of the progress and purposes of the drama, is all excellent; and we particularly admire the notes on Sir Thomas Browne, Rabelais, Defoe, Cervantes, and on "the Character of the Gothic mind in the Middle Ages." But we can only make room for one or two more extracts, and these we must select not altogether as we could wish.

The absurd mistakes which have been fallen into on the subject of the "lawlessness" of Shakspeare's genius, are admirably rebuked. It is subtly shown by Mr. Coleridge that true genius cannot be lawless, for it is even this, the power of acting creatively under laws of its own origination, which constitutes genius:

"The true ground of the mistake lies in the confounding mechanical regularity with organic form. The form is mechanic, when on any given material we impress a pre-determined form, not necessarily arising out of the properties of the material;—as when to a mass of wet clay we give whatever shape we wish it to retain when hardened. The organic form, on the other hand, is innate; it shapes, as it develops, itself from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form. Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse power, is equally inexhaustible in forms; each exterior is the physiognomy of the being within,—its true image reflected and thrown out from the concave mirror;—and even such is the appropriate excellence of her chosen poet, of our own Shakspeare,—himself a nature humanized, a genial understanding directing self-consciously a power and an implicit wisdom deeper even than our consciousness."

A summary on Cervantes:—

"A Castilian of refined manners; a gentleman, true to religion, and true to honour.

"A scholar and a soldier, and fought under the banners of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, lost his arm and was captured.

"Endured slavery not only with fortitude, but with mirth; and by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner.

"Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny, the awful task of achieving fame; and for that reason died poor and a prisoner, while nobles and kings over their goblets of gold, gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards, and in his '*Persilis*' and '*Si-*

gismunda,' the English may find the germ of their 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew and had looked into, but he knew and had looked into much indeed; and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue."

The intellectual difference between the age of Elizabeth and James, and that of Charles and Cromwell:

"Eminent as the intellectual powers were that were displayed in both, yet in the number of great men, in the various sorts of excellence, and not merely in the variety, but almost diversity of talents, united in the same individual, the age of Charles falls short of its predecessor; and the stars of the Parliament, keen as their radiance was, in fulness and richness of lustre, yield to the constellation at the court of Elizabeth;—which can only be paralleled by Greece in her brightest moment, when the titles of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the statesman, and the general, net seldom formed a garland round the same head, as in the instances of our Sidneys and Raleighs. But then, on the other hand, there was a vehemence of will, an enthusiasm of principle, a depth and an earnestness of spirit, which the charms of individual fame and personal aggrandizement could not pacify,—an aspiration after reality, permanence, and general good,—in short, a moral grandeur in the latter period, with which the low intrigues, Machiavellic maxims, and selfish and servile ambition of the former, stand in painful contrast."

A true distinction between motives and impulses:—

"It is a matter of infinite difficulty, but, fortunately, of comparative indifference, to determine what a man's motive may have been for this or that particular action. Rather seek to learn what his objects in general are. What does he habitually wish, habitually pursue? and thence deduce his impulses, which are commonly the true efficient causes of men's conduct, and without which the motive itself would not have become a motive."

Valuable hints for a good style:—

"In order to form a good style, the primary rule and condition is, not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our own meaning;—when a man perfectly understands himself, appropriate diction will generally be at his command either in writing or speaking. In such cases the thoughts and the words are associated. In the next place, preciseness in the use of terms is required, and the test is, whether you can translate the phrase adequately into simpler terms, regard being had to the feeling of the whole passage. Try this upon Shakspeare, or Milton, and see if you can substitute other simpler words in any given passage, without a violation of the meaning or tone. The source of bad writing is the desire to be something more than a man of sense,—the straining to be thought a genius; and it is just the same in speech-making. If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be!"

We close the book with every wish for its success, and desire for a further publication. To those who know anything of Mr. Coleridge's habit of scrawling over every volume that came within his reach, it will appear strange that this first series of his "Literary Remains," in which contributions of that sort appear

to have been sought by the editor, is not of much greater bulk. It was seldom indeed that any book left Mr. Coleridge precisely as it had fallen into his possession. "Every work of genius," said one of his friends, "comes out of Coleridge's hands like an illuminated missal." Several volumes happen to be in our own possession, enriched by him in this way. We shall subjoin one or two specimens of them, such as happen to touch on subjects that are included in the volumes we have just noticed, though treated imperfectly. But they are all very much at Mr. Nelson Coleridge's service.

Of Ben Jonson:—

"It was not possible, that so bold and robust an intellect as that of Ben Jonson could be devoted to any form of intellectual power vainly, or even with mediocrity of product. He could not but be a species of himself:—though, like the Mammoth and Megatherion, fitted and destined to live only during a given period; and then to exist a skeleton, hard, dry, uncouth perhaps, yet massive, and not to be contemplated without that mixture of wonder and admiration, or more accurately, that middle somewhat between both, for which we want a term; not quite even with the latter, but far above the mere former. In this light, a Heretic as to the ordinary notion (if words echoed *sine noscendo* can be called notion) but in complete sympathy with the practical feeling of my contemporary, I regard B. Jonson the play-wright; and hold his dramas of worth far inferior to his poems, and the plays themselves chiefly valuable for the many and various passages which are not dramatic.—In harmony of metre, in rhythm, in sweetness of words, he is indeed greatly inferior to Juvenal; but in all other excellencies superior—and in none more so, than those which (in *kind*) they both possessed in common. Jonson's philosophy was more profound, his morality more pure, his observation more acute and active, and his figures more alive and individual."

On the margin of Fletcher's poem of the *Purple Island*, opposite to this passage in the twentieth stanza of the sixth canto—

"But sing that civil strife and home dissension

"Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention,
Where never peace is heard, nor ever peace is *men-*
tion—"

—Coleridge has written:—

"Is not this a use (to me unmet with elsewhere,) of mention, quasi mentio—i. e. in mente. Pax neque in voce, neque vel in mente, versata est. Quere . . . mentiri, nonne vult, a mente ire!—Our 'Lie,' and the German 'Lügen,' strongly mark a primitive language. A Græcomaniist indeed *might* derive it from *λύω*, i. e. to dissolve the compact between man and man.—That the consonants were originally appropriate to classes of Thoughts, I cannot doubt . . . spite of the at-first-sight laugh-compelling Facts to the contrary. Thus, Low and Lofty. But may not Lofty be a compound—of the Low?"

Lastly—for we cannot make room for more—of the *Samson Agonistes*, and Milton's preface:—

"The submission of Milton's mind to the Ancients indiscriminately (spite of the Declaration in *Par. Reg.* B. iv.) is here curiously exemplified. The play has no acts:—for Aristotle prescribes none, and the Greek Tragedies knew of no such division. But yet it is not extended beyond the fifth act:—in obedience

to the injunction of a line of Horace,—a mere *ipse dixit*, without one reason assigned, and therefore probably founded on some accident of the Roman Stage. Into such contradictions could overweening reverence of Greek and Latin authorities, seduce the greatest and most judicious of men! . . . And from the same cause must we explain the stern censure on the Heterogeneous (Comic stuff with Tragic gravity) as applied to Shakspeare. . . . Milton had not reflected that Poetry is capable of subsisting under two different modes,—the Statuesque, as Sophocles,—and the Picturesque, as Shakspeare . . . the former producing a Whole by the separation of Differents; the latter by the balance, counteraction, intermodification, and final harmony of Differents. Of this latter, Shakspeare is the only instance. In all other writers, Tragi-Comedy merits all that Milton has here affirmed concerning it."

From the Spectator.

MALIBRAN.

It is with bitter sorrow of heart that we record the death of Madame MALIBRAN. We have heard singers in years gone by, of whose powers we cherish a vivid and grateful recollection, and we look around among those who are living for some of present excellence and greater promise; but in MALIBRAN were united all the powers and capabilities, all the gifts and graces, that were scattered among her predecessors and contemporaries. She was the very impersonation of the vocal art; every depth of which she had fathomed—every elevation attained. Nature had been most bountiful to her: her voice was unrivalled for compass, volume, and richness; her mind was powerful. Her penetration quick, her talent wide and large. Whatever she undertook to do, she did well; and the rapidity with which she grasped at and attained acquirements of various kinds, was marvellous. She had an innate perception of beauty and grace in every art. We have discoursed with her about pictures and architecture—about the Latin classics—the poetry of DANTE and of GOETHE—the drama of England; and found a mind not tinged but impregnated with a love of all that was great and enduring of every country and age. Her mind was perpetually athirst after knowledge. Accident had facilitated the natural quickness with which she acquired languages: she could scarcely be said to be the property of any country—she was emphatically and almost alone a European. The reply to an inquiry which we once made, after hearing her converse with equal facility in several languages—of what country she was!—we distinctly recollect: "I was born," said she, "at Paris, in the parish of St. Pierre; my father as you know, was a Spaniard; therefore French and Spanish I learned as every child learns a language: early I came to England, and after residing here some years, where I studied your language closely, I went to the United States"—one of her indelible looks accompanied this part of her narrative—"there my English was kept up—not, I believe, improved: the Italian Opera-house has been the cradle in which I was nursed; and German I have acquired that I might grasp and enjoy its musical wealth—that I may speak it with facility and every day, my own servant is a German. There! that is the history of my being so learned!"

The father of MALIBRAN, though a tyrant and a

ruffian, was a first-rate teacher of his art; and she was no dull or unwilling pupil: she applied herself not merely to learn to sing, but to learn her art thoroughly and deeply. This knowledge shone forth in whatever style she attempted: her singing was that of a well-instructed musician: caprice or indolence might sometimes lead her astray, but she never erred through ignorance. A curious instance of her musical tact as well as her knowledge occurred soon after her first appearance in England as Madame MALIBRAN. She was engaged at the Chester Festival, and one of the songs allotted to her was "Praise the Lord," (from HANDEL'S *Esther*), to which GREAT-REX had appended a long and very inappropriate double cadence for the voice and organ. She sung it at rehearsal without any remark; but the next day at performance she produced one which she had written in the interval, so completely in accordance with the style of the song, so perfectly adapted to the character of the organ, and so superior in every respect to that of the Conductor, that it might have been taken for the work of a veteran of the Handelian school. But the truth is, that she was of no school exclusively. Vocal music, whether of HANDEL, MOZART, CINIAROSA, or BEETHOVEN, which came from the heart and appealed to the heart, was her language: discerning where the true strength of each school resided, she threw herself into and became identified with it. Take four of her songs as illustrations: "Farewell ye limpid springs"—"Non piu di fiori"—"Deh parlate"—"O Hofnung." Here is almost as much variety of style as the vocal art can exhibit; yet we should hesitate to which of these the superiority should be awarded. She felt each equally, and expressed each as if she had given to that school exclusive devotion. We say nothing of the inexpressible grace and archness with which she sung her national melodies, Spanish, French, and Neapolitan—of the lustre with which she invested the dulness of BELLINI, or the grace which she infused into HORN'S ballads: these were musical playthings, with which she was wont to amuse herself: we fix upon the highest efforts of which a singer is capable, and of these she had equally attained.

We only felt disposed to quarrel with her for inlisting such talents as hers in the performance of what was mean and trifling: but this was one of the traits of her extraordinary character. Ardent, sensitive, impassioned in the highest degree, she was capricious and wayward; she delighted in astonishing by the versatility as well as captivating by the solidity of her powers. She was ambitious of showing her proficiency in musical alchemy—in transmuting the duller and grosser metals into gold. She was the creature of impulse—hard to advise, impatient of restraint, generous to profusion, now playful as a kitten, and now ferocious as a tiger: but once inlist her feelings in what she had to do, and you were sure of the result. By a perverse ignorance which knew not the right employment of her powers, HANDEL'S bravura oratorio songs were uniformly allotted to her at every festival or sacred performance at which she appeared,—with one only exception: at the Norwich Festival of 1833, she sang the "Farewell" from *Jephtha*; and if we were to single out one as her greatest effort, it would be this song. We had often heard, but never felt it before; and we need no repetition of an impression too deep and too vivid for time to efface. At Manchester she was degraded to the level of "Gratias agimus."

Her impetuosity and ardent temperament, combined with her extensive and sound musical knowledge and her unrivalled voice, rendered her singing more varied than that of any performer we ever heard. With most singers, the mode in which a song shall be sung is an affair of deliberate study and trial—it is always the same: but with MALIBRAN it assumed every possible variety of colour, as she happened to be excited or depressed—as she found a sympathizing and discriminating or a dull and ignorant audience: sometimes her spirits would effervesce in passages of the most joyous and sparkling character, at others she would make the same song a vehicle for the display of her intimate knowledge of harmony in a series of elaborate cadences: it was just as the impulse of the moment prompted. And where was ever heard the artist who could achieve all this? Who ever possessed like her the fancy to prompt, the genius to invent, the knowledge to guide, and the voice to execute? We end as we began—she was the very impersonation of the vocal art.

Her life, though a scene of triumph, was, till recently, one of bitter and unceasing trial. Few women have tasted more deeply of sorrow: she knew neither parental nor conjugal affection till her marriage with DE BÉRIOT. For him her love was unbounded—his reputation was dearer to her than her own—the greatest pleasure you could give her was to praise him. Her heart was the abode of some of the noblest feelings that can adorn human nature: for her errors let those answer who laboured to implant and nurture them.

The matchless Malibran, whose serious illness, in the midst of the Festival at Manchester, was mentioned in the *Spectator* of the 17th September, died at Manchester, in the Mosley Arms Inn, on the night of Friday the 23d. She had been getting gradually worse from the preceding Tuesday. On Thursday she became insensible; and her Italian Physician, Dr. Bellonini, who had been brought from London to attend her, held a consultation with Mr. Lewis, a surgeon in Manchester. Mr. Lewis is understood to have given an opinion that although the patient was in an early stage of pregnancy, this had no influence on the complaint under which she was suffering: it is not mentioned what that complaint was. She rallied a little on Friday morning, but soon relapsed, and at twenty minutes before twelve she expired. There is no doubt that her death was hastened by her exertions to sing at the Manchester Festival.

The papers teem with biographical notices of Madame Malibran, from which we select the most interesting particulars. She was the daughter of Garcia, the Spanish tenor-singer, and was born in Paris. She came to London when a child.

"It was about the year 1824 (says a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*) that her great talents began to be known to the English public. In that year, having distinguished herself at some of the concerts of the season, and made a successful début at the Opera-house, she received an engagement as one of the principal singers at the York Festival of the following year. At the time when she obtained this proof of her musical rank she was a mere girl. We have not, at present, the means of ascertaining the date of her birth; but we have reason to believe that she had not reached the age of thirty when prematurely cut off; and when she appeared in York Minster, in 1825, she

could not have been more than eighteen. The Committee met, beforehand, with much censure for placing a raw girl in such a situation, and a signal failure was anticipated by many sagacious critics. But her youth, her beauty, and her modesty, made an immediate impression in her favour; and her singing excited a unanimous feeling of admiration and delight. She had a considerable share of duty assigned her, not only in the evening concerts, but in the performances of the morning, and showed herself conversant with the sacred strains of Handel and Haydn, as well as the dramatic music of Mozart and Rossini. In the *Messiah* she sang the air 'Rejoice greatly,' with great power and elevation of sentiment; and in the *Creation*, she gave the air, 'On mighty pens,' descriptive of the creation of the feathered tribes, with a degree of mingled brilliancy, delicacy, and sweetness, which, perhaps, she alone has been able to impart to that exquisite composition. Her career of European reputation, thus brilliantly begun, was interrupted for a time by her father's project of establishing an Italian opera in America, where this species of entertainment was as yet unknown. He carried with him to New York a very inefficient company, and began to perform Italian operas in the end of the year 1825. He himself was by this time somewhat *passé*, and the weight of the undertaking rested on the youthful shoulders of his daughter. The operas were poorly got up and feebly performed; but Mademoiselle Garcia was a host in herself, and her talents appear to have been appreciated by the Transatlantic dilettanti. Still, however, the powers of a single performer were insufficient to give the American public a taste for a kind of music so entirely new to them. The speculation proved unsuccessful, the company was broken up, and most of the performers returned to Europe."

Here we must avail ourselves of some peculiar means of knowledge which ourselves possess, to do justice to brother Jonathan. Though Garcia's operas were poorly got up, the two which were tolerably performed, namely, *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, always drew full houses. But Garcia would give a miserable opera of his own (we forget the name of it,) and portions of *La Cenerentola*, which none of his company except his daughter took the trouble to learn. Garcia himself would spend whole mornings in the auction-shops of New York, purchasing silks for a Mexican speculation. The musical tone in which he chanted forth his name "Garcia" as the purchaser of a lot, sounded strangely in the crowded and dark auction-room.

"In the beginning of 1836 (we again quote the *Chronicle*), she married M. Malibran, a Frenchman, who was then reputed one of the richest merchants in New York; but he either deceived her very grossly, or was as grossly ignorant of the state of his own affairs; for he became a bankrupt very soon after their marriage. By the marriage settlement a provision had been secured to his wife; but this she gave up to his creditors, determined to owe her subsistence entirely to her own honourable exertions."

In reference to her marriage, the *Morning Post* says—

"The most laudable motives we dare not reveal, and sorrows of a nature we cannot allude to, induced the young Maria, the admired of all men, to marry at

this time an elderly French merchant at New York, M. Malibran. This merchant almost immediately afterwards failed, and was cast into prison; and Madame Malibran, freed from the dominion of her father, and driven to the necessity of exertion, came over to Europe."

Here again we must draw upon our peculiar resources. M. Eugene Malibran was never considered a very wealthy man. He lived in modern style, and passed for the possessor of about fifteen or twenty thousand pounds at the most. But the daughter of Garcia must have gladly seized almost any *honourable* mode of escape from her father's control. Garcia is believed to have been not only a brute in his treatment of her, but to have been willing to make over his daughter to any body of sufficient wealth to recompense him for the loss of her services. We have heard that he had only a small sum from Malibran, but that it was offered when he was in great need of it.

Soon after her return from America Madame Malibran appeared in Paris; and the following criticism on her performance is quoted by the *Morning Chronicle* from a Paris journal of the day.

"The singer, at her entrance, was greeted with warm applause. Her commanding figure, and the regularity of her features, [here the critic's imagination comes in aid of his eyesight,] bespoke the favour of the public. The noble and dignified manner in which she gave the first phrase, 'Fra tanti regi e populi,' justified the reception she had obtained; but the difficult phrase, 'Tremas il tempio,' proved a stumblingblock she could not surmount. Alarmed by this check, she did not attempt the difficult passage in the *da capo*, but, dropping her voice, terminated the passage without effect, and made her exit, leaving the public in doubt and dissatisfaction. The prodigious talent displayed by Pisaroni in the subsequent scenes gave occasion to comparisons by no means favourable to Madame Malibran. On her re-entrance she was coldly received; but she soon succeeded in winning over the public to her favour. In the *andante* to the air 'Bel raggio lusinghier,' the young singer threw out such powers, and displayed a voice so full and beautiful, that the former coldness gave way to applause. Encouraged by this, she hazarded the greatest difficulties of execution, and appeared so inspired by her success that her courage now became temerity. Madame Malibran Garcia is only nineteen; she is just arrived from North America, where she has been precluded from profiting by any models of excellence, and therefore she requires that finish which can only be learned from experience, and by profiting by the counsels of sound criticism. We quote this passage, not only because the description is graphic, but because we believe the criticism on the whole to have been just. The Aristarchus, in speaking of her failure in some arduous passages, does not make sufficient allowance for the debut of a girl of nineteen; but judging even from her matured performances, we readily believe that the inspiration of success converted her courage into temerity."

From the period of her Parisian debut, Malibran's musical career was most triumphant—

"The whole of the dilettanti of Paris were kept constantly in raptures, and every night she concluded her performances amidst a thunder of applause and a

shower of flowers; whilst a number of men of all ages who adored the very footsteps of the chaste and beautiful cantatrice, followed her carriage to her door, and remained hours afterwards in the street with their eyes fixed on her windows, as if they were under the influence of magnetism. Malibran then came to England; and we need not recall the effect, never to be forgotten, her second debut produced at the King's Theatre. Year after year her triumphs here were reproduced. In Italy the enthusiasm she excited was beyond all description. Duke Visconti, proprietor of La Scala at Milan, offered 6000*l.* per annum, a carriage, a table, and lodging of the most sumptuous kind at his expense, independent of a benefit, if she would perform at his theatre for three years during the season. This she accepted."

At the conclusion of the Milan engagement she came to England—

"Our readers know that her last, and, we may add, her greatest, triumphs were gained in the character of an English singer and an English actress. The multitudes who, during the last two seasons, were drawn to Drury Lane Theatre by the attraction of her name, were at once the givers and witnesses of those triumphs; and those who, in the Collegiate Church of Manchester, listened to her dying song will long have their remembrance of the rapture with which she inspired them mingled with sorrow for her untimely fate."

She was very unwell when she arrived in Manchester, and was much irritated by the refusal of the Festival Committee to alter their programme according to her wishes. She also over-exerted herself sadly. A correspondent of the *Post* says—

"In the evening prior to the first day's performance at the Collegiate Church, she sang no less than fourteen pieces in her room at the hotel amongst her Italian friends. De Beriot cautioned her against exerting herself, but Malibran was not to be easily checked in her career. This fatigue must have added to her already excitable nature. She was ill on Tuesday, but she insisted upon singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday her indisposition was still more evident; but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang, 'Sing ye to the Lord,' with electrical effect; and on that evening, the 14th of September, her last notes in public were heard. It was in the duet with Caradori Allan, in Mercadante's 'Vanne se alberghi in petto,' from *Andronico*. It is not a little curious that they sang this duet for the first time at Caradori Allan's benefit concert last season, and that the latter was dangerously ill for weeks afterwards. This time it was poor Malibran's turn, but with the most fatal result. Her exertions in the *encore* of this duet were tremendous, and the fearful shake at the top of the voice will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature—it was the last vivid glare of the expiring lamp: she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering—hats and handkerchiefs were waving—but the victim of excitement, whilst the echoes were yet in her ears, sunk exhausted after leaving the stage, and her vocal career was terminated. She was bled, removed home, and her agonising cries that night will not be erased from the memory of the writer of this article, who was within a short distance of the room in which she expired. She constantly ejaculated, 'Je m'étouffe, O, mon cher ami!'

The writer in the *Chronicle* pays the following tribute to the private worth of the deceased Prima Donna.

"We have spoken of Madame Malibran as an artist; others are better able to speak of her as a woman; but we have known and learned enough of her to have it in our power to say, that few women have been more richly endowed with the highest virtues of the female character. Plunged at a tender age into circumstances of deep adversity, her sacrifices to integrity were heroic, and she remained wholly uncorrupted by the prosperity of her latter days. Her feelings retained their primitive warmth, her tastes their primitive simplicity. Notwithstanding the seductions of her profession, her pleasures lay in the occupations of domestic life, and in acts of generosity. Large as was the revenue which she derived from the exercise of her unequalled talents, it was as worthily applied as well deserved. Perhaps there never was an income earned by the exertions of a public performer—exertions which broke her constitution and brought her to an untimely grave—of which so large a portion 'wandered, heaven-directed, to the poor.' She was devoid of ostentation, and her beneficent deeds were known to few. But they were of daily occurrence, for they constituted the greatest happiness of her life. Living among the sons and daughters of pleasure, her only luxury was the luxury of doing good; and, in the midst of wealth, her only profusion arose from benevolence. The regret felt by the world for the loss of an admired and cherished artist will be feeble compared with the grief with which many an humble family will lament the death of their benefactress. Madame Malibran's marriage with M. de Beriot, which took place after the dissolution of her former union, proved as happy as the former was unfortunate. They were devotedly attached to each other; and the survivor, overwhelmed by such a blow, is indeed an object of the deepest sympathy."

De Beriot fainted on being told of his wife's death. Almost immediately afterwards, he took his departure for London—by the advice of his physician, it is said—leaving directions with Mr. Beale, a music-seller in Manchester, to make proper arrangements for his wife's funeral; to allow no *post mortem* examination of the body, or any cast of the head.

From the Retrospective Review.

Posthumous Works, in Prose and Verse, written in the time of the Civil Wars, and Reign of K. Charles II., by Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of Hudibras; from original MSS. and scarce and valuable pieces formerly printed: with a Key to Hudibras, by Sir Roger L'Estrange. In three Volumes. The sixth Edition; with Cuts. London, 1720.

The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of Hudibras. Published from the original MSS. formerly in the possession of W. Longueville, Esq.; with Notes, by R. Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester. In two Volumes. London, 1759.

THE *Hudibras* of Butler, like the fabled Arabian bird, is in itself a species: it had no precursor, and its imitators are forgotten. With all the disadvantages of a temporary subject, obsolete characters, and "a

conclusion in which nothing is concluded," it continues to be the delight of the few, and the text-book of the many: its couplets have passed into proverbs—the names of its heroes are "familiar in our mouths as household words." With the exception of Shakspeare, there is, perhaps, no author whose expressions are so inextricably intertwined with our everyday discourse, and whose writings afford such an inexhaustible variety of apothegms of universal and apposite application; yet there is no author, enjoying any considerable share of popularity, who is so imperfectly understood and appreciated. How many of the readers of *Hudibras* take it up with the same feelings with which they peruse the *Scarronides*, and the *Homer Burlesqued*? They find, it is true, the adventures ludicrous and the characters grotesque—but then the speeches are long-winded, and, what is worse, they require some attention to comprehend them. When, by dint of reconnoitring and skipping, they have reached the political canto, where the story gives them the slip, they lay down the book, and forget to take it up again. Of those who look more deeply into the work, and whose attention is not confined to the quaintness of the style and the eccentricity of the rhymes, how many are contented to contemplate the brilliancy of Butler's wit, through the dusky medium of notes, or to found their admiration of it on "men's opinion and the world's report." The reader of *Hudibras* should not only be familiar with the history, the politics, and the religion of the eventful period in which its author lived, but with its fashions, its feelings, its science, its follies, its literature, its superstitions. To enjoy it with a true and perfect relish, he should have sung catches in a tavern with a knot of jovial cavaliers—been compressed and stifled in a crowd of sturdy puritans, in a conventicle—defeated by the extempore eloquence of Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters—been bewildered in the mazes of scholastic divinity with Aquinas and Duns Scotus—had his fortune told by Booker or Lilly—tried experiments with Sir Paul Neale—cross-examined the moon with the Royal Society—"seen countries far and near" with "Le Blanc the Traveller"—sympathised with Sir Kenelin Digby—yawned over the romantic tomes of Calprenede and Scuderi—been witty upon *Gondibert*—and deep in Cervantes and *Coke upon Littleton*.*

It is a common error among "the great vulgar and the small," to look upon *Hudibras* as extremely low—in fact, as a mere burlesque. It is as much above "the common cry" of burlesque, as the novels of Fielding and the author of *Waverley* are above the ephemeral trash of the Minerva Press. It is a mighty and comprehensive satire—as powerful in argument—as just in sentiment—as rich in illustration, as any that united wit and learning have ever produced. All the weapons of controversial warfare—invective, irony, sarcasm, and ridicule—are alternately and successfully wielded. The most opposite and conflicting absurdities—the excrescences of learning and the bigotry of ignorance—"time-honoured" prejudices and

* The difficulty of translating such a work as *Hudibras*, without letting the wit and spirit evaporate, is sufficiently obvious. This arduous task has been achieved, with extraordinary success, by Col. Towneley, whose French version of *Hudibras* displays a singular union of spirit and fidelity. The German version of Soltau is also deserving of high praise.

follies of recent growth or importation—are laid prostrate “at one fell swoop.” Butler makes none but “palpable hits.” His sentences have the pithy brevity of a proverb, with the sting of an epigram. His subject was local and transitory—his satire boundless and eternal. His greatest fault is profusion—he revels and runs riot in the prodigality of his imaginings—he bewilders himself and his readers amidst “thickcoming fancies”—his poem is o’er-informed with wit, and dazzles and overpowers by an unremitting succession of brilliant coruscations. His narrative is, to its embellishments, but as “one poor half-pennyworth of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack.” The adventures are meagre and unsatisfactory: we might

“Make future times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after,”

without impairing or confusing the story. Like Bayes, in *The Rehearsal*, our author probably thought a plot was good for nothing but to bring in good things, and consequently troubled himself very little about its consistency or probability. His hero is the personification of contradictions—he is not the representative of a class, a sect, a party—but of all classes, sects, and parties. It has been said of Dryden’s bouncing *Almanzor*, that all the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in him by a kind of concentration: the follies, and vices, and deformities of human nature seem concentrated in Sir Hudibras. The litigious justice and the crazy knight-errant

“In soul, and body too, unite
To make up one hermaphrodite.”

The Geneva cap and band peep from beneath the rusty helm and buckler of chivalry. Aquinas’s *Sum of all Theology* and Ovid’s *Ars Amandi*—the *Assembly’s Annotations* and the *Mirror of Knighthood*, jostle on the shelves of his library. With wit and learning enough, if “sawed into quantities,” to fit out all the heroes of all the octosyllabic epics that have ever been written, he is turned out to make us sport as a coxcomb and a driveller. With more cunning than “Nick Machiavel,” he is the butt and dupe of the knavery of duller spirits—and is abused, gulled, and buffeted through eight long cantos, without measure or mercy.

It is, perhaps, idle to criticise a work written in defiance of criticism, and unjust to try genius by laws to which it owns no allegiance; but Butler can afford to be found fault with. After making every possible deduction in the estimate of his merits, he will still remain one of the most original and powerful writers which this or any country has produced. That he had all the capabilities of more elevated composition than that in which he has been contented to excel, is sufficiently obvious in the pages of his *Hudibras*. We find scattered through the work a profusion of images and sentiments essentially poetical, the beauty of which, though obscured, cannot be entirely hidden by the homeliness of their dress.

The *Remains* of Butler partake of all the characteristic excellences of his greater work. The brilliant and inexhaustible wit—the liveliness of fancy, combined with the soundest sense—the manly and independent spirit—the superabundant erudition and the vigour and originality of thinking, which distinguish his *Hudibras*, pervade equally his less elaborate effusions. His controversial weapons may not be al-

ways polished to the same brilliancy, or displayed in the same imposing order, but they belong to the same formidable armoury, and partake of the same ætherial temper.

Had these *Remains* been as well known and as much read as they deserve to be, we should not have deemed them a proper subject for our critical examination; for, should we extend our article far beyond its fair and natural limits, we could not pretend to compress into it “the twentieth part the tythe” of the beauties contained in Mr. Thyer’s publication. But these volumes are little known and less read; and, in introducing them to the notice of our readers, we are doing an act of service to them, and of justice to Butler.

The comparative neglect which the minor pieces of our author have experienced, is chiefly attributable to the currency obtained by a wretched compilation of contemporary ribaldry, which the ignorance or cupidity of the publisher had dignified with the title of *Butler’s Posthumous Works*. Out of fifty pieces which this publication contains, there are only three which have any claim to be considered as the genuine productions of Butler: the remainder are mere “shadows to fill up the muster-book”—stragglers that have been pressed into the service—as oddly assorted and as inefficient as Sir John Falstaff’s army of substitutes.† The metrical part of this collection is infinitely below mediocrity, and consists principally of bad imitations of, or direct plagiarisms from *Hudibras*. Of the prose pieces, some of which possess a considerable share of low humour, the best are the property of Sir John Birkenhead, a very industrious party scribbler, whose scurrility was rewarded with a lucrative place, by the court which left the author of *Hudibras* to starve in obscurity. For upwards of fifty years, this collection continued to circulate unquestioned under “the shadow of a mighty name,” and, during that time, went through a variety of editions. Dr. Grey, whose taste and discernment bore no proportion to his industry, entertained no doubt of their genuineness, and, in his notes on *Hudibras*, frequently alludes to and quotes from them, as the productions of Butler. Tardy justice was, however, done to our author’s reputation, by Mr. Thyer’s publication of his *Genuine Remains* from the original manuscripts, previously in the possession of Mr. Longueville, the friend and patron of Butler.

Of the poems, which form about a third part of this collection, we shall give no specimens, as they have

* These are, the *Ode on Du Fall*, *Case of Charles I.*, and *Letters of Audland and Prynne*; they are included in Thyer’s publication.

† The following instances, among many, will sufficiently show the clumsiness, as well as impudence, of this imposture. Shirley’s fine moral stanzas on death, ending with the often quoted lines,

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,”

are inserted under the title of *A thought upon death after hearing of the Murder of Charles I.* There are, also, *The Assembly Man*, notoriously written by Sir John Birkenhead; *Lines [commendatory!] to Felton in the Tower*, dated 1628, when Butler was only sixteen; and *Hudibras at Court*, a continuation of Butler’s poem, dated 1659, four years before the first part of that poem was published.

been reprinted in more than one edition of the English poets. The principal one, in length and merit, is *The Elephant in the Moon*, a very witty and severe satire on the proceedings of the Royal Society. Among the smaller pieces, is an admirable parody on the unnatural fustian of the heroic drama, which, supported by the perverted genius of Dryden, succeeded, for awhile, in banishing nature and common sense from the stage. It is equal to any thing in *The Rehearsal*, and exactly imitates (it could not caricature) the manner in which sentiments and metaphors were bandied backwards and forwards, and the dialogue kept up, like a game at shuttlecock, between pulling ruffians and their metaphysical mistresses. Butler is equally just and happy in his animadversions on the ridiculous pedantry which regarded a servile adherence to the rules of the Ancients as essential to dramatic excellence.

Of the prose pieces, which form the most interesting and least known portion of this publication, the most important in number and talent are the *Characters*, which occupy the whole of the second volume. The writing of *Characters* was a species of composition much in vogue in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The most successful writers of this description were Sir Thomas Overbury and Bishop Earle: the *Characters* of the former went through fourteen editions previous to 1632, and the bishop's *Microcosmographie* through six between 1628 and 1633. Butler is one of the latest authors who have succeeded in this style of writing: in instinctive perception of character—in practical knowledge of the world—as well as in the richness and variety of his imagination, and the boldness and originality of his thoughts—he has far excelled most of his predecessors.

We shall commence our extracts with two characters, that can never be obsolete, and who “are of imagination all compact”—*The Small Poet* and *The Romance Writer*.

A Small Poet

Is one, that would fain make himself that, which nature never meant him; like a fanatic, that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with any thing that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in

motion and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near a-kin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse, that wants a foot or two; and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best: for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the *iron-age*, turn it immediately into *gold*. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them: for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit, in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aonides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and *thorough reformations*, that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Romance Writer

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended and done in her name; like a weak princess, that has only the title, and falsehood all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old, and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might, perhaps, love and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues upon dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears, and fetches them off again how he pleases; makes love and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them, in the height of all their felicity, to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity; for which he makes them rail at the gods, and curse their own innocent stars, when he only has done them all the injury—makes men

villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and after inflicts the cruellest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in fortifications, and storm one another's armour, before they can come to encounter body for body; and always matches them so equally one with another, that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together, with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner does from a carpenter; the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

After these literary offenders comes the *Critic*, in virtue of his office: this formidable race appears to have been as vigorous in those days, if not so thorough-bred, as in our own.

A Modern Critic

Is a corrector of the press, gratis; and as he does it for nothing, so it is to no purpose. He fancies himself Clerk of Stationer's-Hall, and nothing must pass current that is not entered by him. He is very severe in his supposed office, and cries, *Woe to ye Scribes*, right or wrong. He supposes all writers to be malefactors without clergy, that claim the privilege of their books, and will not allow it, where the law of the land and common justice does. He censures in gross, and condemns all without examining particulars. If they will not confess and accuse themselves, he will rack them until they do. He is a *committee man* in the commonwealth of letters, and as great a tyrant; so is not bound to proceed but by his own rules, which he will not endure to be disputed. He has been an apocryphal scribbler himself; but his writings wanting authority, he grew discontent and turned apostate, and thence becomes so severe to those of his own profession. He never commends anything but in opposition to something else that he would undervalue, and commonly sides with the weakest, which is generous anywhere but in judging. He is worse than an *Index expurgatorius*; for he blots out all, and, when he cannot find a fault, makes one. He *demurs* to all writers, and when he is *over-ruled*, will run into *contempt*. He is always bringing *writs of error*, like a pettifogger, and *reversing of judgments*, though the case be never so plain. He is a mountebank, that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased parts of books, to show his skill; but has nothing at all to do with the sound. He is a very ungente reader, for he reads sentence on all authors that have the unhappiness to come before him; and therefore pedants, that stand in fear of him, always appeal from him beforehand, by the name of Momus and Zorlus, complain sorely of his extra-judicial proceedings, and protest against him as corrupt, and his judgment void of none effect; and put themselves into the protection of some powerful patron, who, like a knight-errant, is to encounter with the magician and free them from his enchantments.

We speak with unfeigned earnestness when we recommend the following character to the attention of some of our good-natured friends, who, like honest Dogberry, "find in their hearts to bestow the whole of their tediousness upon us."

A Proter

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties, or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience, that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an ear-wig; when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped, instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

Butler is traditionally said to have been a man of bashful and reserved manners, till enlivened by the cheering influence of the bottle. In the following character, and elsewhere,* he has drawn, in strong colours, the blessings of a comfortable assurance.

An Impudent Man

Is one, whose want of money and want of wit have engaged him beyond his abilities. The little knowledge he has of himself being suitable to the little he has in his profession, has made him believe himself fit for it. This double ignorance has made him set a value upon himself, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better condition than he that wants a little. This renders him confident, and fit for any undertaking; and sometimes (such is the concurrent ignorance of the world,) he prospers in it, but oftener miscarries and becomes ridiculous; yet this advantage he has, that as nothing can make him see his error, so nothing can discourage him that way; for he is fortified with his ignorance, as barren and rocky places are by their situation, and he will rather believe that all men want judgment than himself. For as no man is pleased, that has an ill opinion of himself, Nature, that finds out remedies herself, and his own ease, render him insensible of his defects. From hence he grows impudent; for, as men judge by comparison, he knows as little what it is to be defective, as what it is to be excellent. Nothing renders men modest, but a just knowledge how to compare themselves with others; and where that is wanting, impudence supplies the place of it; for there is no vacuum in the minds of men, and commonly, like other things in nature, they swell more with rarefaction than condensation. The more men know of the world, the worse opinion they have of it; and the more they understand of truth, they are better acquainted with the difficulties of it, and consequently are the less confident in their assertions, especially in matters of probability, which commonly is squint-eyed and looks nine ways at once. It is the office of a just judge to hear both parties, and he that considers but the one side of things, can never make a just judgment, though he may, by chance, a true one. Modesty is but a noble jealousy of honour, and impudence the prosti-

- * — he that hath but impudence,
To all things hath a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

Hudibras.

tution of it; for he, whose face is proof against infamy, must be as little sensible of glory. Nature made man barefaced, and civil custom has preserved him so; but he that's impudent does wear a vizard more ugly and deformed than highway thieves disguise themselves with. Shame is the tender moral conscience of good men. When there is a crack in the skull, Nature herself, with a tough horny callus, repairs the breach; so a flawed intellect is with a brawny callus face supplied. The face is the dial of the mind; and where they do not go together, 'tis a sign that one or both are out of order. He that is impudent, is like a merchant that trades upon his credit without a stock, and, if his debts were known, would break immediately. He passes in the world like a piece of counterfeit coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with use, and then his copper complexion begins to appear, and nobody will take him but by owl-light.

The *Vintner* will bring ungrateful recollections to such of our readers as have imbibed the "villanous compound" of his undegenerate descendants. We would recommend Mr. Accum to prefix the following passage to the next edition of his *Culinary Poisons*.

A Vintner

Hangs out his Bush to show he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts aboveboard, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does under-ground in his cellar, for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, *In vino veritas*, for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it as he did birds. He is an anti-christian cheat; for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine and swears it is good; and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle; a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all; and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it: for if it had past, there had been no error at all in the case.

The folly of the *Sot* is a fit companion for the knavery of the *Vintner*.

A Sot

Has found out a way to renew, not only his youth, but his childhood, by being stewed, like old Aeson, in liquor; much better than the virtuoso's way of making old dogs young again: for he is a child again at second hand, never the worse for the wearing, but as purely fresh, simple, and weak, as he was at first. He has stupified his senses by living in a moist climate, according to the poet—*Bæotum in crasso juvare aëre natum*. He measures his time by glasses of wine, as the ancients did by water-glasses; he is like a statue placed in a moist air; all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but a rude lump of the shape of a man, and no one part entire. He has drowned himself in a butt of wine, as the Duke of Clarence was served by his brother. He has swallowed

his humanity, and drunk himself into a beast; as if he had pledged Madam Circe, and done her right. He is like a spring-tide; when he is drunk to his high-water mark, he swells and looks big, runs against the stream, and overflows every thing that stands in his way; but, when the drunk within him is at an ebb, he shrinks within his banks, and falls so low and shallow that cattle may pass over him. He governs all his actions by the drunk within him, as a Quaker does by the light within him; has a different humour for every nick his drink rises to, like the degrees of the weather-glass, and proceeds from ribaldry and bawdery, to politics, religion, and quarrelling, until it is at the top, and then it is the dog-days with him; from whence he falls down again, until his liquor is at the bottom, and then he lies quiet and is frozen up.

The *Melancholy Man* is unfortunately a character which is indigenous to our island. Butler's subject has the disorder in its greatest virulence; his is not "the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these."

A Melancholy Man

Is one, that keeps the worst company in the world, that is, his own, and though he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself, yet he has not power to endure any other conversation. His head is haunted, like a house, with evil spirits and apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, till he stands empty and forsaken. His soul lives in his body, like a mole in the earth, that labours in the dark, and casts up doubts and scruples of his own imaginations, to make that rugged and uneasy, that was plain and open before. The temper of his brain being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed worms, that sink so deep into it, no medicine in art or nature is able to reach them. He leads his life, as one leads a dog in a slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almost hanged, as he has it often under consideration to treat himself in convenient time and place, if he can but catch himself alone. He makes the infirmity of his temper pass for revelations, as Mahomet did by his falling sickness; and inspires himself with the wind of his own hypochondries. His mind is full of thoughts, but they are all empty, like a nest of boxes. He sleeps little, but dreams much, and soundest when he is waking. He sees visions further off than a second-sighted man in Scotland, and dreams upon a hard point with admirable judgment. He is just so much worse than a madman, as he is below him in degree of frenzy; for among madmen, the most mad govern all the rest, and receive a natural obedience from their inferiors.

The *Pedant* is one of those excrescences of learning which Butler delighted to cauterize.

A Pedant

Is a dwarf scholar, that never outgrows the mode and fashion of the school where he should have been taught. He wears his little learning unmade up, puts it on before it was half finished, without pressing or smoothing. He studies and uses words with the greatest respect possible, merely for their own sakes, like an honest man, without any regard of interest, as they are useful and serviceable to things; and among those he is kindest to strangers, (like a civil gentleman,) that are far from their own country, and most unknown. He collects old sayings and ends of verses, as antiquaries do old coins, and is as glad to produce them upon all oc-

casions. He has sentences ready lying by him for *all* purposes, though to *no one*, and talks of authors as familiarly as his fellow-collegiates. He handles arts and sciences like those that can play a little upon an instrument, but do not know whether it be in tune or not. He converses by the book; and does not talk, but quote. If he can but screw in something that an ancient writer said, he believes it to be much better than if he had something of himself to the purpose. His brain is not able to concoct what it takes in, and therefore brings things up as they were swallowed, that is, crude and undigested, in whole sentences, not assimilated sense, which he rather affects; for his want of judgment, like want of health, renders his appetite preposterous. He is worse than one that is utterly ignorant, as a cock that sees a little fights worse than one that is stark-blind. He speaks in a different dialect from other men, and much affects forced expressions, forgetting that hard words, as well as evil ones, corrupt good manners. If he professes physic, he gives his patients sound hard words for their money, as cheap as he can afford; for they cost him money and study too, before he came by them, and he has reason to make as much of them as he can.

We shall conclude our extracts with the character of the *Antiquary*—the true progenitor of our worthy friend, Jonathan Oldbuck, but without the excellent qualities of head and heart which ennoble the whimsies of the Laird of Monkbarrow.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments; these he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to any thing that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, *you are my father*, and to rottenness, *thou art my mother*. He has no providence nor foresight; for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

Butler was a man who insisted on thinking and judging for himself. He was not one who would allow his mind to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in" by names and precedents. The gravest authorities are fearlessly weighed by him "in the balance, and found wanting." Though a party writer, he never compromises his independence or his intellect. The political and religious fanaticism of the Puritans

roused his unmingled hatred and contempt, and if he pursues them with incessant and unjustifiable bitterness, much allowance should be made for a man of a warm temperament and a satiric turn of mind, who saw religion used as a watchword for sedition and violence—an ignorant and intolerant zeal trampling upon every thing which was holy and venerable—and civil and religious liberty monopolized by its pretended champions. At this distance of time, we can perceive faults enow on both sides to justify a conscientious man in having been the enemy of either. To Butler's honour be it recorded, that while exposing the inconsistencies and absurdities of one party, he never glosses over the faults of the other. We meet in his writings with none of the slavish doctrines which, after the restoration, were so industriously inculcated by hirelings of all ranks, from the bench, and from the pulpit—in the senate, and in Grub Street. He never prostitutes his talents to enforce the fashionable tenets of passive obedience and non-resistance—"the right divine of kings to govern wrong"—which cost the first Charles his head and his family the throne.

That such a writer as Butler should have been neglected by a profligate and arbitrary court, ought not to excite a moment's surprise. His intellect was too sturdy and independent for their purposes: he was not a fit companion for the L'Estranges and the Birkenheads—"he stood amongst them, but not of them." They were labourers worthy of their hire, and went through their dirty work without any compunctious visitings. They received their reward, and Butler trusted for his to his conscience and to posterity.

Of Mr. Thyer's annotations we have only to add, that, excepting a few strange oversights,* they are generally pertinent and sensible, and have always the merit of being brief.

Since this article was written, the following passage has appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a critique on Mr. Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*—"That we may have enough of so good a thing, he subjoins the prose character of a whig, 'drawn by the celebrated Butler,' and which sets out with stating him to be 'the spawn of a regicide, hammered out of a rank Anabaptist hypocrite,' and forthwith becomes too indecent to be farther transcribed. We will here just mention, for the edification of Mr. Hogg, that 'the celebrated Butler,' who, among many other vituperations, compares a whig to the nettle, because 'the more gently you handle him, the more he is apt to hurt you,' is well known to those who know anything of literary history, to have lived in the family, supported by the bounty of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his *Hudibras*, of which he was pleased to make his kind and hospitable patron the hero. Now we defy the history of whiggism to match this anecdote, or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle."

Unfortunately for the infallibility of the Reviewer, it happens that the passage which calls forth this tirade is *not* Butler's—it is not included in his *Genuine Remains*, nor even in the spurious collection which bears his name; but in the *Secret History of*

* As for instance, doubting the existence of such a writer as Benlowes, (the well-known mock Mæcenas of his time, and shrewdly conjecturing that Denham was the person aimed at.

the Calves-head Club, under the title of *The Character of a Calves-head Club-man*. It would require better authority than the assertion of the publisher of that miserable work, to make us believe the author of *Hudibras* guilty of such impotent scurrility. The charge against Butler of ingratitude is more serious, but, we trust, equally unfounded. Butler, it is true, lived some time in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, who was a justice of the peace, as his clerk. Of his treatment, while in his service, we know nothing: to take it for granted, that it was "kind" and "hospitable," in order to enhance the perfidy of Butler, is wanton and gratuitous malice, and it is equally uncandid and unjust to describe him as "supported by the bounty" of his employer. After all, it is extremely problematical, whether Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler's poem. The circumstance of the poet's having lived some time in the service of a distinguished Puritan, was sufficient to make public report exalt the latter to that "bad eminence;" to say nothing of Sir Henry Rosewell and the other candidates for that distinction. Dr. Nash is decidedly of opinion, that he was *not* the hero, and gives it as his belief, that Butler began his *Hudibras* while in the service of the Countess of Kent, *previous* to his living with Sir Samuel. But the strongest proof against the charge is in the work itself: there is so little of individuality about the knight—his folly is of such a motley description—his notions so heterogeneous—and his whole character so *outré*—that if Butler intended it for a likeness of any one man, we must say he was a most wretched dauber: the portraits of Lilly, of Lilburne, of Shaftesbury, disprove such a supposition. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that in his *Genuine Remains*, he never makes the slightest allusion to his reputed hero.

From the Spectator.

COLONIAL LAND INQUIRY.

HAVING more space than usual at our disposal this week, we devote a considerable portion of it to a subject very interesting to many of the oldest readers of the *Spectator*, in preference to filling our columns with the vapid paragraphs and worn-out topics of the newspapers.

The Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of the Irish Poor recommend Emigration as a necessary part of any plan for effectually diminishing pauperism in Ireland. The fact, which they ascertained and affirmed, that for thirty-two weeks in the year, 2,900,000 persons in Ireland are in a condition bordering upon absolute starvation, was sufficient of itself to prove that the ordinary method of relieving the distressed by a rate on property, would, if adopted in Ireland to the requisite extent, amount to a confiscation of rents. But, with the aid of emigration, the operation of an English Poor-law might become practicable in Ireland. And, about the commencement of last session, a number of benevolent individuals, including Members of Parliament, landowners, bankers, and political economists, held meetings for the purpose of considering in what manner the emigration, on a large scale might be best effected. It was at first proposed that an ample Emigration Fund should be raised by a company of private individuals. After some discussion, it was thought advisable, in the first place at least, to call upon the Government to perform its proper office. As

a basis, it was necessary to have a Parliamentary investigation into the mode of disposing of waste lands in the Colonies; and Mr. Ward, as a Member excellently qualified, by intelligence, industry, and the interest he took in Irish subjects, was requested to state the case in the House of Commons. Application was then made to Lord Melbourne for the assent of Government to the appointment of a Committee: and this was granted, as far as related to the Australian Colonies, the Cape of Good Hope, and the West Indies; but, by a trick of the Colonial Office, already exposed in this journal, Canada, which offered the most extensive illustration of the system of jobbing in public lands, and its evil consequences, was excluded from the inquiry.

The committee was appointed on the 8th of June, and consisted of the following members,—Mr. Ward, Chairman, Sir George Grey, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Childers, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Poulett Scrope, Mr. Pusey, Mr. Francis Baring, (Thetford,) Mr. William Gladstone, the O'Connor Don, Mr. Montague Chapman, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Scott, Mr. Bannerman: Mr. Henry Bulwer was afterwards substituted for Mr. Bannerman. The Committee soon found, that the subject which they had undertaken to investigate branched out into several important divisions. They did not confine themselves to a dry inquiry into the disposal of waste lands, but went into a thorough examination of the principles on which colonization should be conducted. Thus, although every part of their Report, and of the evidence on which it rests, has a direct reference to the means of providing subsistence for the Irish poor, yet it is not confined to that point, but applies to colonization from every to any part of the British empire. The system which is good for the purpose of colonizing Australia with Irish labourers, is applicable to supplying Trinidad with free negroes from the United States. It also became manifest, that not only would the Mother Country be relieved, and the emigrants benefited, but that the prosperity of the Colonies would be incalculably increased by the persevering execution of the system of colonization laid before the Committee. As one of the witnesses observed, looking at the subject from "a Colonial position," it appeared to involve the most important interests. The only safe means of extinguishing slavery in the United States, and of providing free labour for the cultivation of estates in the West Indies, are also to be found in the judicious use of waste lands.

After sitting for considerably more than a month, and diligently scrutinizing the subject in all its bearings, the Committee passed resolutions affirming the following facts and propositions.

1. That the revenue derived from the sale of lands in the United States now amounts to twenty millions of dollars per annum, (upwards of 4,000,000*l.* sterling); that the sales of lands are managed by a General Land Board at Washington, assisted by Local Land Boards; that the minimum price is fixed by Congress; and that purchasers have the security of an Act of the Legislature for the performance of the conditions, and the permanence of the system under which they acquire their land.

2. That up to the year 1831, no regular system of sale was adopted in the British Colonies; but that the conditions were fluctuating and various, injurious to the colonists, and of little service to the state.

3. That the principle introduced by Lord Ripon in 1831, of selling land by auction, at a minimum upset price, should be brought into more extended operation, under a

system of superintendence similar to that in the United States, and affirmed by an act of the Legislature, in order to give it permanence and stability.

That the sale of land should be placed under the management of a Central Land Board, resident in London; responsible to Government or to Parliament, acting through Local Boards in the Colonies, and instructed to direct the stream of emigration from the Mother Country to the Colonies so as to proportion in each the supply of labour to the demand.

4. That the net proceeds of land sales in Colonies not unfavourable to the European frame, be employed as an Emigration Fund; each Colony being furnished with labour in direct proportion to the amount of its own land sales.

5. That the emigrants be young couples recently married.

6. That it is practicable to raise an Emigration Fund on the security of future land sales.

7. That the recommendations of the Committee are calculated to benefit the Colonies as well as the Mother Country; that in matters relating to emigration the interests of the two are inseparably connected; that the transfer of labour from the Mother Country, where it is superabundant, to the Colonies, where it is scarce, cannot fail to enhance incalculably the prosperity of the United empire.

We now come to a review of the evidence on which the Committee founded their resolutions.

1. The first witness was Mr. Wolryche Whitmore, the late member for Wolverhampton. Mr. Whitmore enforced the necessity of finding the means of subsistence for the growing population of Ireland, and the "uneasy class" in England, by enlarging the field of employment for capital and labour; which could only be effected by extensive colonization. As a field for colonization he much preferred Australia to Canada. The geographical position, the political state, and the climate of Canada, all rendered it less desirable for emigrants, than Australia. It was easy to see, that at no very distant period the Canadas would be separated from England. They have already that feverish, uneasy feeling, which precedes separation. The trade of England, too, with Canada, was an unnatural one, unable to stand on its own legs, but kept up by props and shores; and as an extension of trade is the main benefit likely to be derived ultimately by the Mother Country from colonization, it was highly important to select a country whose connexion with England is likely to be long-lasting; whose products would find their natural market in the Mother Country; and whose inhabitants, after the dominion of the Mother Country had ceased, would continue to give a preference to the manufactures of England. The first cost of conveying emigrants to Canada was less than to Australia; but this solitary advantage was counterbalanced by the inducements, already indicated, which the latter country offered. With regard to the system of disposing of land, Mr. Whitmore considered it highly desirable that such a price should be put upon land as would prevent labourers from becoming landowners too soon. He believed it to be generally a misfortune, where a free labourer is sent out to a new country and immediately becomes a proprietor of land. Every attempt to secure labourers, by taking them out under bonds to serve individuals for a certain time had failed. To raise sugar, cotton, or wool to advantage, combined labour was necessary; and this you could not obtain in a country where land is plentiful, if you also sold it at a nominal price, or granted it for nothing. Mr. Whitmore mentioned, that he had been Chairman of

the South Australian Association, and had taken charge of the bill by which the South Australian province was established. The principle of that bill was, the sale of land with the view to apply its entire proceeds to the purpose of supplying the colony with free hired labour. He wished to see this principle generally adopted in all our colonies, where there was waste land to be procured.

2. Sir George Grey, a member of the Committee, put in some papers relating to grants and sales of land in the Colonies. They were meagre and unsatisfactory.

3. Mr. George Stevenson, Private Secretary of the Governor of the new province of South Australia, and Clerk to the Legislative Council, having lived some years in America, gave the Committee information, much of it drawn from official documents, respecting the mode of disposing of waste lands in the United States, and the revenue derived from that source.

4. Mr. Richard Davis Hanson, who had studied the subject long and closely, with a view originally, to settlement in Canada, detailed a vast number of facts connected with the system of disposing of British Colonial waste lands, from the earliest times. He stated the causes of the failure of numerous attempts to colonize North America, arising from the unlimited facility of procuring land, and the consequent impossibility of retaining hired labourers, or preventing them from being scattered at great distances from each other. The introduction of slaves into the American Colonies, whereby they obtained combined labour, was the commencement of their prosperity. As a specimen of the profusion in which land was granted in the Colonies even as late as 1796, when the fashion of granting whole provinces had been discontinued, Mr. Hanson mentioned, that it was that year decreed by royal instructions, that any person might apply for 1200 acres for himself and thirty-nine associates; and the practice was, that the person obtaining the grant was recompensed by receiving 1000 acres from each of his associates, so that he got 40,000 acres, and the others only 200 a piece. In this way, 2,500,000 acres were granted in one province alone. In New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, the grants of land to individuals have been enormous. Sir Thomas Brisbane has had 20,000 acres, Mr. Hart Davis 15,000. In the years 1826, 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831, the grants of land amounted to 3,897,000 acres. For the intervening year there are no returns. One clergyman had 13,000 acres, and another 10,000 acres, because they were clergymen!

5. The next witness was Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, known to many, though not formally announced, as the discoverer of the new theory—in fact the only system—of colonization, and author of *England and America*, in which the principles of that system are laid down and explained with remarkable clearness and eloquence. To attempt anything like an abstract or analysis of Mr. Wakefield's evidence, is out of the question. It was *England and America* dramatized and animated. The members of the Committee appreciated the powerful intellect they had to grapple with, and pressed upon him from all sides, every question eliciting some striking and useful observation to illustrate the subject of inquiry. It was then amusing to observe something like rivalry between the Committee and the witness, who was known to be the author and originator as well as expounder of the plan,

and who in replying to questions had sometimes to attack or overthrow the theories of his interrogators. Although considerable pertinacity was displayed in endeavouring to obtain replies which the witness would not and with propriety could not give, and though to any other person the mode of examination now and then would have looked like *badgering*, yet he never for a moment lost his command of temper; and at the conclusion of his evidence there was but one feeling of admiration in the Committee.

Although we cannot give any regular account of Mr. Wakefield's evidence, some extracts from it may be selected. As the most recent illustration of the evils resulting from ignorance of the true method of colonization, Mr. Wakefield gave the following description of the occurrences at Swan river, where Mr. Peel, a cousin of Sir Robert, then Home Secretary, obtained a grant of 500,000 acres of land.

"It was quite impossible for Mr. Peel to cultivate 500,000 acres, or a hundredth part of the grant; but others were of course necessitated to go beyond his grant in order to take their land. So that the first operation in that colony was to create a desert; to mark out a large tract of land and to say, 'this is a desert; no man shall come here—no man shall cultivate this land.' So far dispersion was produced; because upon the terms on which Mr. Peel obtained his land, land was given to the others. The Governor took another 100,000 acres, another person took 80,000 acres; and the dispersion was so great, that at last the settlers did not know where they were; that is, each settler knew that he was where he was, but he could not tell where any one else was; and therefore he did not know his own position. That was why some people died of hunger; for though there was an ample supply of food at the Governor's house, the settlers did not know where the Governor was, and the Governor did not know where the settlers were. Then, besides the evils resulting from dispersion, there occurred what I consider almost a greater one; which is the separation of the people, and the want of combinable labour. The labourers, on finding out that land could be obtained with the greatest facility, the labourers taken out under contracts—under engagements which assured them of very high wages if they would labour during a certain time for wages, immediately laughed at their masters. Mr. Peel carried out altogether about three hundred persons, men, women, and children. Of those three hundred persons, about sixty were able labouring men. In six months after his arrival, he had nobody even to make his bed for him, or to fetch him water from the river. He was obliged to make his own bed, and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him. The capital, therefore, which he took out, viz. implements of husbandry, seeds, and stock, immediately perished; without shepherds to take care of the sheep, the sheep wandered and were lost, eaten by the native dogs, killed by the natives and by some of the other colonists, very likely by his own workmen; but they were destroyed: his seeds perished on the beach, his houses were of no use—his wooden houses were there in frame, in pieces, but could not be put together, and were therefore quite useless, and rotted on the beach. This was the case with the capitalists generally. The labourers, obtaining land very readily, and running about to fix upon locations for themselves, and to establish themselves independently, very soon separated themselves into isolated families—into what may be termed cottiers, with a very large extent of land, something like the Irish cottiers, but having instead of a very small piece of land, a large extent of land. Every one was separated, and very soon fell into the greatest distress. Falling into the greatest distress, they returned to their masters, and insisted upon the fulfilment of the agree-

ments upon which they had gone out; but when Mr. Peel said, 'All my capital is gone—you have ruined me by deserting me, by breaking your engagements—and you now insist upon my observing the engagements when you yourselves have deprived me of the means of doing so,' they wanted to hang him; and he ran away to a distance, where he secreted himself for a time till they were carried off to Van Diemen's Land, where they obtained food, and where, by the way, land was not obtainable by any means with so great facility as at the Swan River."

It was stated by Mr. Wakefield, that he had at one time reckoned up as many as two hundred different modes of disposing of waste land, in different countries; but none of them could well be worse than that practised in this country as late as the date of the Swan River grant to Peel's cousin. The result of that experiment proves, that Government should exercise two of the powers with which it is vested—to quote Mr. Wakefield's expression, "it must both give, and prevent people from taking." The latter power is virtually abdicated when 500,000 acres are granted to one individual, without restrictions on his privilege of disposing of them.

With regard to the system on which Emigration should be conducted, Mr. Wakefield was of opinion that each colony should receive a supply of emigrant labour exactly in proportion to the proceeds of its own land sales. The emigrants should be young couples recently married; for in this manner would the Mother Country be relieved of its surplus population, and the Colonies supplied with labour, by the smallest number of removals. He had made a calculation, that if the persons transported to New South Wales had been young persons just arrived at maturity, instead of being many of them aged and the women past child-bearing, the population of that colony would have now been 500,000, instead of 50,000. By selecting young couples, the pressure on the labour-market at home would be removed at the least expense; and the evils which have been experienced in the Colonies from the disproportion of the sexes—the excess of males over females—would be avoided. In a colony peopled on this plan, and with every facility of subsistence, there would be no class of single persons, such as in England leads to all sorts of immorality.

The management of the emigration should be confided to a special, responsible authority, in order to prevent the losses of life by unseaworthy ships, and other accidents; and also to proportion the supply of labour to the demand in the country to which the emigrants are sent,—a most important matter, to which generally no attention whatever is paid; it being considered sufficient that, in one way or another, the poor emigrants will be "absorbed," in Sir Wilmot Horton's phrase, into the population of the colony. The members of the Board of Management should be paid; it should not be a "dilettanti" Board, like the Board of Emigration established in 1831, of which the Duke of Richmond was the head, and whose members attended as long as the duties had any novelty, and then dropped off, one by one, till there was no Board left.

We mentioned above, that the papers put in by Sir George Grey were meagre and unsatisfactory; and such is the general character of the information supplied by the gentlemen of the Colonial Office, to those who wish to know what they have been about. Mr. Wakefield told the Committee, that he placed very little reliance on the returns of land sales furnished

to the House of Commons. He is asked "Why?" and he replies—

"One has been put in, which is a return of Crown lands in Canada, and is dated the 23d of March, 1835, signed R. W. Hay. It was moved for by Mr. Hutt. The information required under this return was of six different kinds. First, the quantity of land in each lot: the answer in the return is the number of acres per annum. The second question related to the situation of the land granted, where situated: to that question there is no answer at all. The third question related to the conditions of sale: those are stated, but in the most general terms, without at all distinguishing precisely the different conditions required as to each lot granted. The fourth question was, as to the price per acre, in the case of each sale: this is not given in any one instance, but instead thereof, the annual averages are given, and all the averages so given are incorrect. * * * The fifth question prescribed is the money received in payment for land: instead of the return required, there is an account of the purchase-money received within the first year from each sale on instalment, and the quit-rent of five per cent. paid on sales made on that condition for the first year only: consequently the return is something quite different from what was required. The sixth and last question related to the application of the moneys. Instead of the proper return, namely, the account of the Commissioners of Crown Lands' receipts and disbursements, which is not given at all, there is a statement of the application by the Receiver-General of certain moneys received by him from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. In this statement, such as it is, the receipts are given in currency, and the payments in sterling—in different moneys. The return for Upper Canada in the same paper does not furnish the information required. A great deal of the information that is furnished is incorrect upon the face of it: for example, in the recapitulation of the account of the Receiver-General, the balances are added to the receipts every year; so that he appears to have had 11,949l. 7s. more than he has paid, instead of having 2,895l. 17s. less, as is probably the fact; but I say probably, because any conclusion drawn from these returns is the result of mere guess-work."

Lord Glenelg ought to be sensible of the evils resulting from profuse grants of land; for, in a circular to the Governors of the West India Islands, dated so late as January last, and read by Mr. Wakefield to the Committee, he thus expresses himself—

"It would appear that a country is then in its most prosperous state, when there is as much labour in the market as can be profitably employed. In new countries, where the whole unoccupied territory belongs to the Crown, and settlers are continually flowing in, it is possible, by fixing the price of fresh land so high as to place it above the reach of the poorest class of settlers, to keep the labour-market in its most prosperous state, from the beginning. This precaution, by insuring a supply of labourers, at the same time it increases the value of the land, makes it more profitable to cultivate old land well, than to purchase new. The natural tendency of the population to spread over the surface of the country, each man settling where he may, or roving from place to place in pursuit of virgin soil, is thus impeded. The territory, expanding only with the pressure of population, is commensurate with the actual wants of the entire community. Society being thus kept together, is more open to civilising influences—more directly under the control of the Government—more full of the activity which is inspired by common wants and the strength which is derived from the division of labour; and altogether is in a sounder state, morally, politically, and economically, than if left to pursue its natural course."

Does Lord Glenelg understand what is here written in his name? It is scarcely credible that any person in the Colonial Office could have been his prompter.

Mr. Roebuck was anxious to make out, that the Colonial Legislatures, not a Board in London, should have the management of the sales of waste land; and he asked the witness, among many other questions having the same tendency, whether the Colonial Legislatures would not have a stronger interest in the general success of the colony, than persons residing in the Metropolis? Mr. Wakefield replies—

"I really think not. I cannot imagine in any colony so strong an interest in the good management of colonization, as the existing interest of this country looking at the state of Ireland. In a colony where land is plentiful, whether in excess or not, after the colony is once established, positive starvation hardly ever occurs; but Parliament has evidence, upon the best authority, that there are 2,300,000 people in Ireland in a state of starvation during thirty-two weeks of the year, dying of hunger, preserved only by begging, and living either upon nothing but potatoes, or upon weeds. Here appears to me to be an interest which is beyond any colonial interest that can be imagined."

"Are not men more governed by that which they conceive to be their own interest, namely their own immediate private interest, than by any interest to be derived from the general good; and is it not more likely that a small body of colonists, who would get large increased profits from a good system of colonization, would be more ready to look keenly to the way in which land was disposed of, than the but half-interested larger number of persons residing in the mother country?"—"I think not. I know that the Legislature of this country represents but a portion of the people, that I cannot speak of it as representing the whole of the people; but even within the Legislature I find the greatest possible personal interest in a good system of colonization. I find Ireland in such a state that there is a fair prospect of the whole rent being eaten up by a mass of paupers; I find a very strong demand, and a growing demand, for the extension of the English Poor-law to Ireland; and there is ample evidence before Parliament, that if the English Poor-law should be extended to Ireland, most of the landlords of Ireland would be ruined. The landlords of Ireland, as well residents as absentees, have a very great influence in the Legislature of Britain; I find therefore in the Metropolitan Legislature the strongest possible personal interest in a good system of colonization."

The argument with Mr. Roebuck continues for several pages; and in the course of it, the following reason for preferring the Metropolitan to a Colonial administration occurs:

"This appears to me to be one of those cases which require a central authority. The end is the advantage of the whole empire; two of the most important means are uniformity in the practice and very great care in the distribution of the labourers amongst the several colonies, so that the supply should never be more nor less than the demand. None but a central authority would be able to conduct the operation."

The necessity of a law to regulate the principle on which waste lands shall be disposed of, is illustrated by the recent attempt of the Colonial Office to lay hold of the land fund of the South Australian province for their own purposes, which was mentioned in the *Spectator* last week. The extreme uncertainty which prevails under the present system, can also be remedied only by an Act of Parliament. Mr. Wakefield says, in answer to a question by the Chairman—

"The same authority which established the plan in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, may overturn it to-morrow; or some other authority may do so. Lord Ripon established the plan of selling there. Imperfectly as it is established, it was a plan contrary to that established by his predecessors. It might have been a very bad plan. I happen to think it a very good one; but it might have been a very bad one. Whether it had been good or bad, Lord Ripon alone had the power of establishing it. Since then, Lord Stanley has had the same power; Mr. Spring Rice has had the same power; Lord Aberdeen has had the same power; Lord Glenelg has had the same power; and in the course of five years more, five other persons may have the power of overturning, by a stroke of their pen, the regulations (laws they are not fit to be called) made by their predecessors. The extreme uncertainty, therefore, of the system, the want of anything like a character of permanence, appears to me to render it extremely defective."

The only method of making Negroes useful as hired servants, is pointed out, in reply to a question from Mr. Gladstone, whether the nature of the climate and of the cultivation is not in some degree the cause of slavery, as well as the low price of land in certain colonies?

"There can be no doubt that climate has a very considerable influence; but I doubt whether it be a necessary one. Hitherto slaves have been obtainable when free labour has not. The attempt to raise such commodities as sugar, cotton, and rice, within the tropics, by means of free labour, Coloured labour I mean, has never yet been made. It is very well to assume that none but slaves will raise sugar and cotton, because none but slaves have hitherto done so; but it appears to me, that if the Blacks, to whom the climate is suitable, were prevented from obtaining land, whether in the United States or in our own West Indies, they would work like workmen here for wages; they would work in combination; and the very circumstance of their being free would induce the capitalist, instead of trusting all to the sweat of the labourer, to trust more to his own invention, to improvements of cultivation, and machinery. I do believe,—I speak only of my humble opinion,—that the cultivation of sugar may proceed in the West Indies as well with free labour as ever it has done, and perhaps better."

"I would suppose a case, to explain myself, of the abolition of slavery by the United States at this time. I say that the consequence of that would be, unless a more restrictive price were put on waste land, that the slaves who had been set free would no longer work for a master; every one would work for himself and by himself. If, on the contrary, a sufficient price were put upon all waste land in the United States, it appears to me that the United States, by setting free their slaves, would obtain, instead of a body of slaves, a body of free men, who would work in combination, and raise the same productions as the slaves had done. I am now speaking without any reference to the creation of white labourers in that country."

"Do you think that the annexation of a sufficient price by Congress would have any operation upon the state of slavery in America?"—"My own opinion is, but I am hardly willing to state it without a longer explanation than the Committee can afford to me, that the United States possess the means of abolishing slavery without injury to any one; and that those means reside in the price of waste land."

In the above extracts, only a few of the points discussed between Mr. Wakefield and the Committee have been touched upon. We have, however, given

enough to excite the curiosity of our readers to peruse the whole of the evidence of Mr. Wakefield.*

6. Colonel Torrens' examination succeeded. The Colonel, who is the Chief Commissioner for executing the South Australian Act, gave an interesting account of the proceedings of the Commissioners in carrying the Act into execution. He mentioned that considerable quantities of land in the new colony had been sold at 1*l.* an acre; but as it was necessary to sell to the amount of 35,000*l.* before the Act could come into operation, and many emigrants were very anxious to depart, the price was lowered to 12*s.* an acre, the purchasers at 1*l.* an acre being recompensed by an additional quantity of land. The purchasers at this price, however, had in several instances resold at a large premium; and orders had lately been sent out to the Local Government to raise the price to 2*l.* per acre. Colonel Torrens was strongly in favour of a Metropolitan Land Board; and stated that this was also the opinion of the late Mr. Huskisson, who, when Colonial Secretary had told Colonel Torrens that he intended to establish a Colonial Land Board in London, and that the Duke of Wellington approved of the plan, provided it entailed no additional expense on the country. In replying to a question by Mr. Hutt, whether Mr. Malthus and Mr. Wilmot Horton did not disapprove of the plan developed before the Committee, Colonel Torrens took the opportunity of explaining how he had formerly opposed, and had subsequently become a convert to the Wakefield system himself—

"This system of colonization, which has been developed to the Committee, was first opened to the public in a pamphlet that was published by the Colonization Society,† of which, I believe, the honourable member for Hull was a member. The Colonization Society, in this pamphlet of theirs, probably used in an incautious manner the term 'concentration.' They used the term in an unusual sense, without defining the new meaning which they attached to it; and giving the ordinary and natural interpretation to the phraseology in which their principles were then conveyed, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Mr. Malthus, Mr. James Mill, and also myself, understood the plan to involve the necessity of cultivating inferior lands. Now nothing can be conceived more objectionable on principle than the disposal of waste lands in such a way as to force prematurely the cultivation of inferior soils; and Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, who was very much opposed to the Colonization Society, got Mr. Mill, and Mr. Malthus, myself, and, I believe, some others, to write papers in opposition to the views of that Society as then understood. Mr. Malthus and myself did so, under the idea that the new system of colonization involved such a degree of congestion on particular spots, as would compel the application of labour and capital to inferior lands, and would therefore lower profits and wages, and cause an artificial creation of rent. In Mr. Malthus' paper, which Sir Robert Wilmot Horton printed with the others, and circulated, I find the following words—'Anything like a persevering attempt to concentrate round a single town, would soon lower wages and destroy the true principle of colonization. In colonizing a large country, many centres of concentration are neces-

* This they may do at very small expense. Thanks to Mr. Hume, the Report and Evidence consisting of 259 pages folio, and replete with most interesting matter, may be purchased for 3*s.* 4*d.*

† This pamphlet, which may be regarded as the first manifesto of the new system, and which preceded Lord Ripon's regulations by a year or more, was written by Mr. Wakefield.

sary; and villages in various stages must be established, which must grow up into towns, and form new markets for produce. Many of those will naturally be fixed at a considerable distance from the metropolis, determined by fertility of soil, vicinity to rivers, and other circumstances. It is quite clear, therefore, that Mr. Malthus understood the term 'concentration' as meaning concentration round a particular centre. In this same pamphlet there is also a little paper of my own, urging a similar objection to the plan of the Colonization Society. I do not know what were the opinions on the subject subsequently held by Mr. Malthus; but I very soon, in discussing the question with the gentlemen of the Colonization Society, found that they defined their terms or modified their principle so as to obviate the objection urged by Mr. Malthus and myself. As soon as I found the system so explained or modified as to permit population and capital freely to spread over the most fertile and best-situated lands, my objection was instantly removed, and my opposition ceased. I believe that Sir Robert Wilmot Horton still continued opposed to the system of the Colonization Society, but I became its decided advocate; and the more I consider it, the more entirely I approve. I have a strong and a growing conviction that at no distant period the country will have to acknowledge a large debt of gratitude to the author of this plan."

This last observation of Colonel Torrens is, under the circumstances, very handsome and generous.

7. Captain Wood, a settler in Van Diemen's land, supplied the Committee with some useful facts respecting the mode of farming, and the care of flocks in that colony.

8. The evidence of the next witness, Mr. W. H. Burnley, of Trinidad, is most interesting and important. Mr. Burnley is a planter, and was a slave-owner. He has resided thirty years in the West Indies. He is evidently a man of high intelligence, much experience, and great practical shrewdness. Being in England in 1833 and 1834, he read *England and America* when it first appeared, and was much struck by the new principle developed in that work, which tallied with his own experience among unsettled and uncultivated lands. With the view of increasing his information on the subject, and to enable himself to form a correct opinion of the probable working of the Emancipation Act, in which he was deeply interested as a proprietor, he returned to the West Indies in 1834, and visited many of the islands, English, French, and Danish; he also passed over to the continent of South America, and travelled in Venezuela, Cumana, and the Caracas; he then went into the United States, making inquiries as to free and slave labour everywhere. Mr. Burnley is of opinion, that unless means are taken, by the adoption of Mr. Wakefield's plan, to secure a supply of free Negroes, the cultivation of sugar in the West India Colonies must be abandoned on the expiration of the Negro Apprenticeship in 1840; and that the Negroes will themselves be subject to great suffering. Combined labour is necessary to the manufacture of sugar; capital will not be laid out in machinery for that manufacture, if the supply of labour be uncertain; and if the facility of acquiring land in Trinidad and several other colonies be as great in 1840 as it is now, there will be no possibility of obtaining a regular and permanent supply of free Negro labour. In Venezuela, which Lord Stanley, in a deceptive speech to the House of Commons, instanced to prove that free Negroes will work for hire, Mr. Burnley stated, that only 180 Negroes (instead of 75,000, which Lord Stanley pretended,) had really been eman-

cipated between 1821 and 1830. He was convinced that if Mr. Wakefield's plan for regulating the sales of land shall be adopted in the West Indies, a supply of free Negroes, willing to work for hire, may be obtained from various countries. In case of difficulty in procuring Negroes, he says that the inhabitants of the Azores, the Canaries, and Malta, most of whom have African blood in their veins, would stand the West Indian climate very well: but there is no occasion to go so far—

"There is a large free Negro population in all the slave colonies around us, as well as on the Spanish Main; and, with a liberal government in our Colonies, with full and entire emancipation, and with equal political privileges accorded to all colours, there would be great attractions for all those classes of free labourers I have mentioned, who find themselves at present in a very galling and unpleasant position in the countries in which they reside. But I should more particularly look to the United States of America for an abundant supply of free Negro labourers, who, in the uncomfortable state in which they find themselves placed at present in that country, would be very well disposed to emigrate if they were sure of finding their circumstances improved by their removal."

And there can be little doubt that the American slave-owners would gladly get rid of those objects of their dread—the free Blacks. The only chance of putting an end to the slave-trade, seems to be by adopting the Wakefield system. The following passage from Mr. Burnley's evidence will explain its operation in this respect—

"Unless the power of combining labour, when apprenticeship ceases, be insured by some means or other, all the capital already invested in expensive works and machinery, hitherto supported by the combined labour of slavery, will perish; and my feeling is, that unless the system now under consideration is well established before 1840 in our West India Colonies, the most mischievous consequences will arise. For if the first commencement of the experiment of free labour should prove disastrous, it will at once create such an unfavourable impression throughout the world, as no subsequent efforts will be able to counteract. I feel strongly that our only remaining hope and expectation of getting rid of the slave-trade rests upon the adoption of this principle. I think that if it had been earlier understood and incorporated in the Abolition Act, the West India planters would not have felt half the alarm which they experienced at the adoption of that measure, and it would have spoken a very different and more convincing language to all the present slave-holding states; for there is not a man living in Porto Rico, in Cuba, or the United States, who does not believe that a ruinous crisis must arise in 1840 in our West India Colonies; and I am not surprised at this opinion, because they are better acquainted than ourselves with Venezuela and other tropical states where free labour prevails. At the present moment the slave-trade is rapidly increasing; one of the independent states of South America has lately resumed it. I am satisfied of the fact. There can be no difficulty in producing the proclamation, as it appeared last year in the London papers, in which it was declared, that seeing that agriculture had fallen entirely into decay for the want of labouring hands, it was found necessary for its support to introduce slaves; and that, viewing the slave-trade on the coast of Africa to be an abominable crime, they would buy only those who were already enslaved in South America. The consequence of this will be an increased import of slaves from Africa into the Brazils, and they will easily find their way over the Andes to the Pacific."

"I understood whilst I was in the Havana, that a great

many slaves were frequently sent from thence to Texas. They were carried there in American vessels as passengers. I conversed with some American captains on the subject, who were highly indignant at my supposing that it was contrary to the American navigation laws. These slaves were landed in Texas, where some of them were retained; but I believe the greater number passed on into Louisiana, where I understood gangs of slaves were then selling at the great price of 800 to 1000 dollars each Negro. Consequently I am satisfied that nothing can ever put an end to the slave-trade, but a perfect conviction on the part of all owners of slaves, that free labour can be made cheaper than slave labour; and certainly we must adopt some new and improved system for the promotion of free labour in the tropics, before we can establish that fact. From every inquiry, and from every observation I have been able to make, the stopping the slave-trade by naval force is totally impracticable. No man who has ever been in the Western hemisphere, and looks at the form and boundless extent of the wild coasts of those regions, can flatter himself that whilst purchasers are to be found in America, and sellers in Africa, the slave-trade can be prevented by any exhibition of naval force: in fact, it is rather creating a maritime jealousy, as other powers are afraid that under that plea we may extend it to other purposes; it is exciting, I believe, an ill and an angry feeling."

Of Mr. Burnley's evidence we may say, as of Mr. Wakefield's, that any extracts give but a faint idea of its value. Every word of it should be read.

9. Mr. Poulett Scrope, a member of the Committee, followed Mr. Burnley. Mr. Scrope is a well-meaning and clever man, and has bestowed much attention, and written not a little, on the subject of Emigration, and on Colonization too. He was very pertinacious in his cross-examination of Mr. Wakefield, and seemed to be especially desirous (though it does not appear exactly for what purpose) of eliciting from him what in his opinion should be the precise price of waste land in the Australian colony. Mr. Wakefield's uniform reply was, that "a sufficient price" should be set upon the land: he would not presume to say what that ought to be—it would properly become the subject of experiment by responsible public officers, in each set of circumstances. Mr. Scrope alone, of all the Committee, could not or would not see that this was a "sufficient" reason for refusing to give any more precise answer. Having failed in bringing forward his own case in the course of the examination of the witnesses, Mr. Scrope volunteered his testimony to the Committee. He seriously warned the Committee not to adopt Mr. Wakefield's plan; but, when pressed for his own, replied as follows—

"I think the four great principles I have mentioned should be adopted. Namely, first, the disposing of all lands at not less than a minimum price secured by Act of Parliament, coupled with regulations for bringing the lands most advantageously into the market,—such as the establishment of a general Waste Land Board authorised to survey and annually bring to market not less than a definite quantity of land.

"Secondly, that the whole of the proceeds should be expended in the introduction of immigrant labourers.

"Thirdly, that a proper selection be made in this country, and means taken for collecting them at certain outposts and regulating their efflux, as well as a proper distribution of them in the Colonies by means of agents employed there, and means, moreover, appointed to secure employment to any temporary surplus labourers that may appear there on public works, until they shall be absorbed by the demands of ordinary employers.

"Fourthly, I think those main principles of a permanent national scheme of colonization having been established by the Legislature, a commencement should without delay be made on a large scale, by the raising of a loan on the security of future land sales, for defraying the emigration of a considerable body of volunteer labourers from the British islands. I think the government having once determined upon those principles, should lose no time in carrying them into operation, and that they might beneficially advance funds for this purpose, even in the present year, in the shape of Exchequer Bills; so as to commence a large immigration immediately into our colonial possessions in Australia and North America, and thus avoid the loss of a twelvemonth in the introduction of a system rendered so urgently necessary by the existing state of Ireland, in addition to its merits under ordinary and less painful circumstances."

Why, this was the very plan—Wakefield's plan—which he condemned, and Mr. Scrope can never succeed in passing it off for his own. Although he may not be aware of it himself, we can inform Mr. Scrope that the Committee understood that he and Wakefield were "rival doctors," and could not agree better than any other two of the same trade; and that a little jealousy, by no means unnatural, of one who, though later in the field, has carried off the victory, dictated much of his pertinacity in the Committee, that, on any other supposition, seemed objectless. It is gratifying to add, that Mr. Scrope got over this feeling when the resolutions came to be discussed and adopted, and supported the Wakefield plan on every division.

10. Mr. Hugh Stewart Kelsey, a clerk in the Colonial Office, was brought forward by Sir George Grey—to expose, as it were, the nakedness of the land. Though cunningly and constantly prompted by Sir George, he failed in making out that the complaints against his employers were groundless, or that there was anything approaching to uniformity in the existing mode of disposing of waste lands.

11. Sir George Grey stated some particulars respecting the emigration now going on to New South Wales—the numbers of the emigrants, the cost of transporting them, &c. It appeared that the excess of males in the colony is still very great and productive of bad consequences.

12. Mr. William Bryan, a settler in Van Diemen's Land, furnished the Committee with some instances of what the witness considered abuse of power by Colonel Arthur, the Governor, and his subalterns; particularly as regarded the capricious granting and withholding of land, and convict servants.

Here we close our outline of the evidence. It remains to say a few words of the Members of the Committee.

With the exception of Sir George Grey, all who were able to attend deserve credit for their patient attention. Mr. Ward made an admirable chairman; and gave clear proof of having qualified himself for conducting the inquiry by mastering the subject of it. He exhibited much tact in keeping both witnesses and Committee from wandering too far from the object of their investigation. Mr. Francis Baring and Mr. Gladstone deserve credit for their ready comprehension of a large and difficult subject, evidently new to them; though both ought to have been ashamed of allowing party politics to bias their votes when Colonial patronage came into question. The O'Connor Don manifested the interest of an intelligent Irishman in an inquiry whose results must be so important to his coun-

try, by an anxious attention to the evidence. Mr. Roebuck was, as usual, ingenious and acute. He almost seemed to enjoy the defeats he received in argument with his powerful and completely armed antagonist, Mr. Wakefield. Mr. Hutt did not interfere much in the proceedings, but sufficiently to prove his deep interest and clear comprehension of the whole matter under discussion.

No one who reads the Minutes of Evidence taken by this Committee, will be surprised to learn that the Colonial Office Bureaucracy objected to the inquiry. They had good reason to fear an investigation which brings to light some of the worst of their hitherto secret practices.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Der Fall des Heidenthums.* Von Dr. H. G. Tschirner. (The Fall of Heathenism. By Dr. H. G. Tschirner.) Leipzig, Svo., 1829.
2. *Histoire de la Destruction du Paganisme en Occident.* Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres en l'année, 1832. Par A. Beugnot, de l'Institut de France, 2 tomes. Paris, 1835.

No argument for the divine origin of Christianity has been urged with greater force or frequency than the rapidity and extent of its propagation. "We are of yesterday," exclaims the vehement Tertullian towards the close of the second century; "yet we have filled your cities, your islands, your towns, your municipalities, the camp, the senate, the forum." Paley admits, with his usual candour and judgment, that these expressions are "loose and declamatory;" but he adds, that even "declamation has its bounds," and that Tertullian himself would not have ventured upon this public appeal, "unless it had been both true and notorious, that great multitudes of Christians, of all ranks and orders, were to be found in most parts of the Roman empire." The menacing tone assumed in this apology of the fiery African, appears to us even more conclusive evidence as to the strength of the Christian party. "If our religion did not prohibit revenge, how easily, either as secret conspirators or as open enemies, might we exact retribution for our wrongs! How dangerous might we become to society, if it were possible to oppress us beyond our forbearance!" Such is the tone of more than one passage in Tertullian's address to the heathen.

"S' il mondo si rivolse al Cristianesimo,
Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno
E tal, che gl' altri non sono l' ceptesimo."

This argument, compressed into the pregnant verse of Dante, may be traced in every defender of Christianity, from, if not before, Augustine, down to the splendid amplification of Bossuet, and the nervous simplicity of Paley.

But this argument, irresistible when urged with the patient and candid spirit of true knowledge, has sometimes been pressed beyond its legitimate bearing. It has been thought of infinite importance to fix, as early as possible, the period at which Christianity obtained a numerical superiority at least in the Roman world; as though the world had not always been governed by

a minority, whether of brute force, or of activity and intelligence; and, in this case, the command of the active and intelligent minority were not sufficient to attest the inherent persuasiveness, the moral energy, the heaven-designed dominion of the Evangelic religion. For, after all, the extraordinary and convincing fact is the commencement rather than the completion of this great scheme of moral conquest. It is the attempt, prophetically intimated by Christ himself, and openly announced, at least before the close of the New Testament, by his apostles; the immediate success of those who, if they had not the consciousness of the divine warrant, and were not manifestly avouched by the direct interposition of the Deity, ventured on a course equally inconceivable in its original attempt and in its eventual triumph. The more extensive the sphere of Christianity, the more, of course, human motives and the ordinary principles of action began to operate in its favour. At what time it was left to its inherent strength; how soon the *visibly* protecting power of the Almighty ceased to operate in its behalf—in common language, *when* miracles ceased—will remain among the contested points of Christian history. But it is quite clear, that after a certain time it was abandoned, if we may so speak, to its own resources; it had to work out its triumph, under the ordinary care of Divine Providence, by its own inherent energy; and from the fact of its gradual and tardy development, the Christian student of history will conclude, that it was the design of Divine Providence, not to effect a complete and *immediate* revolution in the moral condition of mankind, but to instil the slowly working principles of a change, not yet, we conceive, arrived at its perfect consummation.

It becomes, then, an unimportant question at what period and from what motives the great mass of the subjects of the Roman empire passed over to Christianity. It must be admitted that even when the gospel became the established faith of Europe, it was so far modified by the various elements which it had encountered; it had already so far departed from the primitive simplicity with which it had been promulgated by its first apostles; there was so much compromise, necessary perhaps according to the genius and character of the times, with the outward observances, the sensible and imaginative forms of heathenism, that it becomes still more difficult to define the period of transition. While heathenism in some respects expanded towards Christianity, Christianity descended to heathenism; until the latter remained only as a dim and nameless influence, while Christianity, in name at least, if not in its pure and essential nature, absorbed the whole of the civilized world. Of this great change the history remains to be written; the mind which shall combine that high philosophy and that pure Christianity, which may do justice to this mighty theme, has not yet assumed its historic function.

The authors, whose works we have placed at the head of our article, have attempted a task, if more limited, of singular interest. Instead of tracing, as has been the case with most writers who have approached the subject, the progress of Christianity, they have endeavoured to develop the gradual extinction of heathenism. Instead of waiting in flattering triumph on the chariot of the conqueror, they have watched the expiring struggles of the vanquished. Independent of all other interest, Paganism is the only

religion which we are enabled to follow in its slow and gradual process of decay and extinction.

"The influence of time," observes M. Beugnot, "and the progress of the human mind have destroyed more than one religious system, but history has preserved no accurate record of these changes. We know in a vague manner that many forms of worship, having undergone a gradual process of decay, have become extinct. How were the interests, the passions, and the manners, which struggled in their favour, disarmed? What alternations of success or adversity marked the duration of these intellectual crises? Who were the promoters, the enemies, the victims, of these revolutions? We are ignorant—history has condescended to assist at the funeral of Paganism alone."—*Beugnot*, p. 1.

The work of Professor Tschirner is of a higher order than that of the French scholar, but unfortunately it remained unfinished at the time of the author's death. The first volume, and that apparently not having received the last revision from his hand, is all that has been published. Tschirner was a pupil of Schröck, the German ecclesiastical historian, and the continuator of his great work. If the author had lived to fulfil his design, he would probably have left little to be done by succeeding historians. We know no work in which the genius of the conflicting systems, Paganism and Christianity, is portrayed with a happier union of calm philosophy and zeal for true religion. While the ineffable superiority, the divine dignity, of Christianity is nowhere compromised, the examination both of the heathen religion and the heathen philosophy, disdains that blind and indiscriminating invective, with which Christian writers for a long time seemed to consider themselves bound to denounce "idolatry." Without colouring the sunset of polytheism with the gorgeous hues by which Gibbon delighted to contrast it with what he regarded as the dull and melancholy dawn of Christianity, Professor Tschirner has shown both the strength and the weakness of that faith and those opinions which were supplanted by the gospel. He has altogether discarded the polemic spirit, and, in his work, history has assumed, as its rightful domain, that which has so long been possessed in almost undisputed sovereignty by theology. But his work, unhappily, has not advanced far beyond the preliminary matter, and the first development of the great conflict. He has followed out, indeed, the gradual expansion of Christianity, from an influence secretly working within the social system, into an antagonist power, fairly and openly contesting the dominion over the human mind. He has introduced her apologists gradually changing their tone, from that of humble and submissive subjects pleading for toleration, and gently expostulating against the severity with which they were treated by the imperial government, to that of bold orators arraigning the whole system of the established religion, as a monstrous scheme of folly and licentiousness. He has explained, with great judgment and comprehensive knowledge of the philosophic writings of the period, the reaction of Christianity upon heathenism itself—in other words, the gradual refinement of Paganism from an incoherent and multifarious polytheism, into a kind of theism, with an infinitely numerous yet subordinate demonology. This we conceive to be the most valuable part of Tschirner's work, and to this we propose hereafter to direct the reader's attention. But he has left the two religions, as it were, committed in this new strife. His history breaks

off before Christianity, become dominant, began to commit reprisals against heathenism for its long hostility; he has left to other hands the singular spectacle of Paganism, clinging, as it were, to its sole support, the ancient political institutions of Rome, attempting to rally its decaying energies, at the summons of patriotism, still identifying itself to the last with the proud reminiscences of Latin glory, and finally swept away by that complete re-organization of society, which followed the extinction of the Roman empire.

The French essay takes up the history nearly where Professor Tschirner left it; but the subject proposed by the Royal Academy of Inscriptions has limited M. Beugnot's inquiries to the West. M. Beugnot was only known to us hitherto as the author of a work, displaying much useful research, on a subject not altogether disconnected with the present—the history of the Jews in the West of Europe—"Les Juifs d'Occident." Without the depth and comprehensiveness of knowledge displayed by the German Professor, M. Beugnot has executed his task with very creditable learning and judgment. On some points we have not arrived at the same conclusions, but we are grateful to him for the diligence with which he has traced the still lingering, still reviving influence of paganism, the wavering and expiring flame upon the altars of Jupiter and Mars. He has adduced the testimony of the Christian writers themselves to prove to how late a period paganism still obstinately resisted the encroachments of the new faith; and by a careful examination into public documents, the laws of the empire, coins and medals, and more especially extant inscriptions, he has thrown much light, not merely on the extent, but on the nature and character of the surviving heathenism.

The strife between Christianity and paganism endured for five centuries. Tschirner has divided that long contest into four periods. He proposed to devote one book to each: first, the introduction of the new faith into the Roman world and the commencement of the conflict with the old and established religion; this took place in the age of the Antonines: secondly, the undecided contest between the world divided into heathenism and Christianity; this period lasts from the time of the Antonines to that of Constantine: thirdly, the triumph of Christianity under Constantine and his sons, which is followed by the rapid decline, but by no means the dissolution, of heathenism, since it raises itself again under Julian, and still stands firm under his successors: finally, the fall of heathenism itself, which took place during the time of Theodosius, although its last vestiges entirely disappear only under Justinian. Of this splendid and comprehensive plan Tschirner only executed the first part and commenced the second.

During the reign of the Antonines, the Roman world, to all outward appearance, was still exclusively pagan. The traveller who passed through the empire would see nothing but temples to the various deities of the ancient faith. Every city met, if with diminished, still with what might appear a general concourse of the inhabitants, at the games, the theatre, the festival dedicated to the local divinity. Here and there the votaries, to one acquainted with the practice of former times, might appear less numerous; the murmurs of the priesthood might be heard at the goddess, the irreligious aspect of the times, the scantier offerings, the less frequent victims. But as yet the

stranger would observe no traces of the great change which was silently underworking the very foundations of the Pagan worship. At what time the Christian churches arose as public buildings is not quite certain, but it is universally admitted that it was not till towards the reign of Alexander Severus. Christianity was the retired and private worship—of multitudes indeed—but still of multitudes designated by no peculiar mark or badge, and holding their assemblies in some secluded, or, at all events, undistinguished chamber. The neighbours of the individual or the family might notice their rigid and unsocial seclusion from all the public amusements and festivities; they might be looked upon by the town in which they dwelt with jealousy or aversion; the hatred excited by their abandonment of the national worship might be constantly on the watch to demand from the cruel or indifferent præfect that they should be summoned to sacrifice, or cast, without trial, to the lions; but the visible face of society was yet unchanged: on the laws, on the habits, on the manners of the people at large, they had as yet made no impression; they dwelt apart, and, excepting on occasions of popular excitement, unnoticed. They had already, indeed, become casually and in places committed with the public authorities. But the first persecutions were clearly local, or connected with particular circumstances. That of Nero was, no doubt, confined to Rome; we should require no further proof of this than the security with which St. Paul appears to have travelled during that period in other parts of the empire. That of Domitian was confined, as far as Rome was concerned, to members of his own family, in whom the tyrant had detected "atheism and Jewish manners." It extended to Palestine, only, according to the singular story in the ecclesiastical historian, on account of certain traditions, which assigned the dominion of the world to a particular race among the Jews. All writers of Christian history have related the apprehension of, and the somewhat contemptuous mercy shown to, the relatives of our Lord. The persecution under Trajan, which rests on the undoubted authority of Pliny's memorable letter, appears to have been a provincial affair. The language of Trajan's reply clearly intimates that the government had not yet adopted any settled policy; much was left to the discretion of the individual governor; and though the arbitrary power of life and death was admitted to belong, in all extreme cases, to the representative of Rome, the regulations, under which this authority was to be exercised, show that the government as yet entertained no deliberate resolution to exterminate Christianity by all means and at all hazards.

In the subsequent reigns, the Christian apologists were permitted to approach the throne; their open appeal to the justice and humanity of the emperor proves that they were under the necessity of disguising or dissembling their religion, and that they were by no means excluded from the protection of the government or the privilege of Roman subjects. It is certainly remarkable that the first direct and general collision with the government was during the reign of the last Antonine—Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher, was the first persecutor of Christianity. We are of opinion that the causes of this change in the sentiments and conduct of the Imperial government, and the manifestly infuriated hostility of the Roman people towards the Christians, have not yet been explained

on their true principles. But this is not the opportunity which we should choose for the development of our views. Tschirner has directed the attention of his readers to the important fact that, as Christianity became more powerful, the Roman people began vaguely to apprehend that the fall of their old religion might, to a certain degree, involve that of their civil dominion. The anxiety of some, and those not the most discreet, of the apologists, to disclaim all hostility towards the temporal dignity of the empire, implies that they were obnoxious to this charge. "The Christians are calumniated," writes Tertullian to Scapula, præfect of Africa under Severus, "with regard to the majesty of the emperor," (circa *majestatem imperatoris*.) He first dexterously insinuates that among the Christians could be found no followers either of Niger, or of Albinus, or of Cassius, the competitors of Severus for the empire. He proceeds:—"The Christian is the enemy of no man, assuredly not of the emperor, whom, knowing that he is appointed of God, he must of necessity love, revere, and honour, and wish for his safety, with that of the whole Roman empire, as long as the world endures—*quousque sæculum stabit*—for so long will it endure." But the language of other Christian documents, or at least documents eagerly disseminated by the Christians, was in a very different tone. In common with many German interpreters, not merely those of what is called the rationalist, but of a more orthodox school, Tschirner considers the Apocalypse to refer to the fall, not of a predicted spiritual Rome, but of the dominant pagan Rome, the visible Babylon of idolatry, and pride, and cruelty. Be this as it may, the imagery of the Apocalypse was manifestly borrowed in other writings, and its menacing and maledictory tone of vaticination directed to the total abolition of Paganism in its temporal as well as in its religious supremacy.

The Apocalypse, we need not tell our readers, was no work of this period; but the reign of the Antonines seems to have been fertile in forged prophetic writings, which could not emanate from any quarter but that of the more injudicious and fanatical Christians. The third book of Esdras is of this class; it betrays distinctly that it was written after the reign of the twelve Cæsars. The doctrine of the Millennium, which was not exploded, mingled with all these prophetic anticipations of future change in the destinies of mankind. Whether Gibbon be right in elevating this doctrine to the rank of one of those *five causes* which mainly contributed to the triumph of Christianity, we have very little doubt that its indiscreet and enthusiastic assertion was a main cause of the persecutions. The throne of Christ was to be erected on the ruins of all earthly empires; the nature of this kingdom would of course be unintelligible to the heathen, and all that he would comprehend would be a vague notion that the sovereignty of the world was to be transferred from Rome, and that this extinction of the majesty of the empire was in some incomprehensible manner connected with the triumph of the new faith; his terror, his indignation, or his contempt would lead alike to fierce and implacable animosity. Even in Tertullian's Apology, the ambiguous word "*sæculum*" might mean no more than a brief and limited period which was yet to elapse before the final consummation.

But the most curious illustration of this dangerous

spirit of exulting menace at the approaching simultaneous fall of Roman idolatry and of Roman empire, is found in the Sibylline verses, either the production of, or at least copiously interpolated by, Christian writers. We translate from Tschirner:—

"After the time of Hadrian, Christian poets or prophets again come forward, who raise up their vehement testimony against heathenism, and with its fall proclaim the destruction of all lands and the approaching ruin of Rome. From the most ancient times, sibyls, prophesying women, had existed in all parts of the heathen world; everywhere oracles and prophecies, mostly in verse, had abounded, which either had been, or pretended to have been, uttered by these sibyls. Those Christians who had some acquaintance with Grecian poetry and style, (for their Grecian colouring breathes little indeed of the spirit of Homer and Hesiod, though their mode of expression imitates the language of those poets,) began to entertain the thought of representing passages of the sacred writings, Christian doctrines, precepts, and predictions, as oracles or prophecies of the sibyls:—whether their intention was to introduce their poems as genuine works of the older sibyls, and by such means convert the heathen; or whether, (as is more probable,) without any design of deception, they wished to clothe their communications in a form expressive and acceptable to the heathens. Of this character are the eight books of sibylline oracles which have descended to us, of which much in truth belongs to an earlier period, and is the production, not of Christians, but of Jews—[we would observe that the Christians in this respect seem only to have followed the example of the Jews of Alexandria, the staple, we suspect, of Jewish and of Christian forgery];—some part likewise is of a very late period; far the greatest portion, however, was composed by Christians, who, during the reigns of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived in Asia Minor, and particularly in Alexandria, as is shown by the frequent mention of Egyptian cities and Egyptian modes of worship. At all events, the poems contained in the fifth and sixth books belong almost entirely to that time; the passages to be adduced will therefore be selected entirely from these."

Tschirner quotes several passages of strong animadversion against heathenism, and thus proceeds:—

"With this denunciation of heathenism, the sibyllists connect the announcement of its approaching fall, which would be accompanied by the ruin of many states and the desolation of many lands. One of them addresses, in these words, the gods of Egypt:—'Isis, thrice hapless goddess, thou shalt remain alone on the shores of Nile, a solitary Menad by the sands of Acheron. [We have ventured to give a sense to these obscure words, which Tschirner despairs of.] No longer shall thy memory endure on all the earth; and thou, Serapis, who retest upon thy stones, much must thou suffer; thou shalt lie, the mightiest ruin in thrice hapless Egypt. . . . And one of the linen-clothed priests shall say, Come, let us build the beautiful temple of the true God; let us change the awful law of our ancestors, who, in their ignorance, made their pomp and festivals to gods of stone and earth; let us turn our hearts, hymning the everlasting God, Him the eternal Father, the Lord of all, the True, the King, the Creator and Preserver of our souls, the great, the eternal God.' As the ruin of Egypt is here proclaimed in connexion with the fall of her gods, so another sibyllist, who manifests himself as a contemporary of the age of the Antonines, connects together the fall of Rome and that of the gods of Rome:—'O haughty Rome, the chastise-

ment of Heaven shall come down upon thee from on high, and first thou shalt bow thy neck.' And 'Thou shalt be broken up from thy foundations, and fire shall altogether consume thee, bowed down to the ground;—[why has Tschirner omitted these images?—and thy wealth shall perish, and wolves and foxes shall inhabit thy ruins; and thou shalt be as if thou hadst never been. Where then will be thy palladium? which of thy gods of gold, of stone, or of iron will save thee? where will then be the decrees of thy senate [omitted by Tschirner]? where will be the race of Rhea, of Saturn, all the inanimate deities and images of the dead which you worship? When thrice five splendid Cæsars, [so many may be reckoned from Julius Cæsar to Hadrian,] who have enslaved the world from east to west, shall have been, one will arise with a name like that of a sea, (Hadrian and the Adriatic Sea.) . . . [Tschirner omits the lines in which Hadrian's splendid and lavish character is described.] Then shall reign three, (Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, to whose time therefore the poem belongs,) whose times shall be the last. . . . Then from the uttermost parts of the earth, whither he fled, shall the matricide (Nero) return; and now, O Rome, shalt thou mourn, disrobed of thy imperial purple, and clad in sackcloth. . . . The glory of thy eagle-bearing legions shall perish. . . . For there shall be confusion on all mortals over the whole earth, when the Almighty Ruler comes, and, sitting upon his throne, judges the souls of the quick and the dead, and the whole world; there shall be wailing, and scattering abroad, and ruin, when the fall of the cities shall come, and the abyss of earth shall open.'—l. viii. pp. 679–693. Other sibyls sang on the same subject; one of them, in particular, celebrates the victory of Christianity, which he represents under the image of a temple spreading over the heavens, and embracing all living beings."—Tschirner, pp. 194–199.

We have ventured to insert some few lines omitted by our author. The notice of the return of Nero, (whom the memory of his horrible persecutions of the Roman converts, as well as the atrocity of his character, arrayed in the blackest colours to the minds of all Christians) as Antichrist, may be traced in many passages of the Fathers. Thus early began on the one side the dangerous and exasperating custom of representing the triumph of Christianity as fatal not merely to the religious, but to the temporal, power of Rome; on the other, the appeal to that strong and profound sentiment, the eternal majesty of Rome, which to the last period of the contest was the great support and strength of the pagan party.

During the disastrous period which elapsed between the golden age of the Antonines and that of Dioclesian, Christianity spread with almost uninterrupted progress. No doubt the miseries which involved the whole Roman empire, from the tyranny of a rapid succession of masters, from grinding taxation, and the still multiplying inroads and expanding devastations of the barbarians, assisted its progress. Many took refuge in a religion which promised beatitude in a future state of being, from the inevitable evils of this life. But one of the most curious facts in the religious history of this period is the influence of Christianity on heathenism itself. Philosophy, which had long been the antagonist, now made common cause with the popular religion against Christianity; to all appearance, indeed, there was an amicable approximation between the two hostile religions. Heathenism, as interpreted by philosophy, almost found favour with

some of the more moderate Christian apologists, while, in the altered tone of controversy, the Christians have no longer to defend themselves against those horrible charges of licentiousness, incest, and cannibalism which their first advocates are constrained to notice. On a closer acquaintance with their moral habits, these suspicions died away among their bitterest adversaries; the effrontery of hostile calumny dared no longer venture on such notorious falsehoods. On one side, the Christians, not altogether wisely, endeavoured to enlist the earlier philosophers in their cause; they were scarcely content with asserting that the nobler Grecian philosophy might be designed to prepare the human mind for the reception of Christianity; they were almost inclined to endow these sages with a kind of prophetic foreknowledge even of its more mysterious doctrines.

"I have explained," says the Christian, in Minucius Felix, "the opinions of almost all the philosophers, whose most illustrious glory it is, that they have worshipped one God, though under various names; so that one might suppose, either that the Christians of the present day are philosophers, or that the philosophers of old were already Christians."—*Oetavius*, c. 20.

But these advances on the part of Christianity were more than met by paganism. The heathen religion, in fact, which prevailed at least among the more enlightened pagans during this period, and which Julian endeavoured to reinstate as the established faith, was almost as different from that of the older Greeks and Romans, or even from that which prevailed at the commencement of the empire, as it was from Christianity. It worshipped in the same temples—it performed to a certain extent the same rites—it actually abrogated the local worship of no single one of the multitudinous deities of paganism. But over all this, which was the real religion both in theory and in practice in older times, had risen a kind of speculative theism, to which the popular worship acknowledged its humble subordination. Tschirner has advanced the opinion that the height of heathen incredulity would of itself have produced some reaction in favour of the old faith. The Voltaire of paganism, Lucian, in his indiscriminate mockery of all which had been so long held sacred, would necessarily provoke opposition: though many would be laughed away from the altars of their ancestors, others would rally round them, particularly when they possessed the specious excuse of returning to the pure philosophical principles of their faith.

"Lucian had exhausted the philosophy of unbelief. The highest point is always the turning point; unbelief cannot remain the dominant opinion or sentiment, and at the commencement of the third century it could not but pass away, since Christianity in part, in part the philosophy of the age, which will presently be described, gave another direction to the world. The same causes which led a part of the existing race of men to the church, disposed others to seek consolation and succour in other forms of religion. In the mass of the people, faith in their gods had at no time been entirely extinguished; nowhere had the temples been closed. An entirely different tone, from that which had before prevailed, shows itself in the third century. In the lives of the men distinguished during this period by their situation, there is no trace of that ostentatiously-displayed contempt for religion of which the Roman history, subsequent to the introduction of the Grecian philosophy,

offers so many examples. Epicureanism lost its partisans and admirers; the most distinguished writers treated on matters of religion with decency, if not devout respect; no one was ambitious of passing for a despiser of the gods; and with faith and piety broke forth all the aberrations of religious faith and devout feeling, wondering, mysticism, and dreamy enthusiasm in their various forms. This altered bias of the times shows itself less in the renewed zeal for the re-establishment of the ancient faith, as such, in its former splendour, and particularly the restoration of the Roman religious ceremonial to its former dignity and importance (although there are some examples even of this, since Decius was urged to his measures against the Christians by zeal of this nature; but for more in the inclination to betake itself to foreign forms of worship, to mingle together various religions, to practise them at the same time, and to seek out the leading notion of the philosophy of the age in these diverse systems. Of these syncretic opinions the two Cæsars, Heliogabalus and Alexander Severus, who ruled the Roman empire from the year 218 to 235, afford two remarkable examples. The effeminate Syrian, Heliogabalus, was indeed only a superstitious devotee, who introduced into Rome the Sun-God, Heliogabalus, who was worshipped at Emesa under the form of a black round stone, supposed to have fallen from heaven, and whose high-priest he had been. He built him a splendid temple, where costly offerings were made; placed the Ancilia, the Palladium, and the sacred fire of Vesta in this temple; married Astarte, whom he brought from Carthage to Rome, with the Syrian God, and so insulted both the religious feelings and the national pride of the Romans. But the religious syncretism of the time is expressed in a manner which cannot be mistaken, by the fact that the emperor mingled together in this manner the genuine Syrian, the Roman, and African worship, and entertained the design of making the temple of Heliogabalus a point of reunion for the religious worship of the Samaritans, the Jews, and the Christians, and thus in a proper sense a Pantheon. These same syncretic opinions appear, and in a nobler form, in the enlightened and well-intentioned emperor Alexander Severus; for of him it is recorded that he placed in his private chapel, as objects of worship, Abraham, the ancestor of the Jewish race, and Christ, the author of Christianity, as well as Orpheus, the founder of the Grecian mysteries, and Apollonius of Tyana, the teacher of Indian, Egyptian, and Grecian wisdom. He constantly quoted, as he did the sayings of the wise men of Greece, the precept of Christ, 'Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you;' and while he decorated the temples of Isis and Osiris, and practised divination, he studied the works of Plato and of Cicero."—*Tschirner*, p. 401.

This in fact was in the true spirit of the new Platonism which began to exercise a supreme authority, to the extinction of the older forms of Grecian philosophy, over the minds of the more intellectual class. This new Platonism aspired to be a religion as well as a philosophy. It introduced very different views of the Deity, to which it endeavoured to harmonise the popular belief. Such of the mystic legends as it could allegorise, it retained with every demonstration of reverence; the rest it either allowed quietly to fall into oblivion, or repudiated as lawless fictions of the poets. The "Life of Apollonius," by Philostratus, is a kind of philosophico-religious romance of this school. The manner in which poetry became moral and religious allegory is illustrated by the treatise of Porphyrius on *the cave of the nymphs in the Odyssey*. The skill, as

well as the dreamy mysticism with which this school of writers combined together the dim traditions of an older philosophy and the esoteric doctrines of the mysteries, to give the sanction of antiquity to their own vague but attractive theories, may be fully traced in the Life of Pythagoras, and the work on the mysteries by Iamblichus.

On the great elementary principle of Christianity, an approximation had taken place at a still earlier period. Celsus, the assailant of Christianity, during the reign of the Antonines, distinctly asserted the right of heathenism to fall back upon this rational principle of religion. Tschirner has thus embodied the sentiments of the philosopher on this subject, from passages selected out of different parts of his work, to which Origen at a later period wrote his memorable answer:—

"While we," thus proceeded the advocates of the older faith, "adhere to that which has been handed down to us from remote antiquity, and what the religious histories of all people have taught, we are by no means compelled to reject the ideas of God, and of divine things developed by philosophy and introduced into life. We also can place a Supreme Being above the world and above all human things, and approve and participate in whatever may be taught of a spiritual rather than material adoration of the gods; for with the belief in the gods who were worshipped in every land and by every people, may well be reconciled the belief in a Primal Being, a Supreme God, who has given to every land its guardian, to every people its presiding deity. The unity of the Supreme Being, and the consequent unity of the design of the world, remains, even if it be admitted that each people has its gods, whom it must worship in a peculiar manner, according to their peculiar character; and the worship of all these different deities is reflected back on the Supreme God, who has appointed them as it were his delegates and representatives. Those who say that men ought not to serve many masters, impute human weakness to God; God is not jealous of the adoration paid to subordinate deities, he who cannot be degraded or outraged. Reason itself might justify the belief in the inferior deities, which are the object of the established worship. For since the Supreme God can only produce that which is immortal and imperishable, the existence of mortal beings cannot be explained, unless we distinguish from him those inferior deities, and assert them to be the creators of mortal beings and of perishable things."—*Tschirner*, p. 334.

This simple theory was wrought out by the new school of Platonists into a much more artificial and imaginative system; which, at the same time that it approached much nearer, was still no less avowedly hostile to the Gospel. It would perhaps have admitted Christianity (if Christianity would have been so untrue to its divine origin and authority) as one of the received and acknowledged varieties of religious faith; but it still asserted its own superiority; it tolerated rather than approved. Upon these terms it made common cause with the other Eastern religions, which, during the whole of this period, were constantly extending towards the west—the Egyptian, the Mithriac, the Phrygian. These, as appears from the inscriptions quoted by M. Beugnot, and from other curious evidence, seem to have been eagerly and willingly admitted into the religious system of the established heathenism. They were welcomed perhaps with the greater readiness, because they did not, like Christianity, demand the sacrifice of the existing faith; they

were content to be received into a kind of partnership with the old idolatry; they were in fact mysteries which, like those of Samothrace and Eleusis, though they separated their own immediate votaries from the rest of mankind, as far as their own rites, or the privileges of knowledge and sanctity which they were supposed to confer, interfered not in the least with their conformity to the local worship of their country. As he who had gone through the last probation in the older mysteries, the hierophant himself, would have excited no astonishment if he had appeared as a worshipper in the temple of Minerva or of Jove, so we find the same persons exercising the highest pontifical offices in the old religion of Rome, and at the same time priests of Cybele or of Mithra.

The peculiar character assumed by the paganism of this period—its manifest distinction from the old mythic faith of Greece, and the political religion of Rome—has by no means, in our opinion, been developed with the care and fulness which the subject demands. Nothing, indeed, could show more conclusively the inefficiency of any philosophic system to supply the want of a religion, than the very narrow influence exercised by this Egyptian Platonism. Its votaries were probably far inferior to those of any one of the foreign religions introduced into the Greek and Roman part of the empire. Of itself, it was far too abstract and metaphysical, to extend beyond the schools of Alexandria or of Athens. Although it might co-operate by its high intellectual pretensions in inflaming the heathen fanaticism of Julian, it would have little effect in eventually retarding the extinction of heathenism. It was merely a sort of refuge for the intellectual few—a self-complacent excuse which enabled them to assert, as they supposed, their own mental superiority, while they were endeavouring to maintain or revive the vulgar superstition, which they themselves could not but in secret condemn. The more refined it became, the less was it suited for common use, and the less it harmonised with the ordinary paganism. Thus, that which in one respect elevated it into a dangerous rival of Christianity, at the same time deprived it of its power. It had borrowed much from Christianity, or at least had been tacitly modified by its influence; but it was the speculative rather than the practical part—that which constituted its sublimity rather than its popularity—in which it approximated to the gospel.

"If," in the words of Tschirner, "this new Platonism taught how to reconcile the philosophical theory of the divine nature with the belief in the gods of their ancestors—if it repelled many of the charges of the Christians, by the distinction between that which was essential and that which was accidental in the popular religion—it thus justified an adherence to the prevailing opinions and usages. So far it was a support to sinking heathenism. But it was not and could not be more than a support to a falling building, an edifice which, when the foundations are once undermined by time, can never recover its ancient firmness; it totters and leans towards its fall, though here and there new buttresses may be run up, and the cracks in the wall cemented. There was no reconciling the contradiction between the religious ideas of the time and the sacred legends, whatever sense might be given to the latter; the ceremonies of religion did not change their nature according to the explanation which the philosophy of the times sought to give them; and whoever thought upon the subject more closely could not dissemble to himself, that this system of the later Platonism was something different from the religion of his ancestors."—*Tschirner*, p. 473.

There could not be a higher testimony at once to the success and the superiority of Christianity, than this constrained approximation of heathenism. This showed at once the authority it had obtained over the general mind, and that the highest philosophy could not maintain its dignity, without learning, in a great degree, to speak the language of Christianity. This was an homage paid to its influence, as a religion so singularly adapted to the nature of man, and as a philosophy which embraced everything valuable which had been wrought out by human reason, at the same time that it revealed truths which reason had in vain endeavoured to attain.

Before we close our account of Tschirner's work, we must express our high opinion of the felicity and candour with which he has characterised the writers on both sides in this great controversy. He has on one side introduced the apologists and influential writers in favour of Christianity; on the other, the antagonists of the new religion, whether, like Porphyry and Celsus, direct assailants, or, as the teachers of the new Platonism, the rivals and competitors of Christianity. We may again express our regret that a work so auspiciously begun was not permitted to be completed by the same hand.

The influence of the new philosophy and its effects in the regeneration of heathenism were chiefly confined to the eastern division of the Roman empire. As we pass to the work of M. Beugnot, we leave these speculative theories behind, and are almost exclusively occupied with historical facts. Political institutions, not philosophical systems, were the firm antagonists of Christianity in the west. It was the Roman nobility, the senate itself, not the philosophic school, which refused all compromise with the new faith. Heathenism rallied behind the walls of the ancient and majestic temples of the capital; it denounced the Christians as dangerous to the stability of the empire. As every calamity came darkening on, it aggravated its charge; and seemed to find pride and consolation in the sentiment, that it was itself in no way accessory to the approaching fall—that it had a foreign religion, to which it might justly attribute the deprivation of Roman manners, the waning of Roman valour, the ignominy which pursued the Roman arms. It was, they cried, the just and righteous anger of the insulted gods, which avenged itself on the guiltless as well as on the *irreligious* authors of this fatal revolution.

It is chiefly this re-organization of the ancient faith in the city of Rome, under the auspices of the most distinguished senators, which M. Beugnot has attempted to trace. His proofs are sometimes solid and convincing, at others somewhat slight and fanciful. But there can be no doubt that his general theory is correct. While the East only offered the opposition of sophists and rhetoricians; while a vague and half-Christianized philosophy lingered in the schools of Athens, and in other cities both of Asia Minor and Syria, a strong and compact pagan interest was formed in the west, of which Rome was the centre; the pontiffs, who were the leading senators of Rome, the chief supports; and the inseparable connexion between the glory and dominion of Rome, and the worship of those gods, under whose tutelary guidance Rome had subdued the world, was the rallying point and watchword for the decaying energies of heathenism.

M. Beugnot commences with the period of the visible triumph of Christianity—the reign of Constantine.

We must not re-open that difficult and almost inexplicable problem, the motives and the conduct of the first Christian emperor. It is quite clear, that—to whatever extent Constantine ever embraced Christianity—however sincere or ambiguous his faith—he advanced the contest of the two religions no further than a perfect equality. It was first toleration, then favour, which he showed to the new religion. He did much more for Christianity by the indirect influence of his countenance and familiar intercourse, than by overt acts against the established paganism.* There are one or two instances stated by Eusebius, in which he suppressed certain pagan temples, but they were those either obnoxious to a charge of gross fraud, or offensive to public morals. If he lavished the finances of the empire on the restoration of the Christian churches, which had been ruined during the persecution of Dioclesian, or in founding new ones, far more costly and magnificent than had ever yet enshrined the worship of Christ—still these more imposing edifices merely confronted, they did not yet usurp, the fanes of the ancient deities; the only public building which as yet was made over to them was the unconsecrated basilica, or hall of justice. This, as the late Mr. Hope has traced in his valuable work on architecture, is the general model of the Christian churches. The imperial patronage of the clergy went no farther than to place them on the same footing with the sacerdotal order of the empire, in respect to privileges and exemptions from public burdens and offices. The only rites or ceremonies which he endeavoured to suppress were those which the original theory of the Roman religion proscribed with equal severity—private divination, the secret attempts, by sorcery, or by any other unhallowed arts, to penetrate into the mysteries of futurity. But in general, it was by neglect, rather than by the open expression of contempt, or by any direct act of hostility, that Constantine still further desecrated the popular religion. It is remarkable, that in Rome itself Constantine appears to have shown most openly his contempt or indifference for the Roman religion. He was in that city during the year 314, the year in which the Secular Games ought to have been celebrated. These games, which were a sort of commemoration of the triumphs of Rome over the world, did not take place, and to their interruption, the pagan historian Zosimus† attributed all the subsequent calamities of the empire. By his contemptuous absence from the Capitoline games, to which former emperors had passed in state at the head of the army, and envied by the senate, Constantine “drew upon him-

* M. Beugnot, in a note, has observed the respectful language in which Constantine still spoke, in the public edicts, of the established paganism. It is “*Vetus observantia, vetus consuetudo; templorum solemnitas; consuetudinis gentilitiæ solemnitas*.” Under his successors again, we find expressions like the following:—“*Error; dementia; error veterum; profanus ritus; sacrilegus ritus; nefarius ritus; superstitio pagana, damnable, damnata, deterrima, impia; funestæ superstitionis errores; stolidus paganorum error,*” &c.—Beugnot, vol. i. p. 80.

† It is a curious illustration of the spirit in which the history of this period has been studied, that the publication of the work of Zosimus was for a long time considered dangerous to Christianity. Thuanus, in his Life (p. 24) relates, that during the pontificate of Pius V., he attempted in vain to obtain permission to read the MS. both in Rome and in Florence.

self," (according to the language of the same historian) "the hatred of the senate and of the people."

"Rome was the cradle and the centre of the ancient national faith. Many traditions, which had risen to the rank of religious doctrines, had their birth within her walls, and invested her with a religious character, which still shone in the days of Constantine with a living lustre. The pagans of the west considered Rome as the sacred city, the sanctuary of their hopes, the point to which all their thoughts ought to centre; and the Greeks, with their usual exaggeration, recognised in her a part, not of earth, but of heaven. (Liban. *Epist.* 1083.) The aristocracy, endowed with its numerous pontifices, and leading in its train a host of clients and freed men, to which it imparted its own passions and its attachment to error, displayed an ostentatious piety. It furnished, by its temporal wealth, the means of subsistence to a populace, greedy, turbulent, and superstitious, in whose ranks it was easy to maintain the most odious prejudices against Christianity. The hope of obtaining distinction, of acquiring riches, or merely of sharing in the public distributions, attracted to that city all the provincials who were without fortune, or, what is worse, discontented with their fortune. Italy, Africa, Spain, and Gaul, sent the choice of their youth to form their minds by the lessons of professors, whose principal merit was their jealous hatred of all new opinions, and who had obtained a melancholy distinction during the persecutions. The pagan standard floated in full freedom over the walls of the capital. The public or private sacrifices, the sacred games, the consultation of the augurs, the frequenting of the temples in this sink of all superstitions, were popular and every day occurrences. Every where were heard maledictions against the name of Christ, and predictions of the approaching ruin of his worshippers; every where the glory of the gods was proclaimed, and their protection invoked. How cruel and humiliating must have been the situation of the Christians, lost in the depths of that city, where at every step a temple, an altar, a statue, and horrible blasphemies revealed the still active influence of falsehood! They did not dare to build churches, nor to open schools, nor publicly to answer the charges brought against them in the theatres, in the forum, or in the baths, so that they might appear to exist only to display by contrast the dominion of idolatry. This state of things wounded the conscience of Constantine, and that prince, by openly announcing his opinions, made the Romans on a sudden comprehend the new part which they would have to play; that part they accepted without hesitation. Let us not accuse Constantine of rashly yielding himself up, on this occasion, to the influence of his convictions: Rome was predisposed to become the centre of the pagan opposition; the fact which revealed that truth was of little importance."—*Beugnot*, i. p. 75.

This brilliant, but rather rhetorical, we had almost written dramatic, passage strongly contrasts with the calmer and more philosophic tone of the German writer. The one is writing from the fulness of his knowledge on the subject, the other making a striking effect with less copious means. There is truth in the statement of M. Beugnot, but some exaggeration on one side, and some suppression on the other. We do not doubt that the ecclesiastical writers among the Roman Catholics have rather dissembled the strength of the pagan party in Rome. It was a dangerous admission that, in the Papal see itself, Christianity made slower progress and was encountered by a more resolute and organised opposition than in any other city of the empire. But M. Beugnot, we conceive, has de-

pressed the Christians of Rome below their relative number and importance, particularly at this period. He has not noticed the remarkable fact, which is clear from Zosimus, and other authorities, that Maxentius endeavoured to revive the spirit of paganism in his own favour before the fatal battle of M. I. vian Bridge. Constantine held one of the councils against the Donatists at Rome—bishops from all parts of Italy assembled under the express sanction of the emperor to hold their public court of inquiry. Yet if indeed Constantine was the avowed champion of Christianity at Rome, he gave a fearful advantage to the enemies of that religion. For it was at Rome that the event took place which spreads a dark shadow, that cannot be dispelled, over the reign and the character of the first Christian emperor. The examination of his gallant and popular son Crispus took place in Rome; and though the judicial murder was not perpetrated in that city, yet the feeling of the Roman people on this black transaction was expressed in the memorable *pasquinade* which compared the days of Constantine to those of Nero.

We apprehend that it was the foundation of Constantinople which, while it degraded Rome from her rank as capital of the world, tended principally, though indirectly, to strengthen the pagan party in the city. Among the leading motives of policy and ambition which induced Constantine to found an eastern metropolis bearing his own name, might mingle some vague thoughts of the more rapid propagation of Christianity in a new city, without any of the old glorious associations between the religion and the prosperity of the Roman people; and some feelings of resentment against that populace, who revenged themselves for the emperor's indifference to their splendid rites and festivals by sarcastic language and satiric verses. But, in fact, the senatorial families who were attached to the person or the fortunes of the emperor, all whose opinions were most inclined to follow those of the court, migrated to Constantinople;—where, it is said, they found, by the happy provision of the emperor, their palaces built so exactly on the model of their former habitations in Rome, that they scarcely seemed to have changed their residence:—Their abandonment of the old capital would naturally concentrate the strength, as well as inflame the animosity of those who adhered to the ancient institutions. Rome, indeed, gradually sank from the first to the fourth or fifth city of the empire. In Italy, Milan and Ravenna enjoyed more of the presence of the Western Emperor. In the proud minds of the Romans this gradual disparagement of the ancient capital would induce them to cling with fonder attachment to whatever reminded them of their ancient pre-eminence. The new religion would gradually become connected with the new order of things; and that spirit of party be gradually formed which first rallies around old institutions when they are menaced with decay and ruin.

The reign of Constantine and his successors was that of equal toleration, though not of equal favour to the two religions. Paganism was still universally dominant in all the public and most of the private transactions of life. It appears in coins, medals, inscriptions, buildings.

"Constantine died in 337, aged sixty-three years, and having reigned more than thirty. Scarcely had he expired when paganism seized upon his memory, though he had been baptized, and his profession of faith was

notorious throughout the empire. According to custom the senate placed him in the rank of those gods whom he had despised . . . blood flowed on the altars, and incense arose in the temples to his honour. Eutropius says, 'inter deos meruit referri,' an extraordinary judgment to be expressed by a pagan. A calendar has been preserved where all the festivals appointed to the glory of this new god are marked; they were punctually celebrated by his sons and even later. The conscientious pagans, ready to forget all their injuries, devoted themselves to the worship of this deified Christian."—*Beugnot*, i. p. 199.

The religions remained during the reign of Constantius on the same equal footing, as far as the public exercise of their respective ritual. Paganism was still, as far as all public acts, the religion of the empire.

There are indeed two laws in the Theodosian code, which, if their date be correct, attribute to the son of Constantine the direct and forcible suppression of paganism. One is couched in these terms: "Placuit, omnibus locis atque urbibus universis claudi protinus templa, et accessu vetitis omnibus, licentiam delinquendi perditis abnegari. Volumus etiam cunctos sacrificiis abstinere. Quod si quis aliquid forte hujusmodi perpetraverit, gladio ultore sternatur." This law bears date A. C. 353. The second is assigned to the year 356: "Pœna capitis subjugare præcipimus quos operam sacrificiis dare, vel colere simulachra constituit." Admit the authenticity of these laws, and Christianity will scarcely have ceased to be the victim of persecution, when it began to persecute. The sword had but changed hands—heathenism, from the established religion became at once a capital crime. It is impossible to believe that the new religion had yet either the power or the inclination to retaliate in this unchristian spirit.

"A single observation," observes M. Beugnot, "is sufficient to show that these laws could not have been enacted; in fact, the inscriptions prove that under the reign of Constantius, not only was the unrestrained entrance to the temples permitted, but that sacrifices took place in Rome, in Italy, and throughout the whole of the western empire, in perfect freedom."—vol. i. p. 141.

M. Beugnot adopts the theory of La Bastie, that the dates of these laws were assigned at random, at the time of the compilation of the Theodosian code. Extant inscriptions, in fact, prove not merely the continuance of heathen rites, but the dedication of new temples, and that not in obscure and remote places, but in Rome and its populous neighbourhood.

Under Julian the two religions again changed their relative position; there was equal toleration for both, but the avowed favour of the emperor employed every means to re-exalt paganism to its former splendour and superiority. The hostility of Julian to Christianity affected to assume the dignity of compassion or of indifference; yet his enforced consciousness of the

inherent weakness of paganism could not but betray itself in bitter sarcasm, when such scenes occurred, as we trace in the description of the deserted temple in the Daphne, at Antioch, where Gibbon has so well painted the disappointment of the heathen emperor. It may be doubted whether the slight impulse of reaction in favour of paganism during the brief reign of Julian retarded its eventual dissolution. Julian, perhaps, did not adopt the wisest measures to advance his own object. "If to reform," as M. Beugnot observes, "be to restore a religious or civil constitution on its original principles, the reformation of heathenism, which never had any fixed or settled principles, was impossible." There was no code, no plan, no system. The only theology which the imperial enthusiast could establish was formed out of two directly conflicting systems, Homer and Plato, the one the representative of the popular faith, the other of the philosophy of the age. Julian, however, instead of confining himself to the higher object of refining and spiritualizing paganism, condescended to it in its grossest and most material form. Instead of contenting himself with the pomp and splendour of a more attractive ceremonial, by his prodigality of animal sacrifice he excited the ridicule and almost the contempt of his own partisans. The day was passed when the gods were believed to regard the multitude of hecatombs. There was a sort of heathen pharisaism in Julian's minute observances, which could not but clog his endeavours to restore, or rather to confer a new moral influence on his reorganized paganism. His paganism was a reassembling the scattered limbs of different faiths, on which it was impossible to bestow harmony or life.

The prohibition to teach the higher branches of literature, Julian's single overt act of persecution against the Christians, extorted probably from the fanaticism of the emperor by his favoured partisans the rhetoricians, appears equally ill adapted to its purpose. If it had produced any effect it would have thrown Christianity back on its own purer and more exclusive writings; it would have checked it in its tendency to approximate towards heathenism, the great danger as long as there was any rival faith. Even the degeneracy of Christianity would not have enabled the *effete* paganism to supplant it, but nothing else would have given equal advantage to its competitor.

Valentinian on his accession proclaimed the most perfect liberty of religious worship; he is praised by the pagan historian Amianus Marcellinus for the severe impartiality with which he stood between the conflicting religions. He did not force his subjects to bow their necks to that Christianity which he professed; he left the opposite party, as he found them, inviolate. He appears, indeed, to have extended the privileges of the pagan priesthood, and to have placed them on the same footing, with regard to immunities, with that to which former emperors had elevated the Christian clergy. The orator Libanius extends the same praise to his colleague Valens. Yet the sanguinary persecutions of these emperors against magic and divination, though not aimed directly at the pagan party, involved many of its most distinguished leaders. Divination was so interwoven with the whole framework of the Roman religion, that any declaratory law against the practice, however guarded and limited to unlawful or private means of consulting futurity, im-

* *Placuit, &c.* It is decreed that the temples be immediately closed in all cities and other places; and that, entrance being denied to all, the power of offending be taken away. It is also our will that all abstain from sacrifices; and that every one perpetrating what is here forbidden, be punished by the sword of justice.

† *Pœna, &c.* We command the infliction of capital punishment upon all convicted of worshipping images, or of assisting at sacrifices.

peached, to a certain extent, the authority of the science, and cast back a sort of discredit on all the solemn ritual of the national faith. Valentinian's law against secret or nocturnal rites was considered, by the trembling apprehensions of the pagans, as prohibitory of the mysteries, even those of Eleusis, those mysteries, without which, in the older language, "life became insupportable and lost all its dignity." This vague and indefinite charge of magic hung like a cloud over the whole of society. The new platonism in a great degree favoured these forbidden practices, by its recognition of an intermediate race of beings, with whom man might maintain intercourse. Men of the highest rank, of the most splendid attainments, fell under the remorseless proscription; some few Christians were implicated, perhaps by the malice of personal enemies, or their furtive and superstitious indulgence in practices unworthy of their calling; but the chief brunt of this terrible persecution, which raged both in the east and in the west, fell on the chief of the pagans, whose magical arts and practices of unlawful divination were considered not solely as wicked and unlawful, but as dangerous to the power and to the lives of the reigning emperors.

Yet still to the stranger, Rome would have offered the appearance of a pagan city. M. Beugnot appeals to the descriptions of the city according to its regions, which bear the names of Publius Victor and Sextus Rufus Festus. These two dry topographical catalogues of the public buildings in the capital could not have been written either before or long after the reign of Valentinian. There appear to have been at that time 152 temples and 183 smaller chapels or shrines (*adicule*), which bore the name of their tutelary gods, and were still used for the purposes of public worship. Christianity had not yet ventured to usurp the public edifices of paganism—"Though the emperors may have detached some rich endowments from some few deserted temples, we cannot conclude that the Christians were permitted to establish themselves in the temples according to their own will and convenience."—(vol. i. p. 267.) The religious edifices were under the protection of the prefect of the city, with his cohorts at his command; and in Rome it is certain that the prefect, and probable that the army, were at this time in the pagan interest. Above all towered the Capitol, in its yet unassailed and inviolate majesty, with its fifty temples or shrines, bearing the most imposing names in the religious and civil annals of Rome—those of Jove, of Mars, of Janus, of Romulus, of Caesar, and of Victory.

If Rome still adhered with obstinate fidelity to the ancient faith, the greater part of Italy—with the exception of some cities, which were beginning to rival the older capital—was equally attached to the old tutelary deities. Christianity invariably spread, in the first instance, in the towns. Even in the neighbourhood of those cities of the east, Antioch, for instance, where Christianity had obtained the earliest and most complete success, the country population, speaking another dialect and barbarous in its habits, long remained almost entirely ignorant of the gospel. This, M. Beugnot shows, was the case in the north and the centre of Italy, and in Sicily. But he has not adverted to one fact, which must have tended greatly to retard the progress of Christianity in these quarters. It was still chiefly a slave-population which cultivated the soil; and, however in the towns the better class

of Christians might be eager to communicate "the blessed liberty of the gospel" to this class of mankind, however their condition could not but be silently ameliorated by the softening and humanizing influence of Christianity, yet, on the whole, no doubt the servile class would be the least fitted to receive the gospel, and its general propagation among them would be embarrassed by so many difficulties, that they would partake, in smaller numbers than any part of the free population, of the blessings of the new religion.*

We apprehend that it was not until the establishment of the monastic institutions, not until the abbey or the monastery had replaced the villa or the farm of the Roman patrician, that the cultivators of the soil were finally brought within the pale. As in the wilder regions a belt of green and luxuriant cultivation spread gradually round the peaceful monastic settlement, so expanded likewise the moral culture of the rural population. This will appear more clearly at a later part of our inquiry.

M. Beugnot has well observed, that St. Martin, the first great exterminator of idolatry, the destroyer of heathen temples, introduced, at the same time, the monastic system. The one might break the ground, but the other secured the permanence of the new religion.

We approach the great crisis when the imperial power openly proclaimed the irreconcilable breach between the civil authority and the ancient religion. The reign of Gratian and of Theodosius witnessed the abrogation of almost all the privileges, the total confiscation of the estates, the forcible removal of some of the most sacred symbols of the older faith. It is remarkable how little M. Beugnot, though his researches have been devoted exclusively to this point, has been able to add to the full and brilliant chapter of Gibbon, which describes the abolition of paganism. On some points, to which we shall presently advert, there is considerable difference of opinion, but on the whole, a few pages of the English historian have already compressed the substance of several chapters of M. Beugnot. Still, the interest of the subject induces us to follow out the more diffuse commentary of M. Beugnot on the pregnant text of our historian:—

"At length behold an emperor who will not fear to avow himself the enemy of state religion, and who, instead of envying it, though detesting it, with external respect, by two important acts prepares the way for the decided assaults which he is about to direct against it." The Christians were weary of the measured conduct of the emperors; they had seen with indignation years succeeding years, while the conversion of Constantine did not produce the precious fruits which had been promised. The temples remained open to all superstitions; the emperor bore the title and the insignia of the supreme pontiff; at the commencement of each year, the consuls, before they entered upon their func-

* M. Beugnot, in the ardent pursuit of a theory, sometimes extorts general conclusions from trifling and unimportant incidents. He infers, in one place, the indifference or hostility of the servile class to the religion of Christ, from the fact, that they were sometimes induced to accuse their Christian masters of those horrible crimes, which were rumoured to take place in their public assemblies. But by what actual tortures or by what fears of torture, were these accusations wrung from these miserable wretches? And slaves are not rarely to be found among "the noble army of martyrs."

tions, ascended the Capitol to sacrifice to Jupiter; the people yielded themselves up to their passion for games and festivals, instituted in honour of the gods; paganism, in short, still governed the outward appearance of society. Constantine had slept in his tomb for thirty-eight years, . . . and paganism is still the religion of the state; the pagan are still the national rites; the pontiffs sacrifice not in the name of a sect, but in the name of the whole human race (*totius generis humani*.) It was this which gave so much security to the friends of the ancient worship. They bewailed not the ruin of their institutions, but the progress of impiety; they did not so much deplore the present as the threatening appearance of the future. St. Ambrose desired that their sorrow should be unlimited, and, according to his counsel, Gratian struck a blow against paganism which resounded from one end to the other of the Roman empire."—*Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 319 and 327.

The leaders of the respective parties were men who might throw a lustre on this final conflict. Greatly inferior in learning, in eloquence, in accomplishments to the luminaries of the eastern church, the Basilids and Gregory Nazianzens, Ambrose, at this period the head of the western church, excelled, undoubtedly, in that one quality necessary for the position which he filled, the power of governing men's minds. It was not merely over the young and feeble Gratian that the bishop of Milan exercised all that commanding priestly domination, more openly, but scarcely less effectively, displayed by the popes of later days; his religious vigour and dignity overawed the warlike and authoritative Theodosius. It is curious to contrast the different national character in the more distinguished Christian prelates of this and of the subsequent period. The Greek, with all his fervent piety and splendid eloquence, never ceased to be a Greek. The fanciful speculatist may be traced in Basil and Gregory, the rhetorician in Chrysostom. In the Roman, an eminently practical character prevails. Ambrose is a man of the world, ruder in speech, illogical in argument, but still pressing the main point upon his stunned and yielding hearers; while, with all the comprehensiveness of conception displayed by the "City of God," all his powerful controversial skill and address, Augustine governs by his direct sway over the passions; with the fervour of the African he has, as it were, the Roman's ambition, his dauntless spirit of invasion and the undoubting confidence of victory.

The more distinguished of the pagan party were men who extorted the respect even of their vehement adversaries. The leaders of a defensive minority are, in general, men of character as well as ability. The heads of a tyrannical majority, or of a small aggressive faction, compensate, in the eyes of their party, for the want of every virtue, by their power or their talent; but fidelity to a sinking cause almost of itself implies an honourable and conscientious dignity of character. M. Beugnot has developed with great success the virtues and commanding mind of Vettius Prætextatus.

"Prætextatus, after a youth and manhood of blameless dignity and acknowledged talent, was named Pretorian Prefect of Italy in 384. He set off for Rome, which he entered escorted by all the magistrates; he ascended the Capitol as it were in triumph, and delivered, in the presence of the senate, a discourse, exhorting the citizens to love and respect their sovereign. He was consul elect for the following year, but he died without adding that title to those which already adorn-

ed his name. His loss plunged Rome in affliction; the people were in the theatre when the news of his melancholy death was announced; they rushed out tumultuously, making the air ring with their lamentations."—vol. i. p. 445.

But it is curious to observe the manner in which the various pagan religions had mingled themselves up, and centred, as it were, all their dignities in the person of Prætextatus. In an inscription, discovered about the close of the last century, he is described as Augur, Pontifex Vestæ, Pontifex Solis, Quindecimvir, Curialis Herculis, Sacratus Libero et Eleusiniis, Hierophanta, Neocorus, Tauroboliat, Pater patrum. The last of these titles implies a high distinction in the Mithriac worship. Those who calmly survey the controversy of the rival orators, who assailed and defended paganism, cannot but award to the heathen Symmachus, as Heyne has done, the praise of superior reasoning powers, of arrangement and style, over the rude vehemence of Ambrose and the dull verse of Prudentius. But the one poured carelessly forth the language of excitement on minds already excited; the other coldly argued to passive and unawakened ears. The vain superiority of the writer shows the hopelessness of the cause. To Gratian and Theodosius, with Ambrose by their side, Symmachus in vain used the language of ancient Rome to awaken those sentiments of Roman patriotism which might shrink at the downfall of Mars and Quirinus.

The first act of Gratian was a contemptuous refusal to contaminate himself with the insignia of an idolatrous priesthood. Up to the time of his accession, the emperor, the Christian emperor, had assumed, as a matter of course, the supremacy over the religion as well as over the state of Rome. He had been formally arrayed in the robes of the sovereign pontiff. By rejecting a solemn deputation sent from Rome to perform this customary ceremonial, the emperor announced that paganism could no more expect the deferential respect, or even the protection of the civil power. The transition from the disdainful refusal of protection to active hostility could not but be rapid; strength and numbers might command that toleration which could be no longer expected from the wisdom or the justice of the prevalent Christianity. It had long murmured against the tacit connivance at *idolatry*; it had thundered into the ears of the too quiescent rulers those passages of the Old Testament which proscribe all compromise with deities of wood and stone. Still, it might have been thought that the first directly hostile measure of the Christian emperor would have selected any other victim out of the synd of the heathen gods, than that which was first chosen—that the image of the goddess *Victory*, which was supposed to secure the dominion of Rome, would have been the last to be ignominiously dragged from its pedestal—that the temples would have been first closed, and sacrifices prohibited, before this last act of insult had been offered at once to the glory and the religion of Rome. But the pain inflicted by the wound shows that it was well aimed; the importance attached to the removal of the statue of Victory from the forum proves that it was considered by the fears of one party, as it was intended by the hostility of the other, as the signal for the final destruction of paganism. Constantius, indeed, though he had calmly surveyed the other monuments of Roman superstition, admired their majesty, read the inscriptions over their porticos, had

nevertheless given orders for the removal of this statue. Is it improbable (the whole account of the transaction is remarkably vague and uncircumstantial) that Constantius, acting in the spirit of his father, who collected a vast number of the best pagan statues to adorn his new capital, might intend to transport Victory to Constantinople? At all events this famous statue had been replaced by Julian, and maintained its inviolated majesty during the succeeding reigns.

"The order issued by Gratian for the removal of the altar and statue of Victory from the bosom of the senate-house fell like a thunderbolt among the partisans of the ancient worship. This violence, exercised against the most venerable of all the institutions of the empire, appeared to the pagans a crime no less enormous than that of which Constantine had been guilty. Rome rung with the clamours of the senate. Prætextatus complained loudly, and determined his colleagues to send a deputation to the emperor, not only to solicit the re-establishment of the altar of Victory, but likewise the restitution of their estates to the pontiffs. The Christian senators united on their side, and declared that, if their colleagues obtained satisfaction, they would henceforth abstain from appearing in the senate. The pope Damasus sent their protest to St. Ambrose, who forwarded it to the emperor, so that when the eloquent Symmachus, at the head of the deputation, presented himself to address Gratian, he was refused admission into the palace, with a cold answer, that the deputation did not represent the senate. Humbled by this refusal, the deputation did not press its suit, but returned to Rome."—*Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 413.

But there was still another measure of Gratian, which, if it did not so openly insult, weakened, in a much greater degree, the interests of paganism. A law was passed which confiscated at once all the estates belonging to the temples; the church property of the pagans was seized without remorse or scruple. The privileges and immunities of the priesthood were at the same time swept away; even the Vestal virgins were not respected; they no longer received those marks of honour which had been paid during the long centuries of Roman greatness. Their fate seems to have excited the strongest commiseration among the pagans, while the Christian writers, already deeply infected with monastic opinions, added bitter taunts to their acclamations of triumph. The small number of the sacred virgins, the occasional delinquencies, (it is remarkable that almost the last act of pagan pontifical authority was the capital punishment of an unchaste vestal;) above all, the privilege which they possessed, and sometimes claimed, of marriage after a certain period of service, and at a time of life when, according to the Christian notion, all such unholy desires should have been long since extinct; all these defects in the ancient institution were detailed in the language of reproachful contempt—"If the state is to reward virginity, the Christians might have claims which would exhaust the treasury." Such was part of the argument of St. Ambrose, when the question concerning the privileges and the property of the heathen priesthood was actually debated before the new emperor Valentinian II.

By the confiscation of the sacerdotal property, which had hitherto maintained the priests in opulence, and the sacrifices in splendour, the pagan priesthood had become stipendiaries of the state, the immediate step to their total abolition. A certain annona was still

charged on the public funds for the maintenance of the public ceremonial. This was not abrogated until the final triumph of Christianity under Theodosius: for heathenism made yet more than one desperate, though feeble, struggle to resume the ascendancy. On the murder of Valentinian II., Arbogastes the Gaul, not as yet daring to present the yet untried example of a barbarian invested with the imperial purple, placed a rhetorician, Eugenius, on the throne. M. Beugnot, who certainly neglects no opportunity of detecting the influence of the pagan party, has endeavoured, not altogether successfully, to connect the former usurpation of Maximus with a religious reaction. But that such reaction took place on the accession of Eugenius there can be no doubt. Gibbon, in his account of the wars, has passed lightly over this singular fact—he admits it, indeed, in a subsequent chapter.

"The pagans of the west, without contributing to the elevation of Eugenius, disgraced by their partial attachment the cause and character of the usurper. The clergy vehemently exclaimed that he aggravated the crime of rebellion by the guilt of apostasy; that, by his permission, the altar of Victory was again restored; and that the idolatrous symbols of Jupiter and Hercules were displayed in the field against the invincible standard of the cross."—*Decline and Fall*, vol. v. p. 120.

We see no reason for questioning these remarkable incidents because they rest on the authority of ecclesiastical writers. It is certain that Flavianus, the head of the pagan party, was nominated to the consulate. Another historian of the empire has related the total and sudden revolution in these words:—

"The protection of Arbogastes and Flavianus restored to the idolatry of the west all the strength which it had lost. Throughout Italy the temples were reopened; Rome re-established her gods; the smoke of sacrifice ascended from all quarters; every where victims were slain, their entrails consulted, and omens announced the victory of Eugenius. All the preparations for the war were infected with superstition. Amidst the fortifications made in the Julian Alps the statues of Jupiter the thunderer were placed, and they were armed against Theodosian by magic rites. Eugenius had the weakness to permit the images of the gods to be painted on his banners, and the statue of Hercules to be carried at the head of his army."—*Le Beau, Histoire du Bas Empire*, vol. v. p. 40.

Ambrose quitted his dwelling at Milan on the approach of Eugenius. The emperor's followers were said to have boasted in that city that they would speedily turn the church into a stable, and press the clergy for soldiers. Eugenius had no difficulty in consenting to the reinstatement of the altar of Victory and the other rites of paganism; but, as in other cases, it was not so easy to restore the confiscated property of the temples. They had become of considerable financial importance, but the authority of Arbogastes and Flavianus extorted a reluctant assent from the "meek usurper."

The victory of Theodosius quenched almost entirely this flickering light which had rekindled among the dying embers on the altars of paganism. In the east, Theodosius had already achieved, as far as it was possible, the extirpation of opinions rooted by habit in the minds of so many—he had almost completed the subjugation of the east to the Christian yoke. The tem-

ples of Syria and Egypt had been stormed, and in some instances levelled, by soldiers acting under the imperial authority. Sacrifice was sternly prohibited, and the pagans found themselves the victims of edicts as vindictive and relentless as, not a century before, had vainly attempted the suppression of Christianity. But paganism had no martyrs, for it had no creed. In the west, the ill-cemented edifice fell in an instant before the conquering arms of Theodosius. The vain deities to whom the appeal had been made were tried and found wanting, and Theodosius himself is said, when his rival was led in chains before him, to have jested on his idle confidence in the protection of Hercules. But Theodosius used his victory with moderation. St. Ambrose, instead of exciting, appears to have mitigated his vengeance. Nothing took place at Rome similar to the demolition of the Serapeum at Alexandria. The temples were still permitted to stand in their inviolable majesty, and time or future accidents were left to perform the work of ruin. But M. Beugnot calls in question the memorable event which has been received on the authority of the poet Prudentius—the rejection, it is said, of paganism and the reception of Christianity as the religion of the empire by a deliberate vote of the senate.

"Jupiter," says Gibbon, as quoted by M. Beugnot, "was condemned by a considerable majority. Theodosius, says M. de Chateaubriand, t. ii. p. 202, in an assembly of the senate proposed this question, which god would the Romans adore, Christ or Jupiter? The majority of the senate condemned Jupiter."—*Beugnot*, note, p. 485.

Why, unless because he is a French writer, M. Chateaubriand should be introduced here, we do not understand. For this sentence, like almost everything else of the least value* in his vaunted "Etudes de l'Histoire," is merely translated from Gibbon. As to the story itself, one of the strongest objections to its credibility is the argument adduced by Pagi and adopted by Tillemont, to show that Theodosius did not visit Rome. Gibbon appears to have felt this, for he observes that "the Christian agrees with the pagan Zosimus in placing this visit of Theodosius after the second civil war—*gemini bis victor casu tyranni*—but the time and circumstances are better suited to his first triumph." But it is very singular that the pagan historian and the Christian poet should agree as to this principal fact, while they differ so entirely on the conduct of the senate. According to Prudentius, the triumph of Christianity was complete. The great families vied with each other in offering noble converts to the new faith, and Rome consecrated herself with pious unanimity to the worship of Christ. According to Zosimus, the senate firmly but respectfully resisted the persuasions and the admonitions of the zealous emperor. Theodosius then expressed his determination no longer to burthen the exhausted treasury with the expense of the public sacrifices. The senate replied that the sacrifices would be of no avail unless

made at the public cost, that is, we may suppose, as national rites. But the sacrifices were abolished; and to this imperial act the historian attributes the invasions of the barbarians and the desolation of the empire. Had Prudentius been a better poet, we should at once have rejected his authority; but the scene is so striking as to appear beyond the range of his creative powers; and if we do not admit his historic veracity, we must ascribe the merit or the demerit of the invention to his Christian zeal rather than to his poetic imagination. M. Beugnot gives the following results of the victory of Theodosius:—

"If Theodosius during his residence at Rome—[we supposed that M. Beugnot doubted the visit of the emperor to the capital]—did not promulgate any prohibitory law against the ancient worship; if he did not cause the temples either to be closed or destroyed; if he did not proscribe the pontiffs; if, in a word, he showed an external respect to the liberty of worship—his conduct was not the less dangerous and fatal to the ancient religion. Theodosius the elder, says Zosimus, after having triumphed over the tyranny of Eugenius, came to Rome; he excited all the citizens to contempt of sacred things; he seized the funds bestowed by the public for the expense of sacrifices; priests and priestesses were driven from their fane, and the temples were abandoned by every kind of rite."—*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 491.

These, in fact, were the crimes committed by Theodosius, crimes which eventually, according to Zosimus, brought on the ruin of the Roman empire. The public sacrifices then ceased, not because they were positively prohibited, but because the public treasury would no longer bear the expense. The public and the private sacrifices in the provinces, which were not under the same regulations with those of the capital, continued to take place. In Rome itself many pagan ceremonies, which were without sacrifice, remained in full force. The gods therefore were invoked, the temples frequented, the pontificates inscribed, according to ancient usage, among the family titles of honour—and it cannot be asserted that idolatry was completely destroyed by Theodosius. That prince only completed the task bequeathed by Constantine to his successors, which was to abolish the ancient religious institutions of the Roman empire; but he did not attempt to interdict the private exercise of a worship which still counted so many millions of partisans, and which entrenched itself behind the public manners, a formidable barrier which time alone could overthrow. (*Beugnot*, p. 491.)

The poetry of Claudian illustrates to a remarkable degree the influence of these general habits and manners. M. Beugnot has some striking observations on this subject. This poet, the most obstinate of pagans, according to the expression of a Christian writer, if he does not describe the apotheosis of this destroyer of paganism according to the ordinary ceremonial—*me quoniam cœlestis regia poscit*—yet, as Virgil did Cæsar, and still older poets, according to Niebuhr's theory, Romulus, he carries him up among the mythological constellations and transforms him into a new star.

* "Sicut erat liquido signavit tramite nubes,
Ingrediturque globum Lunæ, limenque relinquit

* *Sicut*, &c. Tracing through the clouds his liquid path, he scales the globe of the Moon, passes the threshold of Arcas, and seeks the gentle gales of Venus.

* We are sorry to say, that in M. Chateaubriand's new work on *English Literature* there is nothing of any value whatever. We greatly doubt whether he could construe one page in any of the authors whom he there affects to discuss. The preposterous vanity which runs through the whole book is truly pitiable; but we are not disposed to enter at length upon this homily of Grenada. *Requiescat!*

Arcados, et Veneris clementes advolat auras.
Hinc Phœbi permensus iter, flammamque noncentem
Gradiivi, placidumque Jovem, stetit arce suprema,
Algenti qua zona riget Saturnia tractu.
Machina laxatur cœli, retilæque pateſcunt
Sponte fores, Arctoa parat convexa Bootes,
Australes rersat portus succinctus Orion,
Invitantque novum sidus, pendentque vicissim
Quas partes velit ille sequi, quibus esse socialis
Dignetur stellis, aut qua regione morari."

The very rare and slight allusions of the extant pagan writers to the progress of Christianity during its earlier annals, have been the subject of some perplexity to Christian writers—of sarcastic triumph to unbelievers. After all the laborious collections of Lardner, there is some disappointment in finding so little which can put us in possession of the views and feelings excited in the minds of the pagan world by this new and rapidly increasing religion. We wonder that, even if disinclined candidly to examine the nature and pretensions of Christianity, they can have been apparently so indifferent to the momentous change which was working below the surface of society. Tischner expresses his opinion, that many passages were erased from the pagan writers on account of their hostility to Christianity, by the misjudging jealousy or apprehension of the Christians. But it may be doubted whether this, if generally done, would have been so neatly and ingeniously executed, as not to betray itself occasionally by an hiatus in some particular part, where we might expect some such allusion. Here, however, is a poet, writing at the actual crisis of the complete triumph of the new religion, the visible extinction of the old;—if we may so speak, a strictly historical poet, whose works, excepting his mythological poem on the Rape of Proserpine, are confined to temporary subjects, and to the politics of his own eventful day;—yet, excepting in one or two small and indifferent pieces, manifestly written by a Christian, and interpolated among his poems, there is no allusion whatever to the great religious strife. No one would know the existence of Christianity at that period of the world, by reading the works of Claudian. His panegyric and his satire preserve the same religious impartiality, award their most lavish praise or their bitterest invective on Christian or pagan; he insults the fall of Eugenius, and glories in the victories of Theodosius. Under the child Honorius, and Honorius never became more than a child, Christianity continued to inflict wounds, more and more deadly, on expiring paganism. Are the gods of Olympus agitated with apprehension at the birth of this new enemy? They are introduced as rejoicing at his appearance, and promising long years of glory. The whole prophetic choir of paganism, all the oracles throughout the world, are summoned to predict the felicity of his reign. His birth

is compared to that of Apollo, but the narrow limits of an island must not confine the new deity—

• "Non litora nostro
Sufficerent angusta Dea."

Augury and divination, the shrines of Ammon and of Delphi, the Persian magi, and the Etruscan seers, the Chaldean astrologers, the Sibyl herself, are described as still discharging their prophetic functions, and celebrating the natal day of this Christian prince. They are noble lines, as well as curious illustrations of the times:—

† "Quæ tunc documenta futuri?
Quæ voces avium? Quanti per inane volatus?
Quis vatum discursus erat? Tibi corniger Ammon,
Et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi.
Te Persæ cecinere magi, te sensit Etruscus
Augur, et inspectis Babylonius horruit astris.
Chaldæi stupere senes, Cumanæque pursus
Intonuit rupes, rabidæ, delubra Sibyllæ."—

Claud. viii. 141.

Is this to be considered no more than the received and traditional phraseology of poetry? Was it servile adherence to the imagery and the language of his great masters in the art, which induced Claudian to this incongruous association of the tutelary protection of the gods of paganism over the fortunes of an emperor, who destroyed their temples and proscribed their sacrifices? The strange mingling up of Christianity and heathenism in later poets, as M. Beugnot observes, is not a parallel case. After Christianity had been firmly established, the heathen deities became a mere poetical machinery. The Christian reader might question the taste, but he would scarcely condemn the impiety of the poet who might use them. But the remarkable point is, the employment of such imagery at this precise period, when we should have expected the most hostile collision, the broadest and most rigid line of demarcation between the separate parties. We cannot but wonder at the total absence of all passion or earnestness in the votaries of the expiring religion; the unaccountable blindness, or the still more unaccountable insensibility to the complete religious revolution which was now achieving its final consummation.

M. Beugnot is inclined to fix the year 408 as the date of the final abrogation of paganism as the religion of the empire. Gratian had confiscated the property of the temples; Theodosius had refused to defray the expense of public sacrifices from the public funds. Still, however, there remained chargeable on the revenue of the state a certain *annona* or *vectigal templorum*, which was applied to the *Epulæ sacræ* and the public games. During the early part of his reign,

• *Non, &c.* Our narrow shores would not content the God.

† *Quæ, &c.* What were then the signs of the future? What voices of birds? What flights through the void immense? What descants of prophetic bards? For thee the horned Ammon and the long since voiceless Delphi once more broke silence. The Persian Magi sung thy name, the Tuscan Augur felt thy presence, and the Babylonian shuddered as he searched the stars. Wonder seized the sages of Chaldæa; and the Cuman rocks, the sacred dwellings of the frantic Sibyl again sent forth their thunders.

Thence traversing the path of Phœbus, the noxious flames of Mars, and the mild atmosphere of Jupiter, he takes station on the summit of the frozen zone which encircles Saturn. The heavenly fabric is loosened, and its glowing doors open spontaneously. Bootes prepares the North for his reception, while Orion throws wide the portals of the South; both inviting the new star, and awaiting his choice of the region which is to be his fixed abode, and of the constellations that are to be honoured with his society.

in the year 399, an edict of Honorius had respected these periods of public festivity. The "*communis letitia*" of the people was guarded by a special provision. The whole was now swept away; all allowances to the temples were to be at once withdrawn (*templorum detrahantur annonæ*); they would be of greater advantage applied solely to the use of the loyal army (*expensis devotissimorum militum profutura*.) The same edict proceeded to actual violence, to invade the sanctuary of paganism with open force. Whatever images remained in the temples (and Rome, at this time, and all Italy, must have been crowded with images) were to be thrown from their pedestals. The now useless and deserted buildings were to be seized by the imperial officers and appropriated to useful purposes. The government seems to have wavered between desecration and demolition. It could not consent to destroy the buildings which were the great ornament of the cities; the only way to preserve them from the zeal of the more fanatical Christians was to take them, as public property, under the protection of the magistracy. All *sacrilegious* rites, festivals, and ceremonies of all kinds were entirely prohibited: the bishops of the towns were invested with power to suppress these forbidden usages; the civil authorities were bound to assist under a heavy penalty. This provision, as M. Beugnot observes, implies a mistrust of the magistracy. Yet this law was apparently very ineffective. Nothing took place like the systematic demolitions in some cities of the east.

Another edict of the same period, framed singularly in the spirit of those which Dioclesian had formerly directed against Christianity, excluded all the enemies of the Catholic faith from all the great public offices. Yet at this time some of the most important charges, especially in the army, were in the hands of pagans. A pagan, named Generides, who commanded a considerable part of the army, threw up his charge, and refused an offered exemption from the law. The emperor was forced to repeal the decree. In fact, indirectly and for a time, the protector of the pagan temples was that very Goth who is in general considered the author of their ruin. The progress and the power of Alaric rendered all imperial laws issued by Honorius a dead letter. What is more singular is, that Attalus, the puppet emperor, who was set up at Rome, was a pagan; during his reign the pagan Generides commanded all the effective forces. The empire of the west thus offered a spectacle, of which no one could have had a conception. "At Ravenna a Christian emperor and a Christian court; at Rome a pagan emperor and a pagan court . . . while the sword of Alaric kept the two parties asunder and enforced mutual respect." Zosimus relates that the fear of Alaric forced even the Christian inhabitants of Rome to listen at least to proposals for the destruction of the enemy by pagan magic. Etruscan soothsayers were to blast his army with lightning. The pope himself acceded to the proposition. It is still more remarkable that a Christian historian asserts that the sacrifices actually took place, though only attended by pagans; while, on the other hand, the pagan Zosimus says that the senate not daring to attend, the Etruscans were dismissed, and the more effective means, the offer of a great sum of money, employed to arrest the movements of the Goth.

The capture of Rome by Alaric consummated the

ruin of paganism, not by the destruction of the temples, for temples and churches were exposed only to the same danger, but by the dispersion of the aristocracy, who alone cherished the proud reminiscences of the ancient faith. They fled, many of them not to return, and, scattered through the provinces of the empire, were gradually absorbed in the rapidly Christianizing mass of the population. In fact, the temples survived the worshippers. On the authority of a *regionarium*, composed after the capture of Rome by Alaric, the greater number of the pagan temples were still standing. But both in the city and in the country, where the church had been injured or profaned by the sacrilegious barbarians, there was an active and ardent zeal ready at any cost to rebuild the fallen walls, or to restore the obliterated ornaments. The temples were left to themselves; no public authority interfered to support the tottering roof or repair the broken column; no public fund was lavished on the plundered shrine or crumbling capital; until at length the Christians, in many instances, took undisputed possession of the deserted edifice, and that reconsecration took place which alone probably has preserved, though it may have marred and disfigured, the architectural remains of antiquity.

Constantine had raised Christianity, as far as the free exercise of the religion, to a level with paganism; Gratian and Theodosius had abrogated the pretensions of paganism as the established and national faith; Honorius had seized on its public edifices, and had attempted to secure to Christianity the command of the great distinctions of the state. But the profession of faith was still free: Christianity had not as yet begun to treat the belief in the ancient religion as criminal; its war with opinions was the fair strife of argument and example, and the less pure and exalted influence of imperial favour and worldly advantage. The liberty of conscience was first openly invaded by Valentinian III. Paganism indeed was a religion of rites rather than of doctrines; it consisted in observances more than in opinions. But there were private rites, which could not be suppressed without forcing a way into the closest sanctuary of life; the pagan, prohibited from sacrificing on the altars of Jove or Minerva, still secretly burned his incense on the shrine of his domestic deities, his lares or penates. In Italy especially it was a household as well as a national religion. The Christians began to inveigh against the connivance of the laws, and to proscribe this last refuge of paganism. Throughout Italy, and no doubt in other parts of the west, the country districts were still almost entirely pagan. M. Beugnot quotes a curious illustration of this fact from a poem, *De Mortibus Boum*, by a certain Endelechius, who lived at the beginning of the fifth century. He thus speaks of the cross and of Christ:—

* "*Signum quod perhibent esse crucis Dei,
Magnis qui colitur solus in urbibus.*"

As late as the middle of the same century, Maximus, Bishop of Turin, writes against the heathen deities, as though their worship were in full vigour in the neighbourhood of his city. Paganism indeed could not but long linger in the manners and in the habits, after its power as a religion may be fairly considered effete.

* *Signum, &c.* The sign which they report to be that of the cross of the God who is worshipped alone in great cities.

After quoting several instances of pagan superstition during the reign of Valentinian III., M. Beugnot proceeds:—

"Almost every where paganism reveals its presence. It is no longer the powerful religion which formerly ruled over society, dictated laws, founded institutions, and seemed as it were the vital spirit of the empire; but it still predominates in the manners, it regulates the thoughts, it directs the actions of citizens; and although disarmed, although proscribed, it appears in all places; at one time it walks openly, at another it usurps the name and the insignia of Christianity; it appears determined to assume all characters, to play all parts, rather than confess its defeat."

We must express our gratitude to M. Beugnot, for directing our attention to the fragments of a late Latin poet, bearing the barbaric name of Merobaudes, which have been edited by Niebuhr. Merobaudes wrote during the reign of Valentinian, and his ambition appears to have been to rival, in favour of Aetius, the splendid verses of Claudian in praise of Stilicho. In one passage, however, he boldly impersonates some deity—Discord, as M. Beugnot supposes—who, in language almost undisguised, revives the old heathen charge, that the ruin of the empire is to be attributed to the contempt of the ancient civil and religious institutions, and the triumph of Christianity. Discord summons Bellona to take arms for the destruction of Rome. Among her fatal achievements are to be these:—

* "*Mœnia nulla tuos valeant arcere furores;
Roma ipsique tremant furialia murmura reges.
Tum superos terris atque hospita numina pelle;
Romanos populare deos, et nullus in aris
Vestæ exoratur fatus strue pallent ignis.
His instructa dolis palatia celsa subibo;
Majorum mores, et pectora prisca fugabo
Funditus: atque simul, nullo discrimine rerum,
Spernantur fortes, nec sit reverentia justis.
Attica neglecto pereat facundia Phœbo:
Indignis contingat honos et pondera rerum;
Non virtus sed casus agat, tristisque cupido;
Pectoribus sævi demens furor æstuet auri:
Omniaque hæc sine mente Jovis, sine numine summo."*

Merobaudes held important commands in the army; he had the distinction of a statue placed in the forum of Trajan, of which the inscription is extant, yet we hear him, during the first half of the fifth century, almost recurring to the old accusation of atheism against Christianity—*Omniaque hæc sine mente Jovis, sine numine summo*—at all events, indignantly deploring the banishment of the Roman gods, the extinction of

* *Mania*, &c. Let no walls resist thy fury, but let even Rome and her kings tremble at thy tones of rage. Expel the heavenly powers from earth; destroy the gods of Rome; and let the pale flames of Vesta expire unfed upon her altars. Fraught with these arts will I enter the lofty palaces, destroying all that antiquity has made sacred. The brave shall be despised, and the just no longer revered. The lessons of Apollo shall be forgotten, and the eloquence of Attica shall perish. Honours and public trusts shall be assigned to the unworthy; while chance and vile cupidity rule in the place of virtue, and mad greediness of gold boils in every breast; and all this without the will of Jove, without the control of a supreme divinity.

the sacred fire of Vesta, and the fatal change in manners consequent on these religious innovations.

M. Beugnot, of course, does not neglect to notice, though he does not insist strongly on, the inclination attributed to the emperor Anthemius, if not of restoring, of favouring the ancient religion. Nor does he omit the final suppression of the Lupercalia, the last pagan festival which united apparently the whole population of Rome, by the Pope Gelasius. It appears, indeed, that paganism, in the west at least, was allowed to die away by its own natural process of dissolution. Whatever may have been the case in the east, however stern the language of some of the laws issued by the western emperors, active and sanguinary persecution was neither, in this quarter, provoked by the pagans, nor practised by the Christians. Where the temples were demolished, it was by the missionary rather than by the soldier. The services of pagans in the court and in the camp during these disastrous times were tacitly admitted. Still the signs of existence were scarcely, if we may so speak, signs of life; the vital energy was exhausted; its symbols had long ago faded from the coins and medals—here and there only an ambiguous inscription marks its being; it clung to the mind of man by the tenacity of habit, but nothing more. It lingered in the public ceremonial and in private usages, solely because it was not yet superseded by Christian forms and expressions; it remained the prevalent superstition until Christianity either adopted it as its own, or substituted something similar to satisfy the propensity of the ignorant and unenlightened mind for sensible religious images, and immediate impressions.

For it must be admitted that, to subdue paganism, Christianity itself began to paganise. No sooner had the political fabric of the Roman religion crumbled to pieces, than hosts of proselytes passed over to the dominant faith, according to M. Beugnot's expression, "with all their baggage of superstition." Nor did Christianity refuse to meet them half-way. The Protestant reader will smile at the *naïveté* of the following passage from our author:—

"If it entered into the designs of Providence to temper the severe dogmas of Christianity by the consecration of some soft, tender, consolatory ideas, adapted by their very peculiarity to the nature of man, it is evident that these ideas, whatever their form, must have contributed to detach the last pagans from their errors; the worship of Mary, the mother of God, appears to have been the means employed by Providence for the completion of Christianity. Thus some prudent concessions made for a time to pagan manners, and the influence exercised by the worship of the Virgin—these were the two elements of the power employed by the church to conquer the resistance of the latest pagans."—*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 271-272.

M. Beugnot adds in a note, as a proof of the rapid manner in which the worship of Mary swept away the last vestiges of paganism, that in Sicily, which had remained to a late period obstinately attached to the ancient faith, eight celebrated temples were in a very short time turned into churches and consecrated to the Virgin. The last temple in which the pagan worship was performed in Italy was that of Apollo on Monte Casino. It was only abolished by St. Benedict about the year 529. In Gaul, Roman paganism may be traced to a still later period, especially at Treves, where the citizens were wedded to the worship of

Diana. In the northern countries, however, it is difficult to ascertain the precise period of the total change; for the Christian Latin writers are so apt to confound the worship of the northern with that of the Roman pagans, Thor and Woden are so frequently meant by Jupiter and Mercurius, that we may be misled into supposing the Roman deities to have survived long after they had entirely perished from the minds of men; when in fact they were only the wild gods of the German tribes, or the mythological impersonations of the Norwegian Eddas.

One most important chapter in the history of the transition from heathenism to Christianity is still wanting,—that relating to the fine arts. M. Beugnot has traced the change in the medals and in inscriptions, but he has declined this part of the subject, of which indeed the facts are scattered and obscure, and which certainly would require a separate treatise. With the heathen religion expired heathen architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry: with Christianity a new sisterhood of arts gradually developed themselves, and ministered to that innate desire of the elevated and the beautiful, which is only totally extinct with civilization itself. But the arts of heathenism, like the religion itself, were *effete*; their productive energy had long been exhausted. Whatever may be the case hereafter, unquestionably religion has hitherto been the prime inspiration which has kindled the human mind to great conceptions in every branch of art. Heathenism, first in the vast level masses and its colossal sculptures in Egypt, subsequently in its graceful and harmonious Grecian temples, and its images, in which the human form was wrought to such inconceivable perfection; in the music and the poetry, which had enraptured the finely-organised minds of the Greek in the theatre or in the temple—Heathenism had discharged its office. That office Christianity was about to assume with different aims and in a different form. Nothing would be more curious than to trace, if it were possible, the decay and the dissolution of the one, the rise and development of the other. To follow out what it borrowed or rejected, destroyed or modified—as accurately as possible to define what parts of ancient buildings were permitted to mingle themselves up with the Christian edifices; how early the bronze Jupiters were metamorphosed into St. Peters,

“And Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn;”

how much of ancient art is to be traced in the Byzantine Christian school; how far the church music is in any degree an echo of still older strains, and from what region? whether from Palestine or Greece!—even in poetry, how far the romance of the middle ages was the ancient mythology in a new form, or whether both sprung from a common source in the east!—let us venture to hope that a work tracing all this extraordinary transmutation with the eloquence of taste and the sobriety of good sense, will at length complete the history of the fall of heathenism, and that far more important chapter in the history of mankind, the rise of Christianity.

From the Spectator.

The Doctrine of Particular Providence; or the Divine Guardianship over the most minute concerns of Man, Illustrated and Defended, in Biographical Reminiscences. By George Pilkington, late Captain, Corps of Royal Engineers.

THESE biographical reminiscences of Mr. PILKINGTON are a very singular work, and in many ways. His life has been full of adventures, chances, and varied fortunes. He has endured much persecution for conscience' sake; although something both of imprudence and temper, or at least temperament, may have stimulated him in his course, and furnished opportunities to his enemies. His character is a strange mixture of steady zeal and controlled enthusiasm—a sort of methodical madness. The latter part of his narration, when he describes his adventures as an itinerant lecturer on the unlawfulness of war to a Christian, will to many open up views of a state of society they little wot of. The lecturer himself, travelling about as an apostle of peace, in a truly apostolical fashion, taking no heed of to-morrow, and trusting for the subsistence of himself and his family to “Particular Providences,” which never seem to fail him, must be an object of curiosity to all.

GEORGE PILKINGTON was born in Dublin, in 1785; and finished his education at Trinity College; where he probably was of some mark in mathematics, as he quitted the University to accept a commission in the Engineers. Having been brought up he tells us, in that gentlemanly disposition which is more inclined to seek affronts than submit to them, he rather admired, and gladly embraced, the profession of arms. Having witnessed “the conduct of professing Christians during the rebellion of 1798, who were mutually engaged in the revolting work of slaughtering each other, and, as they affirmed, on Christian principles and for Christian objects,” he had become as regards religion a practical Infidel; which feeling was confirmed by the opposition of “the prayers used, to the practices enjoined” in his new calling. Mr. PILKINGTON's life, from 1804 to 1814, was passed in active service, and he rose to the rank of Captain; but we hear of no circumstances or adventures of any kind. In the last-named year the Captain's services were “dispensed with,” in consequence of his having brought a superior officer to a court-martial, which found the accused guilty of peculation, but acquitted him of some minor charges. Returning to England, the Infidel soldier married a Christian wife; and a few years afterwards (in 1817) was appointed Chief Civil Engineer on the Western coast of Africa. Here he erected many public buildings in various towns; but Sierra Leone disagreeing with his wife, and a relation having left him a considerable quantity of merchandise, Captain PILKINGTON relinquished engineering in 1819, and undertook a trading voyage along the coast. This mode of life he seems to have pursued during part of two years; visiting many of the tribes, exploring several of the rivers, and trafficking so successfully in one way and another, as to have acquired a considerable property. Calculating upon touching 10,000*l.* at least, our author sailed for the Brazils: but his vessel unfortunately struck upon a sand-bank near Cape Lopez. The sable monarch of the land immediately came aboard, to render assistance, as he said; but, finding it impossible to float the ship, declared her

a wreck, and confiscated the cargo. He, however, made a kind of lion's division with his victim; but as the palm-oil—the most valuable part of the cargo—was staved, PILKINGTON got little more than 150*l.* as salvage. After sojourning with the King for seven weeks, whilst the boat was made ready for sea, our adventurer committed himself to the ocean with his crew; and fell in with a vessel, whose captain insisted on him and the men “coming on board his ship, for he could not as a Christian suffer them to proceed in such a miserable vessel.” No sooner had Captain PILKINGTON mounted the deck, than he found himself on board a slaver: and his feelings as a “British subject”—he was then in the darkness of earthly delusions—induced him to think of departing; but the “Christian” master persuaded him to remain, and, after treating him with great hospitality for six weeks, safely landed him and his crew at St. Thomas's, together with two hundred and fifty men, women, and children, destined for the slave-market. From St. Thomas's the Captain, after a good many occurrences, found himself again at Sierra Leone; and whilst pondering how he should join his wife at the Brazils, she arrived in the harbour!—the vessel having been driven in, as it then appeared by want of water, but as our author now knows, by a direction of Providence.

From Sierra Leone he proceeded to Trinidad,—memorable as the scene of his first conviction of the truth of Christianity, if not as the spot of his attaining his present high state of grace. In this island he settled as an engineer, and also accepted an appointment on the Governor's Staff; in which capacity, it formed a part of his duty to go in procession to the Catholic chapel on certain state occasions. To himself this was a matter of no moment—he would have attended any ceremony of any creed. At best, he went to see and be seen: but when the Catholic Bishop had given out his text, “When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith upon earth!” our military Deist prepared to scoff. As, however, the preacher proceeded to maintain the truths of the Christian dispensation, from the evidences afforded by the life, character, and doctrine of Christ, and the subsequent establishment of the faith, conviction was poured upon the mind of PILKINGTON. He returned home a happy man, conscious, “in the dawning exercise of saving faith, that all his past sins were forgiven.” But, although convinced of the truth of the Saviour's mission, he was yet ashamed “to confess him before men.”

“This indecision, however, was not of long continuance. The next morning, after breakfast, I was reclining on my sofa, ruminating on the wonderful event which was now made manifest to my spiritual eye, when my wife took her books, as usual, to retire to her closet. I felt a strong desire to go with her, but my innate pride repressed the rising wish. As she advanced towards the door, the desire became still stronger; but the stiff-necked haughtiness of the Deist again triumphed, until at length she entered the room and was closing the door; when the good Spirit, by a more powerful effort, overcame my stubborn pride, and, breaking the fetters by which it enslaved me, I at length summoned courage to exclaim, ‘Charlotte, will you not take me in to pray with you?’ Words are poor to paint the feelings of my dearest friend, now that the many prayers she had offered for me were thus obviously answered; and who shall describe the spirit that fell upon us in that period of

prayer, in which, being now one in Christ, we supplicated together for grace, for pardon, and protection! That prayer was answered also; for ever since that time we have been ‘equally yoked,’ and amidst many vicissitudes have continued to walk through this wilderness of tears with an assurance that our union is indeed for ever.”

Having overcome his own scruples, and inured himself to the remarks of his former Infidel friends, Captain PILKINGTON made gradual but slow advances in the adoption of “religious principle” and practices. A singular return of good for evil, which reached the ears of the Governor, induced him to offer the Captain a civil situation of 800*l.* a year; to which was soon after added the appointment of town-surveyor, and a majorship of cavalry. In spiritual things, however, he was still but a babe and suckling. Sunday parades never struck him as being in the least unlawful; and though he once made a formal struggle for some relaxation of duty when the sacrament was administered, yet he quietly gave it up. He swore, too, “like a trooper,” till, by imposing fasts upon himself, he starved out the habit. But Trinidad was a field too narrow for him; and the Coloured population was the means of his removal. Having, in the absence of the Governor, appointed two Coloured gentlemen to the situation of acting cadets in his corps—which he had an undoubted right to do—the whole colony was in a flame: the Governor gave him up—perhaps he could not have upheld him; and, as regards temporals, our author was ruined.

“I was made a victim to the political expediency of the moment; and on the 10th of June, 1830, received directions to confine myself to my staff duties as Quartermaster-General, and the command of the corps was given to another. Just at the same juncture also, my situation as town-surveyor was found to be *burdensome to the public* (although the fees for surveys executed formed the principal portion of the salary,) and the office was suppressed. To conclude this singular coincidence, my situation as colonial engineer, which I had undertaken for 800*l.* per annum, under an engagement to give up my private profession, was *now* reduced to 300*l.* sterling,—a sum altogether inadequate to the support of my family in that expensive colony; and as *now* I had no friends among the White civilian inhabitants, I could not possibly engage in the private practice of my profession. I therefore came to the resolution of embarking for England, in order to obtain (which I never for one moment imagined I could fail to procure) an order from the Colonial Secretary, for the balance of salary, amounting to 1146*l.* 18*s.*, which was justly due to me, but which the Trinidad Government refused to pay me.”

Thus far, there is a good deal extraordinary in these biographical reminiscences, but nothing *singular*. We now approach the period of Mr. PILKINGTON's career which is distinguished throughout by “Particular Providences.” We despair of being able to convey any idea of the confiding faith of the man, or the strange circumstances that befell him: the only mode, however, of attempting it must be by instances; though, singly, they want the richness of the legions of blessings showered upon him, and they lose something of their raciness by compression.

On reaching England, Captain PILKINGTON placed his wife and family with some friends; proceeding himself to London, to get his arrears; whose payment

the Colonial Office—ever prone to oppression in one form or another—refused to order. Having disbursed what money he had, he was reduced to a “single shilling.” From an out-door creditor he could skulk, but he could not shirk his landlady; she entered one morning with her bill of 2*l.* 10*s.*, and required its discharge on the following day. Thus saying, she retired; and a simultaneous knock at the street-door announced the arrival of a letter by a messenger. It was for the Captain, and contained a “Particular Providence” in the shape of a five pound note, with these words—“Accept this trifle, with the best wishes of a warm-hearted friend, whose prayers shall attend you.” The trifle out of this amount that he could retain from his landlady and his wife, was soon exhausted; and he was reduced to a single halfpenny, “which he resolved not to part with, seeing that it could procure nothing of any consequence;” and he carried it for three days in his pocket. During this period, he seems to have supported life chiefly by dropping in at the Anti-Slavery Society when the clerks were at tea; of which they used to invite him to partake. His faith was now “brought to a severe trial;” but “he cried to the Lord,” and “deliverance” came in a post-letter from a Masonic Lodge he had established, placing the balance of 50*l.* at his disposal, after paying a few charges to the amount of some 10*l.* Having shortly before this become a morning attendant at Mr. IRVING’S chapel, the Captain had discovered the *delusion* of the Unknown Tongues, and, instigated by some Christian friends, published a pamphlet upon the subject, and, we infer, spent some of this last-mentioned money upon its production. At this conjuncture he received a letter from his wife, earnestly requesting 45*l.* to meet unforeseen expenses. In the author’s reply, he was enabled to notice an extraordinary demand for his book, and to remit her money as the cash came in from its sale, till the exact amount was made up; “after which, the demand ceased as suddenly as it began, and no more copies were sold. Thus the author gained nothing by his labour; but, whilst he was “in some perplexity” on account of the state of his purse, a reader of his pamphlet requested the writer to call upon him, and “kindly constrained” our biographer to “take up his abode in the house.” About this time, the reminiscent was in want of a five-pound note, which he steadily expected, although no human reason could be found to rely upon; and lo! when his last chance had failed, the person who announced its failure put the needful into his hands. The same benevolent individual also endeavoured to serve him, by raising money to send him out to Canada, or New South Wales; but “the Lord had work for him” in England, and a “Particular Providence” thwarted the design, at the very moment of its apparent completion. It should be remarked, that during all these vicissitudes and destitution, the Captain mostly enjoyed a high degree of mental beatitude, the result of his unflinching faith.

Having, almost at the outset of his town career, sold his regimentals and accoutrements to procure the means of subsistence, our author began to entertain doubts upon the Christian lawfulness even of a defensive war; and about this time he made up his mind in the negative, and abandoned all thoughts of the army. Nearly at the same period, the summer of 1832, a very welcome “Particular Providence” arrived from Trinidad, being 100*l.* remitted by the Coloured

inhabitants, as a testimony of gratitude. This enabled Mr. PILKINGTON to bring his wife and family to London; and having been engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society as a lecturer on slavery, he was in the receipt of a regular income till the passing of the Abolition Act.

Being then again without employment, he subsisted on casual assistance, or, as he persists in considering them, special dispensations; and occasionally lectured on the unlawfulness of war. He was next engaged by the Labourer’s Friend Society, as itinerant lecturer, with permission to address the public on “Peace and Temperance, provided it did not interfere with his immediate duties.” The Committee, however, especially the divines, began to be alarmed at the success of his anti-warlike hortations, and the result was his resignation.

Temporal poverty now again stared him in the face; but was alleviated by ten pounds subscribed by friends towards the defrayment of his public meetings on Peace. GEORGE PILKINGTON felt this as a call: “I at once,” he writes, “perceived the approval of my conduct, and heard a voice, as from the cloud, saying—preach peace. My mind was aroused from its reverie—the cloud dispersed—I saw, and followed the pillow of fire.” Thus encouraged, the apostle of peace went forth; and from that day, Saturday, March the 8th, 1834, at four of the clock in the afternoon,* until the present time, he has continued his labours,—sometimes rewarded after a lecture by voluntary collections of pounds, sometimes of shillings; generally living at the houses of the faithful, but when driven to a publican’s in a strange town, occasionally finding his bill discharged by an unknown purse. Now he travels on foot, now on a stage, and anon in a fly, or a cart; improving every opportunity that he can meet or make of fulfilling his calling, and sometimes so touching the driver by his discourse, that—triumph of personal oratory!—Jehu declines his fare. Holding that the money given to him was intended by the Providence that prompted the givers for the furtherance of “peace on earth, good-will towards men,” and not to contribute to the luxury of GEORGE PILKINGTON, he has, by degrees, and as he advanced in grace, reduced himself to vegetable diet, and the simplest beverages; and his family have followed his example. By a series of particular instances, and reasons thereupon founded, which are too long to enumerate, he is convinced of the unlawfulness of taking off his hat in bowing, even though it be to return the salute of ladies. Of his powers of persuading, perhaps no higher proof can be given than the affair at Ipswich, where a certain Captain SWORD, probably on the recruiting service, had no sooner heard of his arrival, than he wrote to the Magistrates requesting them to forbid the coming lecture; but in vain. We cannot enter into the particulars of any of his various adventures; but those who are curious upon the subject will find the Acts of the Apostles written at large in the closing part of the *Doctrine of Particular Providence*. The results, however, we can find room for.

“Those who feel called to preach the gospel may by this statement perceive that *the will alone* is necessary. In me the Lord has been pleased to show his great power, that with thirty-five shillings, the sum I

* “I will not, like the fanatics of the last age, presume to define the moment of grace.”—Gibson’s *Memoirs*.

first started with (*which might have been dispensed with, had I walked to Uxbridge, for I was only called to expend the fare before I received help.*) I should have gone forth, and not only wanted nothing for a period of twenty-seven months (ending June 7th, 1836,) but have convinced 170 ministers of the gospel of the unlawfulness of defensive war, have caused six military officers to lay down their swords, and addressed about 250,000 persons. I am led to be thus particular in closing this account of the early part of my labours, in order to induce others to follow, that they may help to arouse a slumbering people to oppose the wickedness of Satan, who 'as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

It is scarcely necessary to state that we have no knowledge of Mr. PILKINGTON, and do not pledge ourselves to his statements; although, as a matter of opinion, we have no doubt as to the authenticity and truth of the whole. Neither do we offer any judgment on the propriety of trusting to "Providence" for the subsistence of a wife and family, or to the receipt of pence from the poor and needy. This remark, however, we feel justified in making, that a person should be *sure* of a heavenly call before he neglects the earthly duties.

From the Examiner.

Lives of the most Eminent Foreign Statesmen. Vol. 3. By G. P. R. James, Esq. (*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. 82.) Longman & Co.

Mr. James is not successful as a biographer. He mistakes altogether the true points of interest in the lives of men. History may satisfy herself with the dry dignity of public details, but it is the business of Biography to deal with more intimately personal things. She does her best when she can follow the great men of the earth into the humours of their daily thoughts, when she can bring them forth to the public in the undress of their private habits, and show them "nothing more than what they are." There is no reason to fear for the greatness of the truly great in any position.

This volume is written with very different views. Mr. James simply plods over the old historical ground, and leaves us to rise from the reading of a life of the Cardinal de Retz, just as wise as when we greedily took up his book, with the hope of seeing, as it were, the Man. And such a subject for the subtlest shading of biography, as the profligate, powerful, and caballing churchman! It was a relief, after getting to the close of Mr. James's cold and well-turned sentences, to find the Cardinal delivering forth some of his own maxims. We felt ourselves at last something nearer to one of the great party leaders of the world:—

"Conspiracies are often foolish, but there is nothing like them for making prudent people in the end, at least for some time. As the danger in this sort of affair lasts even after the affair itself, one is obliged to be cautious and circumspect in the times that follow.

"I am persuaded that greater qualities are requisite to form a good party leader, than to form a good emperor of the universe; and that amongst the qualities which compose that character, resolution walks side by side with judgment. I speak of that heroic judgment the principal use of which is to distinguish what is extraordinary from what is impossible.

"The great secret for those who are entering upon great employments is, in the first instance, to seize upon men's imagination by some action, or some circumstance, which renders them remarkable.

"To condescend to the least, is the surest means of equalling one's self to the greatest.

"One is more frequently the dupe of suspicion than of confidence.

"It sits worse upon a minister to speak follies, than to commit them.

"It is as dangerous, and often as criminal, in the eyes of princes, to have the power of doing good, as to have the wish of doing evil.

"The blindest temerity, and the most outrageous fear, produce the same effects when the danger is unknown.

"It is the nature of fear to deliberate, rather than to decide.

"Nothing persuades people of little sense so much as that which they do not understand.

"Party leaders are no longer masters of their party, than while they can foresee murmurs or appease them.

"It is as necessary to guard one's words in great affairs, as it is superfluous to choose them in trifles."

The life of Colbert is better written, but we cannot sympathise with all Mr. James' admiration of him. It would be difficult to indicate the exact position where his heart lay. In the course of this memoir, we may observe, we are favoured with a long and elaborate invective against duelling. It is introduced in connexion with the following notice of Colbert's exertions to repress the system, but its arguments are very far, in our opinion, from solving one of the most difficult of social problems:—

"Those who have most strenuously exerted themselves to put down this barbarous crime, have generally been men so eminent for their courage as to be beyond all suspicion of fear. Gustavus Adolphus—he whose person was the mark of every imperial soldier—he who, at the head of his cavalry, was found in the thickest of every fight, and who died covered with wounds in the moment of victory—utterly abolished it from his army, and gave an example of what might be done by a great king, a fearless man, and a wise legislator, to put a stop even to a vice which assumed the name of virtue. Richelieu effected the same thing in France during his administration. In latter times, we have seen Frederick the Great, and the present stern and upright ruler of the mighty republic of the United States, direct their efforts to the same great cause; and Colbert, at the period of which we are speaking,—a man whom no personal fears could turn for one moment from any just and honourable object,—now urged upon Louis XIV., a sovereign distinguished for his personal bravery and for his approbation of every species of courage, to treat with the utmost severity a crime which was a proof of anything but a virtue which they both admired.—A famous combat which took place between eight persons, four against four, in the year 1663, and which terminated in the most lamentable manner, gave an excellent opportunity for announcing the monarch's determination never to pardon again. This was the more necessary, as, after the death of the Cardinal de Richelieu, during the licentious and unbridled period of the Fronde, the practice of duelling, to which Richelieu had put a stop, was renewed with more violence than ever. Multitudes of men of rank and distinction were slain by the hands of their political opponents, and the opinion was daily gaining ground, that there was something honourable and spirited in this infraction of the law. Louis announced his determination and adhered to it of treat-

ing offences of this nature as any ordinary case of murder."

From the succeeding notice of the great and virtuous Dutch statesman, John de Witt, we borrow an extract descriptive of the murder of himself and his brother. Cornelius de Witt, it will be recollected, was falsely and absurdly accused of a design to poison the Prince of Orange:—

"The court ordered the faithful servant of the republic to be put to the torture, in order to bring him to a confession. But the agonies of the rack could produce nothing from the stern republican, who, in the midst of his pangs, repeated the commencement of the third ode of the third book of Horace, beginning—'Justum et tenacem;' and his judges were forced to bring in a sentence which, while it acquitted him of crime, assigned to him the punishment of a criminal. He was doomed to perpetual banishment; and his father, who was still living, instantly proceeded, with his brother, lately grand pensionary, to the prison of the Hague, where he had been confined, in order to remove him in his carriage.—The accounts of what followed, like those of all public commotions, are confused and contradictory. All that is known with certainty is, that a report was instantly spread amongst the lower orders that Cornelius de Witt had been condemned, but was about to be rescued by his brother; that an immense multitude assembled about the prison; and that the burgher guard were called out, but did nothing to stop the tumult or save the victims, except by making the carriage drive away in which the father was waiting for his two sons, whom he was never destined to behold again. After remaining a considerable length of time in the prison with his brother, the grand pensionary perceived that the tumult was increasing, instead of diminishing; and, either voluntarily, as some accounts report, or forced by the mob breaking in, as other statements affirm, he descended from the room in which they had been sitting, leading Cornelius by the hand. At the foot of the stairs he was wounded by a pike on the forehead; and seeing that it was the determination of the people, whose rights and liberties he had so firmly defended, to reward his services by death, he threw his cloak over his head, and recommending his soul to God, fell under a hundred blows. His brother died by his side; and carrying their bodies to the common gallows, the assassins hung them together, the pensionary a foot higher than his brother. Nor did their barbarity stop here. The corpse of each was mangled in a fearful manner: pieces of their flesh were cut off, and are said to have been eaten by the people; and their hearts were torn from their bodies, and were exposed publicly for several days by one of their unpunished murderers."

It is gratifying to observe with what unflagging spirit this series of publications is carried on by Dr. Lardner. It is the first instance of a literary undertaking of such vast extent having proved thoroughly successful in our country, and it is an instance in which the success has been well and honourably deserved.

From the Examiner.

A Residence in France; with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a Second Visit to Switzerland. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Author of "The Pilot" "The Spy," &c.

The spirit of this book is excellent; and we have read that portion of it which relates to France with

the greater interest, as it was written upwards of three years ago. It is a vice in Mr. Cooper's descriptions, that, in his anxiety to dwell on the feelings excited by a particular scene, he rarely manages to set forth by an accurate picture the scene itself; but, in the case of France, we can better spare such descriptions of things material, than the sound and sagacious opinions, and the just as well as generous sentiments, which mainly characterise the work before us. It is impossible to entertain a doubt of the honesty or sincerity of the author; and his own countrymen, we suspect, will be the last to complain of him on the score of any want of candour.

Mr. Cooper, writing in 1832, and in the midst of the memorable disturbances of that year, begins by observing, in answer to a mistaken notion, which we believe to be as widely spread as we know it to be vulgar,—"no error can be greater than that of believing France has endured so much, without a beneficial return." From the date when this was written up to the present moment, the slightest occasion of popular defeat or discomfiture has been, and is, triumphantly appealed to, as a proof of the signal failure of such movements as those of the last expulsion of the Bourbons. Mr. Cooper's book furnishes abundant refutations of so absurd a fallacy. He shows that the common people have achieved a great gain, even from the vices of the Government of the Revolution, in a better and more exact appreciation of their own rights, as well as in the knowledge of means to turn them to a more profitable and practical account. Experience makes fools wise, as the proverb tells us, and that such experience is in most cases of this sort necessary, is an unfortunate condition of humanity. Suffering has long had the reputation of the best of teachers.

Mr. Cooper was struck with a dialogue he overheard among the artisans of Paris, when walking through the streets after the riots of 1832:—

"On the Pont Royal a little crowd was collected around one or two men of the labouring classes, who were discussing the causes of the disturbance. First questioning a respectable-looking bystander as to the rumours, I mingled with the throng, in order to get an idea of the manner in which the people regarded the matter. It would seem that a collision had taken place between the troops and a portion of the citizens, and that a charge had been made by a body of cavalry on some of the latter, without having observed the formalities required by the law. Some of the people had raised the cry '*aux armes*;' several *corps de garde* had been disarmed, and many thousands were rallying in defence of their liberties. In short, everything wore the appearance of the commencement of another revolution. The point discussed by the crowd, was the right of the dragoons to charge a body of citizens without reading the riot-act, or making what the French call the '*sommations*.' I was struck with the plain common sense of one or two of the speakers, who were of the class of artisans, and who uttered more good reason, and displayed more right feeling, in the five minutes I listened, than one is apt to meet with, on the same subjects, in a year, in the salons of Paris. I was the more struck by this circumstance, in consequence of the manner in which the same topic had been broached, quite lately, in the Chamber of Deputies."

The truth is, that plain principles of right which the commonest intellects understand, are too subtle for the comprehension of your great lawyers, and men

of ministry. The honest artisans of Paris see at once that if, for the throwing of a few stones, the soldiery are to be entitled to fire upon a crowd,—one or two paid agents of a Government may at any time place a body of citizens at the mercy of the bayonet. This simple logic, however, is as little fashionable in authority here as in France. It is a much more polite thing to talk of soldiers having "rights of other men," though it is perfectly well known to those who talk in this way, that if one of those "other men" were to resent a blow from a stone by pulling a pistol from his pocket and shooting with fatal effect into the crowd from which it came, he would most certainly have to account for his "rights" at the Old Bailey.

Another anecdote told by Mr. Cooper we cannot but think somewhat ominous:—

"I was in the Tuileries, with a view to see the fire works. Taking a station a little apart from the crowd, I found myself under a tree alone with a Frenchman of some sixty years of age. After a short parley my companion, as usual, mistook me for an Englishman. On being told his error, he immediately opened a conversation on the state of things in France. He asked me if I thought they would continue. I told him, no; that I thought two or three years would suffice to bring the present system to a close. 'Monsieur,' said my companion, 'you are mistaken. It will require ten years to dispossess those who have seized upon the government since the last revolution. All the young men are growing up with the new notions, and in ten years they will be strong enough to overturn the present order of things. Remember that I prophesy the year 1840 will see a change of government in France.'"

Mr. Cooper thinks that the plan of a "throne surrounded by republican institutions" is exactly the system best suited to the actual condition of France.—

"In England the aristocracy notoriously rules, through the King, and I see no reason why in France, a constituency, with a base sufficiently broad to entitle it to assume the name of a republic, might not rule, in its turn, in the same manner."

It is unnecessary to add, however, that in a new settlement he would avoid the mistake that has been already committed—

"The capital mistake made in 1830, was that of establishing the *throne* before establishing the *republic*; in trusting to *men*, instead of trusting to *institutions*."

Mr. Cooper enjoyed the intimacy of La Fayette in Paris, and has done justice to the memory of that virtuous man. As his life declined, his anxiety to stand well with posterity for his share in the work of the Hotel de Ville seems naturally to have deepened, and we have several of his explanations on the point reported by Mr. Cooper—

"It would have been in my power to declare a republic," he continued, in the course of his explanations, "and, sustained by the populace of Paris, backed by the National Guards, I might have placed myself at its head. But six weeks would have closed my career, and that of the republic. The governments of Europe would have united to put us down, and the Bourbons had, to a great degree, disarmed France. We were not in a state to resist. The two successful invasions had diminished the confidence of the nation, which, moreover, would have been nearly equally divided in itself. But, allowing that we might have overcome our foreign

enemies, a result I admit to have been possible, by the aid of the propaganda and the general disaffection, there would have been a foe at home, that certainly would have prevailed against us. Those gentlemen of the Chambers, to whom a large portion of the people looked up with confidence, would have thwarted every important measure I attempted, and, were there no other means to prevent a republic, *they would have thrown me into the river.*"

It is curious to observe that these fears of a general war have had a striking influence both ways. They are bad arguments to act upon. Doubtless the legitimate monarchs themselves were terrified into letting Louis Philippe alone, by the fear of rousing the terrible armed men of the first French revolution.

La Fayette, however, could not act alone, he was not a man of much decision, and it is evident that he found himself in the midst of unsafe allies. He vindicates the expression of "*Voici la meilleure des républiques*," which has been so often made matter of reproach to him, by telling Mr. Cooper that he added the words "*pour nous*"—distinctly alluding to the difficulties and embarrassments under which he acted. This is a poor qualification, and looks like a quibbling after-thought. We regret that he did not furnish Mr. Cooper with some distinct outline of that famous programme of the Hotel de Ville, of which the world has never had any specific information; but it is clear that he did not deny having been deceived in the King, who had led him to think he entertained very different principles from those which events have shown to be his real sentiments.

A less unsuspecting person than La Fayette would probably not have been so long in finding this out. The king appears from the first to have worn his mask uneasy. One of his earliest levees is well described in the present book. Mr. Cooper and two other Americans were taken by La Fayette to the Palais Royal. As they pushed through the crowded antechamber Soult stopped La Fayette, and a dialogue of amusing *bonhomie* and simplicity ensued—

"I did not hear the commencement, but found they were speaking of their legs, which both seemed to think the worse for wear. 'But you have been wounded in the leg, monsieur,' observed La Fayette. 'This limb was a little *mal traitée* at Genoa,' returned the Marshal, looking down at a leg that had a very game look; 'But you, General, you too, were hurt in America.' 'Oh! that was nothing; it happened more than fifty years ago, and then it was in a good cause—it was the fall and the fracture that made me limp.' Just at this moment the great doors flew open, and this *quasi* republican court standing arrayed before us, the two old soldiers limped forward."

On their presentation to the King, our Republicans were received somewhat coldly. Another effort is made by the good-humoured General to draw down the royal courtesies on his friends—

"It appeared to me as if the general was not satisfied with our first reception, and wished to have it done over again. The King looked grave, not to say discontented, and I saw at a glance that he could have dispensed with this extra attention. Mr. McLane standing next the door, he addressed a few words to him in English, which he speaks quite readily, and without much accent: indeed, he said little to any one else, and the few words that he did utter were exceedingly general and unmeaning. Once he got as far as T—, whom he

asked if he came from New York, and he looked hard at me, who stood farther from the door, mumbled something, bowed to us all, and withdrew. I was struck with his manner, which seemed vexed and unwilling, and the whole thing appeared to me to be awkward and uncomfortable. I thought it a bad omen for the influence of the General."

Scarcely more gracious or successful were any of the other efforts made by Louis Philippe at the same period to conceal his real disposition—

"On one occasion, in particular, I was walking in the Tuileries, when a noise attracted me towards a crowd. It was Louis Philippe taking a walk! This you will understand was intended for effect—republican effect—and to show the lieges that he had the outward conformation of another man. He wore a white hat, carried an umbrella (I am not sure that it was red,) and walked in as negligent a manner as a man could walk, who was working as hard as possible to get through with an unpleasant task. In short, he was condescending with all his might. A gentleman or two, in attendance, could barely keep up with him; and as for the rabble, it was fairly obliged to trot to gratify its curiosity. This was about the time the King of England electrified London, after a reign of exclusion, by suddenly appearing in its streets, walking about like another man. Whether there was any concert in this coincidence, or not, I do not know."

Mr. Cooper says:—

"The King actually laid down his family arms, causing the brush to be put to all his carriages. Speaking to La Fayette on this subject, he remarked, pitifully—'Well, I told his Majesty I would have done this before there was a mob, and I would not have done it afterwards.'"

It will be recollected that Louis Philippe made much of this same concession of his *fleurs-de-lis* in that interview with the three Opposition Deputies in 1832,—where he observed, with such naïve simplicity, that he remembered the time when he could read the *Tribune*, and the *National*, and similar papers, with pleasure;—and when, with a nervous anxiety of contradiction, he referred to his father Egalité as "the best citizen of France." His weakness on the latter point was extreme. An anecdote is told, we think by M. Sarrans, of an expression of a similar sort used at the Hotel de Ville in an early day of the Revolution. When several young men were congratulating each other, in the presence of the Citizen King, on having at last taken a patriot prince for their monarch: "Yes, my friends," exclaimed Louis Philippe, pressing their hands, "yes, a patriot like my father!" La Fayette, who overheard this, might have had good ground of suspecting so obvious a piece of over-acting. Mr. Cooper observes also—

"I once asked General La Fayette his opinion of the nerve of the Duc d'Orléans (*Egalité*). He laughed, and said the king had made an appeal to him quite lately, on the same subject. "And the answer?" "I told his Majesty that I believed his father was a *brave* man; but, you may be sure, I was glad he did not ask me if I thought he was an *honest* one too."

Yet this was Louis Philippe's affected idea of a patriot. Talleyrand used to call *Egalité* the slop-pail into which all the filth of the first revolution was emptied. His son will have reason to be thankful if he is not held by posterity to have himself filled, in

another sense, a similar and not less savoury duty in relation to the second revolution. Thus may turn out a resemblance, though scarcely so complimentary as that he would have imposed on La Fayette.

Some of La Fayette's opinions and recollections, as reported by Mr. Cooper, have considerable interest:—

"Louis XVIII. La Fayette pronounced to be the falsest man he had ever met with; to use his own expression, '*l'homme le plus faux*.' He gave him credit for a great deal of talent, but added, that his duplicity was innate, and not the result of his position, for it was known to his young associates, in early youth, and that they used to say among themselves, us young men, and in their ordinary gaieties, that it would be unsafe to confide in the Comte de Provence.

"Of Charles X. he spoke kindly, giving him exactly a different character. He thought him the most honest of the three brothers, though quite unequal to the crisis in which he had been called to reign. He believed him sincere in his religious professions, and thought the charge of his being a professed Jesuit by no means improbable.

"Marie Antoinette he thought an injured woman. On the subject of her reputed gallantries he spoke cautiously, premising that, as an American, I ought to make many allowances for a state of society that was altogether unknown in our country. Treating this matter with the discrimination of a man of the world, and the delicacy of a gentleman, he added that he entirely exonerated her from all of the coarse charges that had proceeded from vulgar clamour, while he admitted that she had betrayed a partiality for a young Swede that was, at least, indiscreet for one in her situation, though he had no reason to believe her attachment led her to the length of criminality.

"I asked his opinion concerning the legitimacy of the Duc de Bordeaux, but he treated the rumour to the contrary as one of those miserable devices to which men resort to effect the ends of party, and as altogether unworthy of serious attention."

The sound and philosophical spirit which generally distinguishes this book, may be seen from the following notice of the popular prejudices:—

"Every one who has seen much of the world, must have remarked the disposition on the part of those who have not had the same opportunities, to cavil at opinions and usages that they cannot understand, merely because they do not come within the circle of their own everyday and familiar usages. Our own country abounds with these rustic critics; and I can remember the time when there was a species of moral impropriety attached to practices that did not enter into every man's habits. It was almost deemed immoral to breakfast or dine at an hour later than one's neighbour. Now, just this sort of feeling, one quite as vulgar, and much more malignant, prevails in Europe against those who may see fit to entertain more liberal notions in politics than others of their class. In England, I have already told you, the system is so factitious, and has been so artfully constructed, by blending church and state, that it must be an uncommonly clever man who, in politics, can act vigorously on the golden rule of Christ, that of doing 'unto others as you would have others do unto you,' and escape the imputation of infidelity! A desire to advance the interests of his fellow-creatures, by raising them in the social scale, is almost certain to cause a man to be set down as destitute of morals and honesty. By imputations of this nature, the efforts and influence of some of the best men England has ever produced have been nearly neutralized, and there is scarcely a distinguished

liberal in the kingdom, at this moment, whom even the well-meaning of the church-and-state party do not regard with a secret distrust of his intentions and character. In the practice of imitation this feeling has even extended (though in a mitigated form) to America, a country in which, were the truth felt and understood, a man could not possibly fulfil all the obligations of education and superior training, without being of the party of the people. Many gentlemen in America, beyond dispute, are not of the popular side, but I am of opinion that they make a fundamental mistake as gentlemen. They have permitted the vulgar feelings generated by contracted associations and the insignificant evils of a neighbourhood, to still within them the high feelings and generous tendencies that only truly belong to the caste."

In France, Mr. Cooper subsequently remarks, the English feeling, modified by circumstances, is very apparent; although it is not quite so much the fashion to lay stress on mere morality. The struggle of selfishness and interests, is, in fact, if anything, more active in France than in England, but it is less veiled and mystified than it is here. The candid spirit of the allusion to America in this extract is observable through the book. In another passage Mr. Cooper remarks of his countrymen:—

"It is a painful confession, but truth compels me to say that I believe, for the want of a condensed class, that are accustomed to sustain each other in a high tone of feeling and thinking, and perhaps from ignorance of the world, no other people, above the illiterate and downright debased, are so easily practised on and cajoled, as the great mass of our own."

Again:—

"In America everybody sympathises with him who makes money, for it is a common pursuit, and touches a chord that vibrates through the whole community; but few, indeed, are they who can enter into the pleasures of him who would spend it elegantly, rationally, and with good taste. If this were the result of simplicity, it would, at least, be respectable; but every one knows that the passion at home is for display—finery, at the expense of comfort and fitness, being a prevalent evil."

And in speaking of the women of Switzerland, some very delicate home-truths are told:—

"The women of our own mountains excel them altogether, being a more true medium between strength and coarseness. Even Mrs. Trollope admits that the American women (perhaps she ought to have said the girls) are the most beautiful in the world, whilst they are the least interesting. Mrs. Trollope has written a vast deal of nonsense, putting cockneyisms into the mouths of Americans, and calling them Americanisms, but she has also written a good many truths. I will not go so far as to say she was right in the latter part of this charge; but if our girls would cultivate neater and more elegant forms of expression; equally avoiding vulgar oh's and ahs! and set phrases; be more careful not to drawl; and not to open the mouth, so as to call 'hot' 'haut' 'giggle less; speak lower; have more calmness and more dignity of manner, and *think* instead of *puslating*,—I would put them, for all in all, against any women in the world. They lose half of these defects when they marry, as it is; but the wisdom of Solomon would come to our ears with a diminished effect, were it communicated through the medium of any other than a neat enunciation. The great desideratum in female education, at home, is to impart a graceful, quiet, lady-like manner of

speaking. Were it not for precisely this place, Vevey, I should add, that the women of America speak their language worse than the women of any other country I ever was in."

We conclude these extracts with some reflections which, up to a recent period at least, are true as to the English Government, but false as to the English people:—

"I have learned to distrust the liberalism of some of the English, who are too apt to consult their own national interests in regarding the rights of their neighbours. This, you will say, is no more than human nature, which renders all men selfish. True; but the concerns of few nations being as extensive, varied, and artificial as those of England, the people of other countries are not liable to be influenced by so many appeals to divert them from a sound and healthful state of feeling. England, as a nation, has never been a friend of liberty in other nations, as witness her long and bitter hostility to ourselves, to France and Holland, and her close alliance with Turkey, Persia, &c. &c. Just at this moment, apprehension of Russia causes her to dilate a little more than usual on the encouragement of liberty; but it is a mystification that can deceive no one of the least observation. Of whatever sins England is to be accused, as a nation, she cannot be accused of that of political propagandism. Even her own recent progress in liberty has been the result of foreign and external example."

From the Literary Examiner.

An Angler's Rambles. By Edward Jesse, Esq. F.L.S., Author of "Gleanings in Natural History." Van Voorst, 1836.

The Fly Fisher's Entomology. Illustrated by Coloured Representations of the Natural and Artificial Insect. By Alfred Ronalds. Longman & Co.

It seems to be in some sort the privilege of anglers, to think themselves the "best fellows" in the world. We suppose that this is found to be a convenient assumption, to set against some awkward incidents which belong to the hooking of fish. Certain it is that nothing can be more favourable in all respects than their own reports of themselves. They are always enthusiastic lovers of nature; they are infinitely rational, agreeable and convivial; they have for the most part a contemplative turn; in the majority of cases they have "placid and benevolent countenances joined to gentle and unaffected manners;" so mild are they always that not one of them, but for the necessities of the craft, would hurt a fly;—in short, they are a select class of angelic and very complacent human beings who go about the world torturing fish.

Mr. Jesse is a good specimen. He has thoroughly made up his mind on all these points, and such is the perfect good faith with which he writes, that he has made his book interesting even to those who think differently. It is written, of course, on the model of "Old Izaak Walton." We have sundry pictures of rural scenery; wonderful simplicities; singular characters; laudation of all the humanities; prodigious relish for a dinner; and various snatches of songs. We should add, moreover, that there is a careful inculcation of the superiority of "the good old aristocratic forms of the last century," for, from the most eminent downwards, your true angler has generally discountenanced anything like a revolutionary movement.

A man who can sit in a punt from morning till dewy eve, bobbing for gudgeon, may be allowed his peculiar opinions. Tame and fish-like may be their political acquiescences.

"Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission—"

singeth Charles Cotton, and echoeth Mr. Edward Jesse.

Of the various alleged proofs of the "fascination" which belongs to the sport, the following, which is given by Mr. Jesse, is by far and away the most striking we ever met with:—

"Few fish bite more eagerly than gudgeons, and this perhaps is the reason why so many persons may be seen patiently sitting in punts from morning to night on the river Thames employed in catching these fresh water smelts. There appears indeed to be a fascination in gudgeon-fishing which it is not easy to account for; and the wonder is increased when we see three or four persons in a punt lightly jerking a rod every instant, and watching a float as it glides down the stream before them, the sun sometimes scorching them, and at others the rain wetting them through. Notwithstanding this, however, the fascination certainly exists, and it is mentioned as a fact, that the clergyman of a parish in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, who was engaged to be married to the daughter of a bishop, enjoyed his gudgeon-fishing so much, that he arrived too late to be married, and the lady, offended at his neglect, refused to be united to one who appeared to prefer his rod to herself."

—a clergyman of a parish slighting the daughter of a bishop! Hard must have been the strife between passive obediences here, and great is the glory of fishing! "Other joys are but toys." What is a bishopric itself to a hook in the jaws of a gudgeon?

Mr. Jesse is a good hand at a striking clerical sketch. Doctor Aston is a likeness. He was a member of a Perch Fishing Club, a remarkably prosy preacher, but a very jolly good fellow, and a perfect Nimrod with the hounds:—

"I was in the constant habit of calling upon him when the hounds threw off near his house. He then came forth equipped for the occasion, with his dark-brown topped boots, and a pair of silver chain spurs on his heels, a pepper-and-salt coat, somewhat short in the skirts, but coming well over his knees, a huge whip in his hand, and a hat rather low in the crown, but with a capacious brim, under which appeared his wide, red, good-humoured face. The doctor himself was a large portly man, riding somewhat under twenty stone, but his favourite horse was quite equal to his weight."

We subjoin an exquisite little gallery of Oxford divines. The scene, we presume, is Merton College:—

"I dined at the fellows' table of M— College, and I shall not soon forget the scene. Most of the fellows I met were a little advanced in life, and one of them was between eighty and ninety years of age. He had resided at his favourite college upwards of sixty years, and thought there was no place equal to it. If good eating and drinking, and a warm snug fellows' room, constituted happiness, he certainly had them in perfection. After an excellent dinner we adjourned to this room. A sort of kidney-shaped table was placed before the

fire, round which the party sat, the two senior fellows ensconcing themselves in comfortable arm-chairs on each side of the fire-place. A bottle of port wine, such as is seldom met with, and which did great credit to the Bursar, was placed on the table, and protected from the heat of the fire by a little triangular mahogany screen. It circulated, however, with considerable rapidity, and was as rapidly renewed. Indeed the attendant, who appeared to have executed the duties of his office for a great many years, and was a solemn and respectable-looking man, seemed to be perfectly aware when a fresh bottle would be wanted, and he always made his appearance with it to a moment. Its brightness was then duly examined, and it made its rounds like its predecessors. It was, however, the old stagers who paid the greatest devotion to their favourite beverage; and notwithstanding their frequent libations, it appeared to produce no effect upon them until late in the evening. The first symptom which was evinced of exhilaration was a proposal from the senior fellow for a catch, by way of enlivening the company. This was opposed by some of the juniors, who were probably aware of what was coming, and were fearful of some breach of decorum in the presence of a stranger. It was, however, carried against them, with a little assistance I lent to the proposal, as I felt curious to hear what sort of a catch would be sung by the venerable seniors of the college. After a short consultation the thing was settled, the juniors declining to lend any aid to the performance; but retaining their seats in dignified silence, looking however with some degree of contempt on their more aged brethren. The patriarch of the room acted as leader of the band, and made his arrangements accordingly. As I had expressed my readiness to lend any assistance in my power in the proposed catch, he turned to me, and to my infinite surprise and dismay, desired me to sing '*the cur*.' On requesting to have my part more fully explained to me, that I might do it all due justice, I was informed that when it came to my turn, I was to chaunt out lustily, '*I sing cur*,' and afterwards join the chorus, *plenâ voce*. The old fellow then began his part by shouting out, '*I sing Cob*'—; the next performer followed him by squeaking out, '*I sing ler*,' a third, with sentorian lungs, exclaimed, '*I sing Tin*'—; and then I had to add, '*I sing ker*.' The chorus was then vociferated, the hint having been given by a loud tap on the table, '*A Cobler and a Tinker*.' The catch, however, did not end here, for it went on ad libitum, getting louder and louder every instant, till the venerable old walls echoed with the shouts and laughter of its jolly old fellows, and they were at last obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. Never shall I forget the scene. Their sides shook, while they wiped their eyes, which twinkled with glee and joviality, and it was some time before they recovered from the effects of the exertions their bodies and lungs had undergone. Some other catches were sung, which I do not now recollect, and late in the evening broiled bones and other stimulants were introduced, followed by a huge silver tankard of mighty ale—

'With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught.'

I must say that Oxford ale deserves all the panegyric which Warton has bestowed upon it, when he exclaimed—

'Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant.'

"The old fellows showed themselves to be true disciples of the poet laureate, and all due justice was done to the foaming tankard. When it had been properly

discussed, a large tumbler of punch was placed before each person who chose to partake of it, and at a late hour we separated, after I had received many hearty shakes of the hand, and many pressing invitations to renew my visit."

Mr. Jesse condescends occasionally to an amusing anecdote:—

"Persons of every class seem to participate in the amusement of Thames angling, from the Duke of Sussex to the little fat cobbler of Hampton. His Royal Highness was at one time a determined angler, and kept a punt at Shepperton for the purpose. Here he was attended by the famous Peter Purdy (poor Peter! a better fisherman never poached the Thames,) and who invariably answered 'Yes,' or 'No, your Royal Rodney,' to any questions which the Duke asked. Peter, on being reminded of the great mistake he thus committed, said that for the life of him he could not help it. He had heard so much of Lord Rodney from his father, who was one of his crew, that he protested he could think of no other name whenever he spoke to a great man."

We shall conclude our extracts with a notice of a knowing trout. We hope the breed may increase:—

"A large trout may be seen almost daily at this time (June 1833) opposite the water-gallery of Hampton Court, which has defied every endeavour to capture it. A gentleman of my acquaintance, an expert spinner for trout, moored his boat close to a spot where he had frequently seen two large trout on the feed, and which, after many attempts, he had been unable to take. When the fish appeared to have become accustomed to the boat, and had been seen feeding close to its sides, he endeavoured, at various times, and in different ways, to induce them to take a bait, but never succeeded, and I verily believe the fish are at this moment in the full enjoyment of their native element."

The *Fly Fisher's Entomology* is a very elegant little manual for a lover of the sport. It has nineteen excellent illustrations of the various sorts of insects to be used, each containing six or seven sketches of flies, natural or artificial, and all of them coloured with delicacy and exactness. The observations relative to trout and grayling fishing are also well written, and the instructions for the choice and imitation of the different varieties of flies, appears to be ample and satisfactory. We recommend the book with less reluctance, as its purpose is to divest fishing of some of its cruelty.

From the Examiner.

Twelve Months in the British Legion. By an Officer of the Ninth Regiment. Macrone.

We do not know a grosser example of the "spleen of party" than is afforded in the case of the British Legion. Since the day they set sail for Spain they have been pelted with the most scurrilous and unsparing abuse; and the object of this has been as mischievous as the means have been base and odious. No fact has occurred to them since they landed in the country they went to serve, which has not been misrepresented; and there are few indeed among them, of the names more prominently known, whose characters have escaped the grossest slander. Every proper rule of political warfare has been violated in this matter, and justice, truth, and decency have been alike

trampled on. So strong are the surviving sympathies of the Tories with priestcraft and despotism!

The effect has been most injurious to the Legion. It might not have been so certainly, if the members of it could have remained on good terms with each other; but in proportion to the abuse poured out upon them from home, they appear to have grown captious, irritable, and jealous of each other's pretensions. "Unpopularity doth part the flux of company." On the other hand, in proportion as the Legion has lost in efficiency through these causes, and, (more powerful in direct effect than even these) through the treachery of Cordova, the republican cause has been gaining ground. We suppose, therefore, notwithstanding their apparent success, that the Tories have discovered by this time the false game they have been playing. A few more such victories, in other parts of Europe, would irredeemably ruin them.

The following passage, which we quote from the book before us, was written before the Constitution was proclaimed. Events are proving its truth.

"As the fear of a foreign or domestic enemy was more or less strong during the times of the French republic, so did the number fluctuate of heads that fell on the scaffold in Paris; and when the successes of the Vendéans threatened the safety of the capital, then was the hatred of the ancient government in France at its highest pitch. Who shall say, that what occurred in France shall not take place in Spain? Who shall prophesy that the events which led to the French republic shall not be productive of a revolution as deep, as universal, and as lasting in the Peninsula?"

In a preface to the volume the author observes—

"Since the following pages were written, events of much importance have taken place in the Peninsula. The Constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed, and Cordova compelled by sudden flight to save himself from the consequences of his treachery. Now that Spain enjoys a free and constitutional government, and that her armies are no longer held in bondage by the artifices of a traitorous chief, we may be permitted to hope that in native swords and native ranks will be found the zeal and courage to trample down the rebellion of bigotry and priestcraft. Already is the influence of Don Carlos on the wane. Had he not possessed the intelligence to join his own cause to that of the *fueros* of the peasantry, it would have sunk long ago, for in their hearts they are weary of the wars, and though some of the fiery *exaltados* may desire its prolongation, those of greater sense and years are wishing for the time when they may seek their own chimney-corners in safety, and eat their beans without the risk of being murdered on their hearths by the marauders of either party. *La paz! La paz!* is now the cry all over the north of Spain. A severe check in the field, followed by judicious and conciliatory measures on the part of the Liberal Government, would terminate the struggle for ever, and send Don Carlos to eat the bread of banishment with the ex-Majesty of Portugal."

The narrative of the "Twelve Months in the British Legion" is altogether personal. It is occupied with the incidents and adventures which occurred to the author himself, with his observations on the character of the people, on the appearance of the country, the condition of the towns he passed through, and a description of the service in which he was himself engaged. It has the stamp of authenticity on every part of it. The author is possessed, moreover, of great

animal spirits, and throws life, vigour, and picturesqueness into all his descriptions. He has the vivacity of a boy, joined to a shrewd spirit and a manly resolution. We have read his book with sincere pleasure. It is a sharp and resolute answer to the Tory slanders, and we do not look to see them speedily revived.

Our officer arrived at San Sebastian, with the first body of the Legion, on the 10th July, 1835. He had not far to seek for the picturesque:—

"A pretty sight enough it was, the little *paseo* of San Francisco on a bright summer's evening, with the dark figures of the women passing and re-passing in groups of three and four, while the scarlet uniforms of the British came in like the bright touches of colour in a painting, to break the general dusky of the scene, and give variety to the whole. Here, on the green-sward, to the sound of a tambourine and castanets, might be seen a knot of peasant girls and sturdy muleteers dancing a bolero, while the musician of the party accompanied the notes of an old twangling guitar with a wild and monotonous song bearing some allusion to the dance; a little further on a tall priest, in his black robes and canoe-shape! hat, or an old friar in sackcloth and gray, with a twisted cord round his waist, walked quietly along, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze; and there again in the corner stood a couple of *alguaziles* or constables, in the chivalrous costume of former times, with a broad, wide-spreading hat and love-locks, cavalier fashion; a large white lace collar and Vandyke ruffles; a short black cloak hanging over one shoulder; short-kneed breeches and black stockings, with shoes and silver buckles. Such was the striking costume of the *alguaziles* of San Sebastian, and I observed the like in no other town in Spain. I remember causing two young *seanoritos* of my acquaintance to laugh excessively at my simplicity in taking off my hat to one of them, imagining him to be some high dignitary of church or state. '*No son mas que alguaziles!*'—They are nothing but constables—Bow-street officers! and to make them a bow!—it tickled their fancy exceedingly."

The gaieties of the first week or two are sketched in a light and playful way. They were interrupted by the short purses of the officers, and the ill-managed skirmish at Hernani. The blame of the latter movement rests with Gen. Alava, and it is quite certain that there was no deficiency of spirit on the part of the men engaged.

"A young volunteer of the First Regiment, Henry Cooper, distinguished himself in the action, and was promoted to an ensigncy on the field for his services. He afterwards got his lieutenantancy, and fell in the action of the 5th of May, in storming the lines before San Sebastian. Captain Knight, General Chichester's Aid-de-camp, another gallant young man with whom I was intimate, was promoted for the courage he displayed in the action, and his humanity in bringing off a wounded man on his horse, when closely pursued by the enemy. This officer, also, was killed the year following in leading an attack on the lines, on the 5th of May."

Of the *Chapelgorris* part of the Spanish troops our author speaks highly:—

"It was here I had an opportunity of observing the conduct of one of the *Chapelgorris*, and certainly the coolness and sang froid of the man was a sight worth seeing. He was a tall broad-chested man, dark and swarthy, and fierce with the powder that begrimed his mouth; his loose white trousers were tucked up to the knees, displaying a pair of brawny calves, and with his

musket in his hand, and cartridge-belt round the waist, he stood erect in the midst of the bullets that showered around him from the opposite hill. First he took out a cartridge, bit off the end, and quietly shook a little powder into the pan, giving the piece a knock with the palm of the hand to make the priming enter well into the touch-hole, after which he loaded, looked along and steadily in front for an object and fired. Once his musket flashed—'*caraño!*' exclaimed he, striking the lock with vehemence; the touch-hole was cleared with a pricker, the piece reprimed, and the shot sent whistling on its errand among the heights of Santa Barbara."

The famous El Pastor, General Gaspar de Jauregui, to whose division, as being their compatriot, the *Chapelgorris* belonged, is thus sketched:—

"He is a short, punchy man, with large black whiskers, and an open, good-humoured cast of countenance, and is celebrated throughout the province for having the handsomest *querida* and the finest horse in Guipuzcoa. The former I never had the good fortune to see; but his horse, a beautiful Andalusian, was the admiration of every body as it pranced proudly in front of a battalion, tossing its crest into the air, and covering its broad and glossy chest with spots of foam. This horse was looked upon with a kind of reverence by the *Chapelgorris*, who were fond of relating anecdotes of its prowess and sagacity. On one occasion, during a halt on a march, being tied to a tree, it contrived to get loose, and galloped through the battalion, without upsetting a single pile of arms or treading upon the men, who were lying on the ground encouraging its pranks and making it gambol about in the midst of the muskets, till Jauregui himself came up, and calling to the horse, led it back to the tree."

"Gaspar de Jauregui is the son of peasants residing near Tolosa, and in his youth his employment was that of a shepherd, whence his surname of El Pastor. Having entered the army as a private soldier, he rapidly passed through the grades of corporal and serjeant, and gained his commission; after which, on account of his superior intelligence and activity, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. A sincere Liberal, and an honest man, Jauregui would long since have obtained a higher command, did not the pitiful jealousy of a Court in which the accidents of birth are held in greater esteem than the weight of merit, stand in his way as the son of a shepherd, and deprive him of that which it confers upon a worthless favourite. Beloved by his army, who look upon him as one of themselves, he is feared by the enemy as a man whose honesty and talents would put an end to the war, had he the sole direction of affairs; and his kindness of disposition causes him to be regarded by the peasantry of his neighbourhood as their best friend, to whom to apply for assistance and ask advice. He is generally to be seen walking in the streets with three or four peasants or *boyeros* accompanying him, and seldom makes much show of power or splendour. These circumstances led the cigar-smoking dandies of Cordova's staff to look upon him as one below their notice, at the same time that they hovered about the man whose incapacity and treason were wasting the resources of one of the finest countries in the world."

This has often proved a fatal mistake in revolutionary wars, and never more fatal than in this instance. Cordova is also sketched—

"He was a small, slightly made man, stooping somewhat in the shoulders, and with a face expressive of nothing save a look of languid discontent, to which a sharp twinkling eye gave the characteristic air of a Jew clothes-

dealer. His gait and manners were slow and sauntering, and impressed the spectator with the idea of a man shattered with disease or enervated by dissipation. His dress on the three occasions that I happened to view him minutely, was uncouth and slovenly, consisting of a long brown *redingote*, that by its want of shape and fit reminded me of Paganini's, and a scarlet cloth waistcoat closely buttoned to the chin by a single row of gilt buttons; a small cocked-hat stuck on one side of the head, with a cockade expressive of the loyalty wanting in his heart; and a pair of worsted hose or leggings strapped below the knee, with large silver spurs buckled on the heels. When I first saw him at Harraza, he wore a regulation sword of the British Legion, but afterwards used one of different manufacture. The red waistcoat, however, seemed to be a great favourite, as he seldom appeared without it even on grand occasions. He wears no beard or whiskers, but indulges in a pair of stunted mustachios on the upper lip, which adds to the expression of languid *nonchalance* predominant in his countenance. In a word, see Luis Fernandez de Cordova in a crowd, without knowing him to be Duke of Mendigorría and Count of Arlaban, and he would be taken for a sickly attorney or a discontented tailor."

It was in an early stage of the contest that we ventured to express a strong opinion of the "treachery or incapacity" of Cordova. Our author gives us sufficient proof in this volume that his object from the first moment of the landing of the Legion, could have been no other than to betray them into the hands of the enemy. Whenever he has gone into action with the Carlists on equal terms, a retreat has been the consequence;—wherever an advantage has been gained, he has refused to follow it up. Hear what is said of his conduct after the engagement of the 5th of May on the heights of San Sebastian—

"The peasants brought us word the next day, that the Carlists had not only fallen back upon Hernani, but had actually abandoned the town, leaving their stores and wounded at the mercy of the Legion. Had General Evans possessed sufficient force, Hernani would probably have been taken without firing a shot; but in his situation, with the troops exhausted with fatigue and encumbered with wounded, the utmost that could be done was to level the lines and maintain his position on the conquered heights. The Spaniards, instead of pouring an army of twenty or thirty thousand men into San Sebastian to improve the advantage, displayed their usual irresolution and delay, and the traitor Cordova, loitering in his bed at Vittoria, contented himself with writing a letter of congratulation to General Evans, in which the jumble of hypocrisy is clothed in the customary garb of bombast."

By such treachery and hypocrisy as this, appropriately assisted by the reckless abuse of the Tory party in this country, the efforts of General Evans have been foiled. Who could have succeeded? It is impossible not to see, at the same time, that the English might have received more cordial support from the great body of liberal Spaniards. So long as the Carlists left them a house, a dinner, and a bad cigar, they would seem, from our author's experience, to have cared very little for anything else.

The account which is given in this volume of the action of the 5th of May is uncommonly spirited. We regret that we cannot quote it all. After giving the plan of attack, as it was briefly explained to him and the other officers immediately before it took place, our author describes the beginning of the action. Many

unavailing attempts were made to get possession of the enemy's works on the heights. It took a very few minutes to crowd the lane in which the author's regiment was placed with dead and dying. A desperate effort, at the point of the bayonet, is at last ventured, and our officer, with a great part of his company, rushing past "the Lieutenant-General on foot standing exposed to the fire and waving his sword to cheer on the men"—push up the opposite hill—

"It was here that I saw poor Captain Mould, of the 10th, lying on the ground mortally wounded, and vomiting blood from a musket-shot in the chest. He raised himself up as we passed, and exclaimed, 'Oh! water—water!'—but not a drop was procurable nearer than the town; and though mine was not willingly a deaf ear to the entreaty, I turned away in silence from the spectacle of the dying man, and hurried on to the summit of the ridge."

After several attempts they succeed in their immediate object—

"At this moment, as we were collecting and arranging the men, we beheld a number of Spaniards rapidly advancing towards us from the hill already in our possession. We thought at first that the enemy had taken us in rear, but on near approach they proved to be a company of the Segovia regiment—the only portion of the Spanish troops I saw under fire during the whole of the action. The captain, whose name unfortunately I never could learn, was as brave and reckless a fellow as ever drew a blade. With a small red flag in his hand, he leaped the parapet that was before us, and rushing into the middle of the ploughed field, he waved his sword for us to advance, crying out in French, '*En avant! en avant!*' We advanced, and the moment the head of our small column, composed of Spanish and British intermingled, rounded the corner of the house, it was swept back by a shower of bullets. Three times we attempted to charge, and as often were driven back; it was in vain that the officers cheered them on—it was in vain that we traversed the ground between the house and the brave Spaniard, who stood like a tower in the midst of the storm—it was in vain that we expended upon them our most endearing epithets of 'Irishmen'—'Bog-trotters'—'Ragamuffins'—'Repalers'—'O'Connellites'—they stood stock still, with not a single responsive cheer, and the Spanish officer, seeing that he was not joined, sprang over the hedge into an orchard which was covered from the fire. One by one several officers came up, each with a party of ten or twenty men, and the force behind the house was beginning to swell to a respectable volume. General Shaw was the first to arrive, and after him Colonel Fitzgerald with two or three companies of the 9th. This was the first time we met during the action, and I had a short colloquy with him on the state of affairs. 'Where's Major Cannon?'—'Wounded.'—'Mackie?'—'Killed.'—'Wright?'—'Shot dead.'—'Where's so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so?'—'Killed, wounded, dead, missing.' Such was the state of our regiment at eight o'clock in the morning. In the meantime General Shaw had been collecting the scattered parties, and putting them in order for the charge. Coming up to me, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and in his cool, syllabic manner, as if we had been in the most indifferent situation in the world, begged me to run along the breastwork as far as General Chichester's Brigade, and ask him to send up as many men as he could spare to help us. I instantly took to my heels down a deep and narrow lane, running parallel with the breastwork, which

partially sheltered me from the shot, and found myself at every step sinking deeper and deeper in the mud. After several efforts to extricate myself, I went up to the knees and was thrown forward my whole length in the mire. My own company which had been watching the event of the mission, thought that I was shot, but recovering my feet, I got upon a narrow bank or causeway where the ground was firm, and continued my course towards the 1st brigade. Plastered with mud from head to heel, I presented myself before the general and delivered my message. He instantly despatched two companies, with whom I returned to our former position near the house. This was the last time I saw Captain Knight, General Chichester's aide-de-camp. He was standing with his tall military figure exposed to the shot, and as I appeared before him in the ill-favoured guise already described, his eye lighted sinilingly on my muddy accoutrements, and a friendly nod of recognition was all that passed between us. A few minutes after, he fell in attempting to storm the redoubt at the head of a mere handful of men, and his body was found after the action cruelly mangled by the enemy, with three bayonet wounds in the body and one in the eye. On rejoining General Shaw with the reinforcement, I found the remnant of the 7th drawn up in close column behind the house, and as much of the 9th as could be collected standing a few yards distant, covered partly by the apple-trees and partly by the breastwork that ran in front. Colonel Fitzgerald was at the head of his men, and at the signal from the Brigadier to charge, sprang over the parapet and advanced alone with nothing but a riding-whip in his hand, in the face of the most tremendous fire I had witnessed during the whole of the action. The bullets poured upon the ploughed field as thick as hail, and the clods of earth might be seen knocked up in little clouds of dust like the 'wine glasses' on a fish-pond during a shower of rain. The men hesitated;—"Irishmen!" somebody exclaimed, 'will you see your old Colonel shot, and not move on to save him?' The hot blood of Ireland was stirred, and with a cry of '*More power to the Colonel!*' they cleared the breastwork and advanced with levelled bayonets against the opposite line. I had just reached the Colonel's side, and was crossing the field at the top of my speed, when a shot struck me on the left hip, and with a stunning shock my heels flew up into the air, at the same time that the charging regiment passed over me, and I was left alone, extended on my back in the middle of the plain."

A second wound still more effectually disables him, and he narrowly escapes murder at the hands of the Carlists. The action soon after closed. The victory, as is well known, was thorough and complete.

"The Carlist commandant of the province, Segastibelza, and the Colonel of the *Chapelcurris* or White Caps, were killed in the engagement, as well as a priest who, dressed in full canonicals, with a crucifix in his hand, had been seen to head many of the charges and to encourage the slaughter of the helpless and the wounded. This worthy apostle was found with a musket-shot in his forehead, his hand still grasping the symbol of pardon and redemption which had been desecrated in so blood-thirsty a calling."

The general sufferings of the Legion, both in respect of pay and rations, do not appear to have been exaggerated:

"I have frequently had my own scanty pound of beef brought on the point of a bayonet, tough as an old shoe, and reeking from the carcass of some wretched beast that had been slain the moment before; the bread,

made of blighted corn, so soft and pasty that it would adhere like putty to the wall it was flung against; and the wine the filthiest compound of vinegar, pitch and log-wood that could be offered to a Christian man to swallow."

It is to causes of this sort that the author ascribes the sudden breaking out of desperate sickness at Vittoria. In connexion with this a curious circumstance is to be noticed. While scarcely a man in the English regiments altogether escaped this sickness, and a terrible proportion of them died, the Irish regiments remained healthy and well conditioned. This is another instance, we may suppose, in proof of the change of their being "alien in blood. It is certain that they showed a familiarity with bad food, or no food at all, quite unknown to their English comrades. Our author says, describing the march out of inhospitable Vittoria—

"The Irish had contrived to grow fat and prosper upon food that had poisoned the rest of the troops, and amid the general sickness of the Legion, appeared like an oasis of health on which it was pleasant to dwell. While the men of other regiments were crawling about in great coats, cooking some miserable fragments of rations at a smoky fire, the Irish were strutting about in the sunshine, playing at leap-frog, and pitching stones as if they were still among the bogs of the Emerald Isle. The first time I marched my company on parade, they fairly walked away from me with a vivacity to which I had long been a stranger. The manœuvres, too, were executed with a smartness that was perfectly delightful after the slow plodding of the sickly English, and the 'charge' (when we came to it) was like a row at Donnybrook fair, the fastest first, and 'devil take the hindmost,' yelling and screaming like a parcel of bedlamites broke loose. It was only by dint of threats and remonstrances that we at length succeeded in taming down the *bouillante jeunesse* of the Irish brigade to something like the firm, steady, phalanx-like movement of a well-executed charge of infantry."

The following account of the Theatre of San Sebastian is scarcely consistent with the ordinary notions of Spanish gravity or indifference:—

"The favourite piece just then was a translation of *La Cenerentola* (Hispanic *Cenicienta*), the music being the original. This was invariably followed by a *Sainete*—the broadest description of farce, in which the pantomimic bumps and thumps elicited peals of laughter from the grave Spaniards. I never heard audiences roar to such a degree, even in England—the French, who are calm and sedate at a comedy, have no idea of it. The Spanish prose plays are generally long-winded and dull. Their most agreeable pieces are translations of French vaudevilles, in which they take much delight. The ladies are very independent in their visits to the theatre, going alone or in couples in their usual walking dress and the mantilla whenever the fancy takes them. It is only in moral England that ladies cannot stir out by themselves."

The author of this volume is no longer in the Spanish service. In the concluding passage of his interesting and well written book, he alludes to this circumstance:—

"With regard to the writer of this narrative, it may be said, in conclusion, that, although full of wishes for a speedy return to Spain, he found on his arrival in England, that plans for his future life, which had been commenced before leaving home, had been matured

during his absence; and as it became plainer from day to day that service in the Legion was no inheritance, he reluctantly consented to quit a force in which he had met with much kindness, and which, whatever may be its final fortunes, had in it at least all the elements which deserve success. The British Legion will always be remembered by him with gratitude and affection, as the *alma mater* of his military education, and as the army in which he was first taught to draw his sword in defence of a country struggling for its political rights. That Spain may be free and happy—that she may pursue steadily the course of political regeneration, and be as she was of old, when her commerce spread over the globe, and her enterprise discovered a new world to conquer—is the prayer of one to whom it will ever be a subject of satisfaction, that he has fought in her fields and bled in her behalf.

It is to be hoped that there are few who will not now join in this earnest wish. We should not conclude this notice without stating—in justice to General Evans no less than to our author—that the services of the latter were not forgotten in the "General Orders of the day" which followed the engagement of the heights of San Sebastian.

[From the Spectator.]

The author of this lively and agreeable little volume saw the first, and, so far as appearances go, pretty well the last of the British Legion. He arrived with the earliest detachment at San Sebastian, and partook of the festivities and drillings of the new comers, as well as of the first affair with the Carlists at Hernani. On the march, and in quarters at Portugalete and Bilbao, he began to taste the hardships of actual service, in the shape of wet, fatigue, and hunger. From Bilbao he was despatched with a cargo of invalids and soldiers' wives to Santander; and so missed the opportunity of bearing a part in General Evans's counter-march to Vitoria. As a set-off, however, he was enabled to witness a ludicrous specimen of Spanish seamanship, and to visit Burgos in company with a batch of recruits and baggage-wagons, that marched to Vitoria through that city, performing a counter-march of their own to avoid the Carlists, by traversing the "two sides of a triangle instead of its base." At Vitoria he passed the winter in safety; and then had a touch of the typhus, but not sufficiently violent to prevent his bearing a part in the different skirmishes that took place in the early spring. When Evans, wearied out with the incapacity or treachery of Cordova, determined on taking the auxiliaries to San Sebastian, and acting upon his own account, our Officer of course accompanied him; and was present at the brilliant although *main-strength* affair by which the Carlist lines were carried, and the city preserved to the Queen. In this action the writer was wounded, became invalided, and after he was sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage, returned home.

The origin, purpose, and nature of the book, have been stated so distinctly by the author, that we cannot do better than quote his words.

"It was the author's habit," says the Preface, "during his absence in Spain, to write home accounts every week or fortnight of anything new and striking that fell under his observation in the course of his wanderings. On his return to England, the idea occurred to him of re-writing these notes, so that, without omitting any of the first impressions as rapidly delineated in the intervals of repose from duty, they should be worked up into a con-

tinuous narrative, not so much of the events of the campaign as of his personal adventures during that period. It would have been useless for him to attempt to give a military history of the proceedings of the British Legion, and to confine himself solely to the details of manoeuvres and actions; such a task was less fitted to one who filled a subordinate situation in the service, and whose opportunities of gaining information on military movements were but few, than to many other officers of superior rank and experience, who, as commanders of battalions and brigades, were necessarily conversant with the projects of the Lieutenant-General. He thought, therefore, that to give a personal account of what he himself saw, and did, and felt, with as much of military tactics as came within the scope of his intelligence and observation at the time, would prove more interesting to the reader, and perhaps give a better idea of the nature of the service, than a history in imitation of that style of which Cæsar is the founder and Napier a disciple."

There is this characteristic of a definite plan, that it always proves clearness of view, if it is not a guarantee for the necessary executive ability. On the present occasion these essentials are both combined. The author very completely accomplishes his purpose. What he tells is both new and striking. In "re-writing his notes," he has got rid of everything of mere personal or individual interest, without losing any of the freshness of "first impressions:" his sketches of the appearance, domestic habits, and modes of living of the Spaniards with whom he came in contact, are spirited and natural; and his military narrative presents the reader with a lively, clear, and faithful picture of the medley of hardships, excitements, dangers, horrors, drolleries, and carousings, which make up war and warlike life. In addition to these qualities, the book is throughout pervaded by a spirit of kindly and good-natured sympathy, more rare and more valuable than mere literary accomplishments. It has, moreover, another merit—it is not too long; and no endeavour has been made to extend the materials beyond what they would bear.

There will be no difficulty in making extracts, for almost every page would afford some pleasant reading, or some characteristic touches; but we shall principally confine ourselves to passages which throw a light on war—general or particular.

CAMP LADIES.

It was with feelings of the greatest joy and satisfaction that I rejoined my regiment after more than a month's absence: for I was weary of looking after the *impedimenta*, and being pestered with the eternal complaints and quarrels of soldiers' wives. The specimens of the British "fair sex" brought over by the Legion were certainly not calculated to impress the Spaniards with high notions of our female beauty; and their tattered appearance, with dirty straw bonnets and blowsy mob-caps, was enough to astonish the trim *senoras*, and put into their mouths the often-repeated question, "Whether all women in England were like these?"

The tribes of shoeless Moll Flaggons, from the Green Isle, who came over with our Irish regiments, are past all description; and the figure they cut in the rear of a battalion on the march, with a pyramid of babes on their backs and a couple trotting on each side, was singularly marvellous in the eyes of the natives, who at last looked upon them as a regular and necessary adjunct to the British Legion, or as a supernumerary company of wives and washerwomen to each regiment. How the numbers that came up with the convoy contrived to subsist on

the march, I never could divine; for as their presence with the troops at that period was contrary to orders, they were allowed no rations, and were totally without money, having had no opportunity of receiving any from their husbands for the last six weeks. And yet they trudged along, through dust and mire, in fair weather and in foul, for many a weary league, with light hearts and red cheeks, bidding defiance alike to the orders of the General and the accumulating hardships of the road, until they had the satisfaction of passing the gates of Vitoria.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VITORIA.

My recollections of Vitoria are not of the most agreeable. The natural gloominess of the town, added to the universal sickness that broke out at this period, gave it the look of the city of the plague. The hospitals were full of sick and dying; and from dawn of day till set of sun the streets re-echoed to the melancholy sounds of the fife and drum playing the Dead March as the departed soldier was borne to his last home. The air seemed loaded with fever; and those who marched in the train followed with a lack-lustre eye, as if aware that their turn was next. The boys in the streets, struck with the mournful solemnity of a ceremony which is unknown in the Spanish army, paraded up and down with sticks reversed, and whistling the funeral anthem; the ladies in the balconies caught up the air and continued it on their pianos; the very bugles that sounded the reveil and advance had a lugubrious sound, as if blown by a man in his grave; and at length the Dead March in Saul became the only piece of music current in Vitoria during the whole of the five months the Legion was quartered there and in its vicinity.

The number of deaths speedily augmented to such a degree that all attempt at ceremony was abolished, and the bodies were carried away in carts to the burial-ground, where they were thrown six or seven into the same hole. Those that died of our regiment were buried in a piece of ground outside the walls, called the Campo Santo, where we prevailed on the priest to mutter over a prayer or two, by assuring him that the deceased was a good Catholic. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and it was thought that a Catholic prayer over a dead Protestant was better than no prayer at all.

On one occasion, being in command of a funeral party, and finding, on our arrival at the ground, that the priest had failed in his appointment, I placed a corporal with a file of men in the street to waylay the first church-man that passed by, and bring him *vi et arma* before me, as I knew that all sorts of excuses would be made, if I followed the more peaceful and reverent mode of requesting him to perform the ceremony. I had not waited long in the church-yard, with the coffin placed at the brink of the grave, and the soldiers drawn up in single file on each side, before I heard a sort of scuffling and noise in the porch, and beheld the corporal fulfilling his instructions to the letter, hauling up a refractory priest by the skirt of his garment, and explaining to him by words and signs, that "soldier muerto wanted *Paternoster*—official no quiere stay any longer." The poor old gentleman, who fancied that the heretics were going to make an end of him then and there, came very humbly to me with his long fore-and-aft cocked-hat in his hand, and begged to know what crime he had committed, to be seized and dragged up before what appeared to him an execution-party of twenty men with muskets and bayonets, and a grave ready dug to bury him in. Apologizing for the rudeness of the men, I pointed to the coffin, and begged him to perform the funeral ceremony. "Was the defunct a true Catholic?" asked the priest with earnestness. "Oh yes, a very good Catholic."—

"*Si, si, si*, Catholic, Catholic," murmured the men, who were beginning to get impatient; and the priest, satisfied by these testimonials of the orthodoxy of the deceased, commenced his work in earnest, and had it over in a crack. Laying down his beaver, he put on a black silk nightcap to protect him from the damp—"Paternoster, mumble jumble—*Ave Maria*, ditto, ditto—*etcetera, etcetera, Amen*"—three signs of the cross, a handful of dust, and the man was buried.

All the accounts of the military affairs are graphic and faithful to a high degree; deriving a something of both qualities from the inexperience of the writer, which prompts him to note down particulars that would seem to the veteran mere things of course. Of these, the attack on the lines round San Sebastian is the fullest and most finished, and conveys a very spirited idea of all that would fall under the notice of a regimental officer, until his career was cut short by a musket-ball. The subsequent adventures, however, seem to us to possess the greatest interest; so we take a part of them. The "rotary motion," like a roll down Greenwich Hill, the plump upon the dying body, the hairbreadth escape from the Carlists, and other details that the reader will not fail to notice, form a truer picture of actual war than any general history of battles. The second line of defences has just been carried, and the Legion is advancing against the third—

I had just reached the Colonel's side, and was crossing the field at the top of my speed, when a shot struck me on the left hip; and with a stunning shock my heels flew up into the air, at the same time that the charging regiment passed over me; and I was left alone, extended on my back in the middle of the plain.

I rose on my feet, but fell down as if pinned to the earth by a tent-peg. I looked at the wound, and saw a neat round hole on the seam of the trousers, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling out. The field was bare, and not a soul in sight except the white-headed Carlists, as they rose to fire over the parapet, while the splashes of mud that sprinkled over my face told me of the volleys that fell around. I gave a roll towards the breast-work I had quitted, and saw my sword, which had flown out of my hand with the violence of the shock, lying at some distance. With difficulty I crawled back to the spot, and had just gained possession of the hilt, when a second bullet struck my right hand, and passing through the fleshy part of the thumb, lodged next to the skin on the other side. The pain was not acute—it felt like a benumbing shock of electricity. A Spanish serjeant passed over my body towards some shelter; I hailed him in Spanish, *por amor de Dios*, to raise me on my legs; but, leaping the parapet, he left me to my fate. It was now evident that there was nothing to hope for from others; and, with a sort of feeling of uncertainty like that of a man hanging over a precipice by a single thread, I commenced rolling towards the breastwork; on which I lifted myself with considerable pain and difficulty, and swinging my legs over the top, tumbled into the muddy lane below. I was aware of the danger of sticking fast in the mud; and, making a plunge across the path, I seated myself on the causeway on the other side, where, being under cover, I paused a moment to rest and to consider what was to be done.

The whole extent of the breastwork appeared to be deserted, the troops having left it to attack the next line; and a couple of dead bodies drenched in blood were the only human forms that met my sight. The house which had been so often taken and retaken was about fifty yards on my left; and to it I directed my

eyes in hopes of succour, when a rustling among the bushes in the neighbourhood attracted my attention, and a blue-capped head was thrust round the corner of the house, eyeing me intently. Presently another was poked through one of the windows, as if reconnoitring the ground; and immediately the two Carlists fixed bayonets and advanced cautiously with the purpose of running me through. It was a fortunate circumstance that the two dead bodies were lying near them; for they paused a little while to search their pockets, thereby giving me time to resume my rotary motion down the hill in the direction of the First Brigade. A small bank intervened; and down it I plunged with desperate resolution, falling upon a dying man at the bottom, who groaned heavily as I passed. The idea occurred to me to hide myself under the body; but it was useless, as the Carlists had seen me move, and were now in full pursuit. I continued my course, sometimes rolling and sometimes scrambling on all-fours, with the blood gushing from my hand; and was on the point of rising on my knees to make a last effort in defence of my life, when I espied a soldier of the Ninth in the distance, to whom I waved my sword to come to my rescue. The Carlists on his approach hung back, and commenced loading their pieces—the man hesitated whether to stand or run away. It was a critical moment; when, most fortunately, three of my own company came up, who fixed their bayonets over my body and dared the Carlists to advance. I turned my head towards the house, and saw that my comrades had fled.

Passing over the passage from the field, we close with the scene in the hospital.

On arriving at the military hospital, there was great difficulty in procuring me a bed, owing to the numbers of wounded returned from the field; but at length, through the kindness of one of the dressers, I was laid upon a mattress in a corner of the ward, where my clothes were taken off and a blanket thrown over me. All the surgeons had their hands full of business, and two hours elapsed before my wounds were examined.

On the bed next to me lay a dying Chapelgorri, with a wound in the head, from which the blood had flowed upon the sheets and matted his hair into gory locks that escaped from under a handkerchief wrapped round the wound. He was attended by his brother; who seeing me awake and disposed to talk, told me that the unfortunate man had been wounded three times before, one of which was at Hernani with the Legion, and that now he feared he had received his death-wound before San Sebastian. Just opposite was a Lieutenant of our light company, with a ball in his shoulder, casting a responsive glance of ruefulness at our dilapidated condition; and all down the ward were men with wounds of every size and shape, some groaning heavily, some wandering in delirium, and others in the very pangs of death.

One of the objects of the author is to defend the Legion from the attacks of the Tories. With respect to the gallantry and good behaviour of the men, he is successful enough; though he adds nothing, as regards the class of facts, to those already known from the *Journal of the Movements of the British Legion*. His endeavours to defend General Evans and the superior officers are not so happy. Judging only from the public facts which at different times have come before us, the expedition seems to have been undertaken without a proper understanding at the outset. Neither do the various difficulties—financial, moral, and natural—appear to have been looked in the face; nor was the end considerably compared with the means by which it was to be accomplished. Too

much was trusted to fortune, and futurity, or in homely English, "to something turning up." As a natural consequence of an enterprise undertaken in such a spirit, first, impositions were tacitly submitted to, or not resisted with sufficient vigour; this of necessity gave occasion to fresh encroachments; and they were repeated so often, that, after incurring the discredit of a failure, subjecting his soldiers to severe and unnecessary privations, and losing more than a sixth part of his army by sickness, induced by want of common necessities, the General was obliged to do at last, when the mischief had happened, what, if done at first with spirit and decision, might have prevented its occurrence. There seems, in short, to have been throughout, too much of the "pretty gentleman" system—the spirit without the name of Whiggism. We should like to be able to compare the correspondence and official conduct of General Evans, with the specific, business-like, categorical propositions of Admiral Napier, and his prompt resignation of his command, within four-and-twenty hours after he assumed it, when he thought a trick was put upon him. Yet there was nothing to call for such caution and decision, when dealing with the energy, courage, and dogged resolution of Pedro, in comparison with the necessity for their exercise against the intriguers, knaves, traitors, and imbeciles, who were congregated at Madrid and Vitoria. If experience can teach, we should think General Evans by this time has learned the truth of the proverb, "begin as you intend to go on."

From the Spectator.

The Old World and the New; or a Journal of Reflections and Observations, made on a Tour in Europe. By the Rev. Orville Dewey, late of New Bedford, U. S.

ALTHOUGH a perusal of Mr. DEWEY's visit to Europe will not induce a recall of the opinion we passed upon it from a few occasional dips, yet the book has turned out different from what we expected. There is more of reflection and less of observation than we looked for: from circumstances that come before him, the writer deduces lessons chiefly applicable to his countrymen; or from his own European experiences he passes his opinion on questions of very general interest,—as Catholicism, Aristocracy, and so forth. In choosing his subjects for description, Mr. DEWEY, moreover, is somewhat odd, if not arbitrary; more guided by his own feelings, than the intrinsic importance of the objects. London as a whole, for instance, and the impression it made, is left out: even his single subjects are limited, and rather singular,—the Colosseum, CHANTREY'S Studio, the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, and Greenwich Fair. His manner also smacks of the courteous and popular divine, and reminds one occasionally of a "discourse;" and his style, if not consisting of a combination of Dr. CHANNING and Mrs. HEMANS, has evidently been formed upon their study.

Still these things are rather peculiarities than defects. By speaking only of that which strikes him, an air of reality is produced, very contrary to the making-up process of certain authors; and we get, moreover, the cream of his thoughts. It is well to have the feelings and opinions of an educated American upon European things and practices, especially when that

American is a Churchman of Catholic liberality and natural good sense. His style is indeed a shade too fine, especially when the subject requires more strength than flourish; and his fluency sometimes tempts him to pour forth his sentiments in a way that seems exotic to the livers in this matter-of-fact age, but no doubt in America it is considered sober, and in Mr. DEWEY it looks natural.

The time our author spent in his tour was nearly a twelvemonth. He visited England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Flanders, Switzerland, and Italy; and having no distinct pursuit in view, he appears, and very judiciously, not to have bustled and fidgeted, and laboriously panted to look after mere sights, but to have been guided by the impulses of the time, to have gone wherever his humour prompted him, and to have received impressions, instead of going in search of them. The following is one of the first.

One of the first things that strikes the American stranger as he lands on the shores of the Old World, is the attention and deference he receives from those classes of the people whose business it is to minister to his comfort—from innkeepers, proprietors, and drivers of coaches, waiters, porters, &c. servants of all descriptions—from those, in short, the breath of whose life is in the civility of their manners. It is a strong bond for civil behaviour, doubtless, this necessity of getting a livelihood and especially in countries where a livelihood is hard to come by; and it *may* cause civility to degenerate into servility: still, were it not to be wished that something of the *manner* at least could be learned in *our* country? Not that any class among us should entertain a sense of its relation to any other class that would be degrading to it—the very contrary. There is nothing that is more incompatible with a just self-respect than the manners of a churl. No man readily respects himself who is guilty of discourtesy to others. The waiter who brings me my dinner, and stands behind my chair while I eat it, very commonly shows in his frank and easy bearing as much self-respect as I myself can feel. And the coachman who, when I ask him to give me a seat on the box with him, touches his hat as he answers, seems to me a far more respectable person than the stage-driver of our country, who often answers with a surly indifference, as if he did not care whether you sat there or sat any where at all. Both the coachman and the waiter are looking to you, for a gratuity, it is true, in payment for their attentions; but it is a fair compact, and degrading to neither party; and, for my part, I am as willing to pay for civility as for my dinner. One would like to buy not only his dinner, but some reasonable chance of digesting it; and that is hard to do when one has to digest slovenliness, negligence, and ill manners besides.

In saying that Mr. DEWEY had no distinct pursuit, we were correct; but his profession gives him an object, and that is the church and religion generally. Wherever he goes, the sacred edifice of the place and the mode of performing service are the first things that claim his attention; and that, perhaps, in an under degree, if it were not for his graceful manner and the subdued animation of his style. Here is his account of York Minster.

York is a queer old place, worth coming a good many miles to see for its own sake. But the Minster! it is worth a pilgrimage to see it. It is the only building I have ever seen in a city that stands up and out so completely for the surrounding mass of buildings, that it is, from every quarter, distinctly presented to the eye.

The Minster, amid the city of York, stands like the elephant in a menagerie. Its proportions, too, are so perfect, its character so unique, that it makes upon the mind one single impression. You take in the whole object, and feel all its overpowering grandeur at the first glance of the eye. And yet it seems to me, that if I were to live in sight of it a thousand years, it would lose none of the indescribable charm with which it first entranced me. Indeed I shall attempt no description; I dare not bring my measurement here. Nay, it appears to me that the impression here does not depend on any exact idea of size or of parts. It is the whole—it makes its impression as a whole; and you can no more receive that impression from the successive sentences of a description, than you could receive it from contemplating in succession the different parts of the structure itself.

There is a sanctity and venerableness about many of the English churches, and even those of the humblest order, which nothing but time indeed can give to the churches of our country, but which time will never give to them, unless we learn to build them with more durable materials than wood or brick. There is something in these churches which leads you instinctively to take off your hat when you enter them; a duty, by the by, of which your attendant is sure to admonish you, if you fail of it; and I would that the practice were more common than it is among us.

So it was in Italy; and in Italy too he exhibits a Christian charity and a philosophic liberty, very opposite to that spirit which characterizes many divines of these establishments, which HUME held to be necessary evils for the prevention of fanaticism. If Mr. DEWEY be a fair sample of the voluntary principle, it works as ADAM SMITH predicted it would work—in the production of a spirit of candour and moderation. Many of the passages, as in the following extract, are so blended with the current of his narrative, as scarcely to admit of independent extract; but the spirit of charity is visible throughout, yet without any compromise of his own faith. Mr. DEWEY expressly states his opinion that Catholicism is not “the religion of actual and active life; the religion of contemplation, and fancy, and reverie, and sentiment, but not the religion of self-restraint, and of a strict conscience, and of a rigorous virtue.” But what an answer does the following fact give to the frauds and forgeries, the cant and blasphemy, of the reverend diatribes we have been stunned with at home!

December 29. I had an interview to-day with the Rector and some students of the Propaganda. I learned from them, that this celebrated institution for propagating the Catholic faith is governed by a board of twenty Cardinals; that its income is about one hundred thousand dollars* per annum; and that its present number of students is about one hundred, of whom thirteen are from the United States. The Rector is a German Count, apparently not more than thirty years of age—M. Reisch; and the young gentlemen with whom I met were the American students. We had much conversation upon various topics for two or three hours; some minutes of which I shall just note. They stated the surprising fact, that the Pope's annual expenditure, for personal and household purposes, is only fourteen thousand dollars. They ridiculed the idea that he has sent, as has been alleged, the sum of one hundred thou-

* It was three hundred thousand dollars before the French were here.

sand dollars, from his private purse, to America; nor has the Propaganda, they say, ever expended on American missions more than thirty or forty thousand dollars. On the subject of exclusive salvation, they stated a doctrine, saving a little tinge of assumption, as liberal as any one could desire. It was, that sincere conviction of being right must spread its shield over all those who entertain it. The assumption lay in an implied reservation of rightful supremacy for the Catholic Church; but they distinctly held, that if man should leave the Mother Church from sincere and honest conviction, the dissent was not to be deemed fatal.

In that part of the Journal relating to Italy, there is a good deal of criticism on paintings and statues; not learned or artistical, to which accomplishments our author makes no pretension, but general and descriptive. Of this the account of the Dying Gladiator may furnish a fair specimen. We may, however, observe, that, as a general rule, criticism of this kind is rarely trustworthy, depending as it does so much upon the temperament, imagination, and even humour of the critic.

December 12. I have been to-day through the museum of the Capitol again, and have become a convert entirely to the common opinion about the Dying Gladiator. The truth is, I did not take time enough before, and especially not enough of that mental time, which is quietness, ease of mind, leisure of the thoughts, to receive the impression. The gladiator has fallen; but with the last effort of his unconquerable resolution, he supports himself with his right hand and arm, and seems to contemplate his sad fate with firmness, but with a feeling of inexpressible bitterness. It is not, however, the bitterness of anger; for death is in his face, and it has tamed down the fiercer passions, and left no expression inconsistent with its own all-subduing power. Though he appears as if he might be a man of an humble and hard lot, yet there is a delicacy spread over the stronger features of his countenance, that makes it almost beautiful; you feel as if there were more than the whiteness of the marble in his pale cheek. But while he thus yields to his fate, while the blood flows from his wounded side, and the pulses of life are faint and low, yet he still sustains himself; his hand is firm and strong; his brow is gathered into an expression of unconquerable resolution, as well as of unavailing regret; and although, when you look at the parted lips, it seems as if you could almost hear the hard breathing that issues from them, yet about the mouth there is, at the same time, the finest expression of indomitable will and invincible fortitude. In short, this is the triumph of the mind over the sinkings of nature in its last hour. Everything here invites your respect, rather than your pity: and even if you should find yourself giving a tear to the dying gladiator, you will feel that it is given quite as much to admiration as to sympathy.

There are, however, other things in the *Old World and the New*, besides art and religion or remarks on manners. The author sketches, or rather touches off, things and persons with spirit; and the circumstance of his being a stranger gives a novelty to many of his comments. As a specimen of his manner and his subjects, we close with a few miscellaneous extracts.

BEGGARS IN DUBLIN.

Dublin is indeed a fine city, and filled with noble mansions and showy equipages; but alas! all is marred by this dismal-looking population. Full half that I meet in the streets very shabbily dressed, many in rags,—

the boys would collect in America, and the very dogs would bark at spectacles that pass me every moment; men and women on every side begging; women with children in their arms, imploring charity for God's sake; yes, innocent childhood is here involved in the common mass of misery, and that is the hardest of it to the spectator. Indeed, I have seldom seen any thing more striking or touching than a child sleeping in its mother's arms amid all this surrounding turmoil of distress. It is actually picturesque, if one may say so: the image of repose amid noise and turbulence; innocence amid vice and wretchedness; unconscious ease on the bosom of suffering; helplessness imploring even more pathetically than the wan and haggard features of maternal solicitude. No doubt, there is a good deal of acting in this system of beggary. For instance, I saw a little girl last evening seated on the curb-stone of the side-walk, and holding in her arms a sleeping infant, but holding a candle at the same time so as to exhibit the infant to the best advantage. This is going on the stage pretty early. What the receipts were I do not know, but they doubtless expected to be repaid the outlay of lights and wardrobe and something more.

GENERAL ASPECT OF BELGIUM.

The change in passing from France to Belgium at Baisieux, just before entering Tournay, is very striking; altogether in favour of Belgium as to neatness, comfortable appearance of living, and houses; though I thought there was rather a Flemish heaviness about the faces of the people, neater and more comfortable as they were.

Every where on the route, but especially in Belgium, the women seemed to do as much and hard and various work as the men: they tramp about in wooden shoes, which adds a double appearance of heaviness to their movements, and almost of slavery to their condition. The country is very rich and well-cultivated; but it impressed me with a strange feeling of melancholy all the while, for there seemed nothing in it but toil and its fruits; no intelligence apparently in the general countenance; no leisure, no agreeable-looking country houses, or cottages embowered with trees; no gardens with people walking or sitting in them; no person having the air of gentlemen or ladies riding or walking out as we entered or left the villages and cities; and the cities and villages not wearing an inviting aspect, with close narrow streets, irregular, old, obstinately fixed in stone against all improvement, and filled with men, women, and children, without one being of attractive appearance among them—almost without one.

CONTINENTAL BEGGARS.

The people generally look more contented than our people. It would seem from appearances, as if there could not be much want among them; and yet there are many beggars. There is not the sentiment of shame about begging that there would be with us. Beggar boys and girls, very comfortably clad, too, will join the carriage and run along, singing out in a plaintive tone, "Un sous, Monsieur, pour charité;" apparently calculating that importunity will succeed though all other appeals fail. There is certainly something very touching in the tones of the French tongue. I have seldom felt any thing of this sort more than the plea of a poor fellow I met in Litchfield (Eng.) I said to him, for he was a young man, "You look as if you could work." He seemed to understand my objection; and I am sure he annihilated it, as, the tears coming to his eyes, he said, "Je suis étranger, pauvre, malade." And yet what to do, one knows not; for this

indiscriminate giving must be bad, and thus unscrupulous asking and clamorous importunity are shocking.

The chief drawback on these two volumes are the points already mentioned,—a disposition to sentimentalize, and the American nature of many of the reflections. This last, however, was designed: indeed, the main object of the author was “to offer to his countrymen some of the thoughts which the Old World had suggested to his mind concerning the New;” so that, if remote to English readers, they cannot be considered as a blemish. Take it altogether, *Dewey's Journal* is a delightful mixture of facts and Reflections.

From the Spectator.

Tour from Modern Athens to the Loire and La Vendée in 1835; interspersed with novel and interesting remarks; addressed to the judgment, not to the prejudice, of Mankind. By Alexander Marjoribanks, of Marjoribanks.

MR. MARJORIBANKS, the “laird of that ilk,” is gifted with much shrewd sense, great independence of opinion, and a judgment of more soundness than comprehension. He is perfectly free from conventional, and what in a Scotch laird is stranger still, from national prejudice; he is a Radical in politics; a Liberal in creeds; a traveller by disposition. His observation, if not altogether sharp, has the effect of sharpness, from the off-hand manner with which he states what he sees; and his style, though bald enough, has a spice of pungency, from its plain-speaking character. He is so unskilled in authorcraft, that he tells whatever he sees or thinks, if he holds it worth telling; and so small a respecter of persons or fastidiousness, that he places every one in his book whom he considers worthy of a niche. Thus qualified and accomplished, our hard-headed friend started from the Modern Athens on a tour through La Vendée, by way of the Channel Islands: having reached Nantes, he turned round, and got to Edinburgh *via* London and Liverpool; and on reaching his own capital, he published his *Travels*; the first impression of which was sold “in three days—three days as glorious to him as the three days of July were to the French.”

As the writer apparently does not search into the depths of things, he merely notes this “unprecedented” fact, without attempting to account for it. It might indeed be solved by the amusing nature of the book; but as the author's literary reputation was not high, we suspect the cause must be sought for in the character of the man. His friends would naturally buy the volume to see what kind of a book Marjoribanks of Marjoribanks could write; his opponents amongst the Saints would get it to read what he said of them. And truly neither party will be disappointed. His friends will have got a very funny little volume,—an olla podrida of facts, thoughts, incidents, good old jokes, and odds and ends of the Laird's reading. The Saints in Scotland will get some hard hits from a fighter who pays more attention to execution than elegance.

As a warrant of what we have said, let us take a few extracts.

DANCING VERSUS DRINK.

In France, and all the other countries of the Continent of Europe, people dance chiefly by daylight; and Sunday,

among the Protestants as well as Catholics in these countries, is the great day for dancing and all other innocent amusements, after the service of the day is concluded. How that “enlightened” nation the Scotch could have discovered that there was a sin in those who felt inclined for partaking a little of this innocent amusement after divine service on a Sunday, I have been always at a loss to find out; as they pass hundreds of drunk people on the streets on that day, particularly on the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, who are cursing and swearing perhaps at the same time, and fighting with each other like savages, without feeling the least emotion; while if any person happen to sing a harmless song, whistle two or three notes of a still more harmless tune, or put their feet into a position which these tyrants think improper, they become almost frantic with rage; and the drunken mob of Edinburgh (who, instead of being called the Modern Athenians, should be called the Modern Barbarians) actually once attempted to break into a house where they heard sacred music playing on a Sunday.

ECONOMICS OF THE BALL-ROOM.

There is one custom in France at public places which we would do well to imitate in this country,—which is, that a gentleman can ask any lady to dance with him he pleases, without the necessity of any introduction, and no lady can refuse to dance with any person who asks her. A stranger, in this way, without knowing a single person, can get any lady he chooses to dance with him. The moment, however, the dance is over, they deposit them again on the seats from which they took them; and do not parade them up and down, as is the custom in this country, and where, if you fall in with an ugly girl, you have to parade her up and down all night, without one single ray of hope, or even chance of escape.

SLY FARMERS AND PRUDENT FATHERS.

The farmers around Chalonnès are all rich enough to buy the land they rent; but they prefer laying out their money at some distance from home, for fear of having their rents raised, and retain the utmost simplicity of appearance and manners, as well as great frugality in living, though they can give their children probably two or three thousand pounds in marriage. Indeed, the French in general would blush to be guilty of that strange and inconsistent mixture of meanness and pride which so frequently influences English parents to bring up their daughters with all the habits of affluence, and then suffers them to go portionless to their husbands' arms or to remain single for want of such means of support as might authorise a prudent man to venture on taking a young woman for his wife whose education and pursuits are only adapted for expensive society and frivolous pleasures. When the French give nothing with their children, it is for the best of all reasons—because they have nothing to give; but they do not add to the inconvenience of privation, the folly of bringing their children up in such a manner as must make them ten times more susceptible of it, more impatient under it, and infinitely more incapable of surmounting it.

TORACCO FACTS.

A great deal of tobacco is grown in the country round St. Malo. It requires a licence from the government to grow it, and no one individual gets more than a small plot. No more than thirteen leaves of tobacco are permitted to grow from each stem. The whole has to be sold to government, who manufacture it themselves. The leaf of the tobacco reminds me a good deal of the spinnage leaf, only that it is larger.

CHEAPNESS OF FRENCH LAW.

I met with an English gentleman of the name of Mr. T. D. Hill, from 23, Southernhay, Exeter, in Devonshire, and who had been living at Nantes for some weeks, from

whence he was to proceed to Italy. He introduced me to an English gentleman who had resided at Nantes for six years, and this gentleman mentioned his own case to show how cheap law is in France. He took a lease of the house where he resided, and there was a regular lease granted to him containing various conditions. In the transaction of the business, the owner of course had to give his instructions to the man of law; there were two meetings between him and the lawyer; there were two copies of the lease, and two copies of a schedule naming the various fixtures left in the house by the proprietor: and now, reader, what do you suppose that this French lawyer charged for drawing up these four papers, for the stamps upon them, for witnessing the execution, &c.?—Hear and reflect: neither more nor less than six francs fifteen sous—that is, *five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny*! Yes, five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny for four instruments, two of them stamped, giving a man full, complete, secure, and legal possession of a respectable house and good garden. Five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny, (what a satisfactory repetition for our law-paying fellow-subjects!) for writing which in England and Scotland would cost as many pounds at least! Nor is the price, important as that may be to many, the smallest of the advantages which the French people possess in such proceedings; common sense and common patience are not outraged at the same time that the pocket is picked, as is the way in the country described by the tax-devourers as "the envy of surrounding nations." Any one could peruse the principal document in two minutes; for though brief—sixty lines written upon two small quarto pages—it contained all that was necessary to the full possession of the property; and, what is still more unusual in England and Scotland, it could be comprehended as well as read; for it had none of those innumerable aforesaid, whereas, nevertheless, notwithstanding, hereinbeforementioned, &c., which serve to cover and waste an acre of parchment, tire and perplex the reader, and make the very ink turn pale as it were with the unprofitable labour—unprofitable at least to any but the lawyers themselves, who not only gain in the first instance by the price of such documents, but frequently reap a second harvest from the litigation to which these tautological and incomprehensible sentences necessarily give birth.

A REASON FOR DISSENT.

When I resided at Runcorn, there was a woman of the name of Mrs. Johnston, who gave the best reason for preferring one place of worship to another that I have heard. Mrs. J. having left the Established Church and gone to the Methodist chapel, was asked her reason for so doing; to which she replied, "That it was on account of her pie being exactly ready when the Methodist chapel came out; whereas, when she attended the church, it was always overdone." It would appear that Mrs. J. indulged herself on the Sundays with a pie (not a bad Sunday's dinner,) which she put into the oven when she went to church, and as the morning service of the Church of England is rather long, she found that her pie was always too much done when she came out, and not so juicy as she could have wished. The Methodist service is rather shorter, and her pie was done to a T. This pie, very properly decided Mrs. Johnston's religion. If people were all as simple-hearted and as candid as Mrs. Johnston, and would bring themselves to believe, as she evidently did, that if the heart be rightly affected there was less difference between the different modes of religious worship, than between a pie being overdone or underdone, there would not be so much quarrelling about religion.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Grundriss der Seelenheilkunde: von Dr. K. W. Ideler, Privatdocent und Lehrer der psychiatrischen Klinik an der Friedrich Wilhelms-Universität, technischem Mitgliede des Königlichen Curatorii für die Krankenhaus-angelegenheiten, dirigirendem Arzte der Irrenabtheilung in der Charité, &c. &c. (Elementary Outline of the Treatment of Insanity, by Dr. K. W. Ideler, Private Teacher, and Teacher of Psychiatric Clinic at the Frederick William's University, Technical Member of the Royal Curatorium for Hospital Affairs, Directing Physician of the Department for the Insane at the Hospital Charité, &c. &c.) Berlin. 1835.

THE first volume of this work, which is all that has yet reached us, contains a system of Psychology. The treatment of Insanity is to furnish the subject-matter of the second. It seems but just, before speaking of the author's method of treating diseases of the mind, to give a preliminary account of his view of its healthy and diseased conditions. The former, it is plain, must rise out of, and find its only explanation in, the latter. The work before us is rather a description of moral and mental phenomena, than an inquiry into their essential nature and intimate relations; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, that he does not consider the nature of the elements of the human character to be his province, so much as their operation.

In contemplating the human character, the most prominent phenomena are seen to be those resulting from the operation of the *impulses of our moral nature*, which constitute its foundation. These impulses are not discovered by reflection, nor are they dependent on reason; they are prior to both. They form that which we denominate the character. They are manifested at first, as the consciousness of a feeling, which is, as it were, at a loss for expression. They require their possessor to seek for a sphere of activity calculated for their development and manifestation. A man never discovers from reflection the course which he is destined to follow, but from the impulse which he receives from his moral nature. These impulses are all necessary to the present condition of mankind; it is only their excess, or want of development, which constitutes evil. We call them, a love of honour, of gain, of life, of freedom, or, we denominate them according to the object towards which they impel us; religion, ambition, &c.

Of course all these impulses are in being long before our consciousness can give any account of them. Nor are we indeed ever conscious of more of them than we have vested in action. The soul is only conscious of its activity; its contemplation never extends beyond the sum of powers which are, or have been, in operation. Thus, an impulse slumbering in the soul has no existence for the mental sense. When it wakes, it often fills even its possessor with astonishment. A false explanation of the mental phenomena, which these impulses give rise to when waking, or when partially roused, led to the doctrine of innate ideas. Between the depths of the soul, where all is more or less hidden and unknown, and its surface, where consciousness extends, there is often but imperfect and sometimes no communication.

Over the impulses Reason has only a very partial sway. She often attempts to change the character, but her influence is never profound. She has fre-

quently succeeded in demonstrating, to her own satisfaction, the nothingness of religion. But our moral nature cannot be finally deceived on the subject which interests it most. Logical demonstration cannot affect, for a moment, the existence of that faith, which is founded in the character itself. Daily does reason prove to demonstration the vanity of riches. But, often, whilst declaiming against them, she is obliged to find means to satisfy the desire of acquisition. The impulses may be checked and modified, but never eradicated, whilst particular forms of thought are not grounded necessarily in our nature, and die successively away. The former are always in the van of reflection, which can often only judge of and correct them by their consequences.

The only true consciousness we possess of an impulse is furnished by the ideas it gives rise to. These, therefore, whether they be combined logically by reason, or fantastically by imagination, are the only legitimate key to the essential nature of the character. These primitive ideas are communicated by the impulses to the understanding, in order that the latter may seek for a sphere of action, in which the former may find their natural destination. For if it were not for these ideas, they would never arrive at manifestation. We should only feel that we were urged somewhere, without being able to denote the direction. The faculty of interpreting every shade of an impulse by corresponding ideas is a matter of education, and is capable of great perfection. Supposing this faculty not to be cultivated by an individual in whom religion is a powerful impulse; as he has no definite idea of what he wants, he is sure to fall, more or less, into superstition. The relative force of the impulses with which we are born, and which constitutes the individuality of our character, remains more or less valid for life. For reason is powerless when she attempts a radical change in our nature. She constructs, but she cannot create, she controls, but she can never destroy. *Naturam furcâ expelles, tamen usque recurret.*

Every impulse is capable of unlimited development. In this law is expressed the grand characteristic of mental phenomena, distinguishing them radically from those of matter, by which, therefore, they can never be explained. If we analyze the impulse which is the source of our favourite ideas, we ultimately recognise a want of our nature, which keeps giving to the understanding problem after problem to solve, and which never lets it rest. Without this primary want, the understanding never arrives at profound conviction, but finds satisfaction in the loose and superficial combination of common-place truths. The more systematic thinker, without depth of moral nature, easily degenerates into a sophist, for he who is not impelled by the living love of truth, never feels the insufficiency of that which has hitherto been discovered, and, consequently, never strikes out boldly a new path of his own.

We have stated that every impulse is originally blind, giving rise, first, only to an indefinite desire, though subsequently, to corresponding ideas. We have to add, that it ought always to be enlightened by the understanding as to its object, and to the conditions necessary for its manifestation in action. Now, wherever an enthusiastic and impetuous nature hurries on to action, without waiting for a clear consciousness of its wants, we have particularly to insist upon

the interference of reason. But this latter must not encroach too much on the independent rights of our moral nature. This is a delicate point. Men generally err in cultivating their understanding, to the neglect of their impulses, or, in following one of the latter blindly, without the aid of light from the former. The proper guidance of our impulses by reason is the grand problem of our lives. But let us still remember, that the latter ought to take a certain direction at the behest of the former, and not dictate one herself; that she should not be allowed to paralyze enthusiasm, nor to deliver the activity prisoner to a too sober prudence, because the nobler impulses only flourish in elastic independence.

He is doubly unfortunate, whose impulses are strong and whose understanding is confined. The latter is then compelled to call upon the imagination for aid in planning what the character demands, and hence those incongruities and inconsistencies arise, with which every-day life abounds. For, seeing that the nature of such an individual impels him to an object, and his understanding cannot instruct him how to obtain it, he is sure to lay hold of fantastic means, and mistake his position altogether.

In opposition to reason, whose province it is to school the wants and wishes by which our impulses show themselves, the imagination creates for them a world, in which to revel in ideal satisfaction, embellishes for them the future with glowing colours, and promises them a brilliant career. It is from the pictures with which it abounds, that the youth first learns in what direction he ought to proceed, for, before Reason arrives at an active age, imagination alone reveals to him the constitution of his moral nature. Reason comes up subsequently to discover the means of fulfilling the indications which imagination presents. But, without the enthusiasm with which the magic of the latter inspires him, he will never be capable of great achievements.

We cannot but pause a moment here, in order to rescue enthusiasm from the equivocal estimation in which it is too often held. True enthusiasm implies a harmony of all our impulses, each active in its sphere, and each lighted on its path by reason. Its highest expression is the creative activity of genius. But the mask of enthusiasm is often assumed by the egotist, in order to gratify more completely some single, selfish impulse. Thus, the political adventurer affects to dedicate all his powers in harmonious concert with the general weal, whilst he is, in fact, only seeking food for his self-love. The same obtains of the fanatic, the essence of whose religion is self-worship. But the extravagance of these impostors ought never to be laid at the door of enthusiasm. On the contrary, seeing that such extravagance denotes discord of the character, and subordination of the higher impulses to the lower, and that enthusiasm essentially requires the contrary relation, they ought rather to be esteemed radical and absolute opposites.

Having treated of impulses as the ultimate elements of our moral nature, we now come to the *feelings*, which express the state of those impulses. Each feeling may be referred to an individual impulse. The former denotes the condition of the latter, and is either encouraging or disheartening, according as the impulse be checked or furthered. When it pursues its career uninterrupted, it gives rise to a feeling of pleasure. When its operation is checked, a feeling

of pain is produced, which excites a reaction against the obstacle. A given impulse, exceeding its natural bounds, necessarily checks the operation of another, and the pain which is thus produced is called *remorse*. The violence of remorse is in proportion to the force of the impulse which has been wounded. It is only when we allow the higher impulses to overpower the lower, that we escape the feeling of remorse. The painful state of mind induced by the latter is generally described as having its origin in the workings of *conscience*. It is an error, or a figure of speech, which attributes to the latter an independent existence. Moreover, it is no universal absolute judge. Its power varies according to the force of the impulse which has been injured, and it cannot be said to exist, where the nobler impulses, having been deadened, feel no longer the pain from injury which we denominate remorse. The object of remorse is to depress the aggravating impulse by re-acting on it, in order that reason may effect, with greater facility, the work of correction. But in this she scarcely ever succeeds, because, generally, men either render her entirely subservient to their all engrossing impulse, or, where she preserves independence enough to oppose it, they reject her interference altogether. Where she effects correction, it is by calling forth the energies of the aggrieved impulse, and assisting in claiming for its interests respect from the aggressor. But, too often, when the interests of our honour, for instance, have been injured by the predominant operation of a selfish impulse; the pleasure which we feel in the gratification of the latter is such as to preclude the perception of efficacious remorse.

Every impulse which enjoys a free course of activity is accompanied by a feeling of pleasure. The degree of pleasure indicates the intensity of the impulse. As it is a property of the latter to give rise to ideas, corresponding, in their nature to its direction, and in their number to its intensity, we come to the conclusion, that the higher the feeling of pleasure, the fuller the flow of ideas. But the mere feeling of pleasure can never be the object of life; at most, it can only show that that object is being fulfilled.

Here, we come to touch upon the distinction which is practically made between the man of feeling and the man of action. One man is said to act according to the dictates of his understanding,—another, under the control of his feelings. But the difference lies in the different force of the impulses in the respective individuals. When one or more of these latter are strong, and deeply rooted in the character, they force the individual to march straight forward to their object, and he cannot, consequently, loiter in his course, to luxuriate amongst the feelings with which their operation is attended. Such a man hastens to his journey's end, and, his mission being that of fulfilling an essential condition of his nature, he cannot afford time to lie down amongst the flowers of the pleasant way-side. This is the man of action. He lives in the aspiring, endless development and manifestation of his moral impulses, and not for the feelings which are of trifling and finite importance. But where impulses are not so deeply rooted in the nature, the necessity of striving to satisfy them by action is not so profoundly felt. Life becomes a journey without significance, and without a philosophical end. When the character is so weak as to shun reality, where alone is to be found the vest of action, in which the impulses of our soul ought to be

clothed, the latter take refuge in an ideal world, where they find exclusive satisfaction in imaginary success. The pleasure which is experienced in this fictitious gratification becomes the business of life. This state is sentimentality, and its votaries are called men of feeling. Men of action are rather inclined to hide their feelings, in order that they may not be suspected of acting merely to gratify them. It is not to be supposed that they do not feel even more intensely than other men. People of the coldest exterior often burst into the wildest passions, when an impulse is violated, to whose gratification they had devoted all their powers. No feeling ought to be a motive of action. We do not say that it may not produce actions which are denominated virtuous, but we affirm that they are no signs of virtue in the individual agent. Many think they atone for crimes by suffering from remorse. This is an error. Remorse, in itself, is no virtue; it is only of value where it leads to active reformation. It is much easier to indulge in it, than to subdue it and act according to the lesson it has taught. And this latter practice is the only one conformable to duty.

A grand error of our age is to develop the impulses with which we are endowed, not for the object which they ought to attain, but for the feelings which they may produce. We have seen this practice prevail, in the form of sentimentality, in individuals on whom it is in a manner forced by their weakly constituted character. But where it is adopted by all classes of society, it becomes a formidable vice, and may lead to terrific results. Such a practice constitutes the effeminate degeneracy of our moral nature, which characterises the luxurious decay of civilization. In such a state, all impulses are developed, but none is actively manifested. As the individual feelings become guides, the universal standard of truth and virtue can never be practically acknowledged. Whilst ideal generosity is indulged in, the real impulse is often sacrificed to selfishness. The gross sensation of pleasure is all that Epicureans live for. Still they are generally the severest judges; they demand unnatural purity, just as their writings are full of flimsy characters, made to combine all imaginable perfections, and still to partake of sensuality enough to render them favourites with the vulgar public. Of these wretches, each sees the worthlessness of the others, but all are satisfied with themselves. Lies are the current coin of such society, truth is unpardonable pedantry. Originality of character becomes odd affectation, for the forms of society and the caprices of fashion are to level everything to one tame standard, in order that no impertinent superiority may render inanity jealous. But, though thus united against all elevated endeavour, each reserves to himself some sneaking plan to awaken envy, and obtain a paltry distinction. Everything is fashion by turns, religion and atheism, politics and philosophy, illumination and mysticism. Women govern, because they best understand the art of dissimulation, because they best communicate elegance to manners, and because their favours are the highest prizes which pampered sensuality knows. At last, however, such insipid debauchery becomes too stale, and the want of strong excitement makes itself instinctively felt. Hence, the desire of violent emotion, whether it be wrung from the contemplation of actual horrors, from bloody dramas, or frightful romances, in short, from anything which can rouse our impulses, so as to allow us to coquet with the feelings they produce.

This is the prostitution of our moral nature to the basest purposes. When the literature of the day takes the stamp of such society, it paves the way to the madhouse. For, thus, clear judgment is beguiled by phantoms, all industry consumed in idle reveries, experience undermined by groundless doubts and capacious misgivings, so that the mind is left without ground to stand on, and sweeps, without support, in a void. What is the life of a madman but romance, which excludes from him entirely, as it does from many partially, a calm view of reality, preventing him from seeing what hurts and what suits his soul, leading him astray from practical prudence, keeping him a prisoner to his feelings, and striking him with mental blindness?

After considering impulses and feelings generally, we have next to inquire into the modifications of our moral nature which are due to sex. The first grand point in which the female differs from the male is, that her reason never embraces and comprehends the interests of her moral impulses. To speak familiarly, she obeys the latter, without reasoning upon them. This organization enables her to answer promptly the numerous and repeated appeals to her affections, which are made by her duty and situation. Thus, she may be said to cultivate the heart, and she acquires a tact and sagacity, where the affections are concerned, which logic never arrives at. Medical philosophers have universally promulgated the opinion, that the organization of women has no other object than that of the propagation of the species. But the psychologist is compelled to indicate their due limits to material explanations of the significance of sex, in order that women may not become a mere amplification of the uterine system, and thus lose all moral importance.

To give a definition of the sexual relations, we must keep in mind all the bearings of our nature. All sensual motives which connect themselves with individual impulses serve the latter only as vehicles by which they may arrive at practical manifestation, but the grand original importance of our moral impulses, as the foundation of the social system, lies quite out of all connexion with the laws of material existence, and cannot be explained by these. Therefore, behind the material form of sexual difference and its evident object lies a moral expression of the same, which only finds a practical application in the former, but is in no wise contained, or exhausted, in it. For, seeing that a union of all moral qualities, of which many are so mutually contradictory and incongruous, was impossible in one individual, nature divided them between the sexes, which thus form, according to the beautiful definition of Plato, the two halves of a whole, and which naturally tend to a union, where the one may complete the other. The cold systematic understanding of man would drive everything to extremes, overreach itself in calculation, and, after developing only one side of our nature, would find itself in perpetual contradiction with all that belongs to the other, if the soft affections of woman did not teach him that reason, alone, is insufficient for the intimate recognition of truth. Indeed, to answer the numerous appeals to her sympathies, and to remain faithful to the law which devotes her more to others than to herself, she must necessarily want all the predicates of the male character. Hence, geniality in science and originality in art are denied her, in order that she may not be unduly in-

clined to action, and that impulse, not reflection, may be her guide and judge.

We now come to the consideration of the nature of the *passions*. We define passion to be the despotism of a single impulse. Whenever an impulse has grown out of its healthy limits, engrossed in its interests all the powers of the soul, deadened the other impulses, or enlisted them in its service, it becomes a passion. The number of passions, therefore, is indicated by the number of impulses. When one of the former has fully asserted its mastery, all internal opposition only serves its purpose by rousing it to such intensity that it easily imposes upon reflection a sophistical subserviency. A sense of past experience, and not the voice of reason, is the only sure check to passion. When the operation of the latter has once been followed by punishment, the individual will recollect the fact when he may be on the point of yielding to it again, and such recollection may restrain him, though he may have forced his reason to come to the conclusion, that he would be justified in obeying his sovereign impulse. Here we have the basis of the true theory of punishment; the more modern ones are pseudo-philanthropic.

We must be careful not to confound the essential nature of passion with those wild and unconnected fits of passion, which answer to the vulgar idea of it. Instead of being devoid of reason, consummate passion has all reason under its sway. Instead of being inconsistent and unconnected, it is characterized by resolution, steadfastness, and consistency. The fits of passion or rage come under the head of feelings, and indicate a temporary condition of our nature, when some mighty impulse has been painfully interrupted in its career. Then, when the passionate impulse is possessed by the feeling of rage, it is true that consistency vanishes, and that reason, which was formerly subservient, is now in utter abeyance.

We shall best illustrate the general nature of passion, in contemplating some of its varieties.

Religious passion is the most terrible, because the impulse out of which it grows is often but scantily represented by the definite ideas, whose aid is required by the understanding to educate and guide it. Yet in the place of individual ideas we have here universal revelation. But this pure source of truth scarcely ever reaches the mind undefiled by ambition or bigotry. Consequently, reason but too often schools the impulse by the aid of some cruel dogma, or lets it run wild in obedience to the dicta of fanatics.

Religious passions have very little to do with the form of belief, inasmuch as they can be kindled by any: they are always to be traced to the original constitution of our moral nature. Even a truly pious mind finds real satisfaction in the weakest and falsest conceptions of the Deity. And, seeing that the religious impulse makes men entirely dependent on the divine law, or what is taught them as such, the priest obtains unlimited empire over them, by artificially fostering the fear they entertain of a God represented to them as an angry despot, and by refining on the remorse which they already feel for the slightest transgressions, till their lives become nothing but suffering.

All who believe themselves inspired of God are out of the bounds of ordinary morality. For as the voice within them, which they suppose to come from Heaven, is nothing but the ardent and involuntary expression of impulse, which it is beyond the reach of reason to

tame or rectify, such individuals are consigned to the care of a blind guide, which may easily take the most prejudicial direction. But these are not the only fruits of mystic conventicles. They create an indisposition to act, they render the mind unfit for anything but idle contemplation, and not only induce extravagant susceptibility and puritanical moribundness, but, seeing that the spirit which pervades them is monotonous and wearisome, their votaries sigh for religious exercises, in which the vanity and restless discrepancies of their nature may find satisfaction, and for which their perverted understanding is sure to discover a command in some passage of the Bible torn from its connexion with the rest.

The religious passions, by intimate combination with others, often form real monstrosities of our moral nature. Such is religious pride, which, assuming a supernatural holiness, seeks only to make others idolize itself. Of this vice we find examples in the Bramins of the East, which would receive our admiration, if we were not conscious of their ignoble source. But our every day saints are prevented by the police, or by the fear of the mad-house, from running into the extremes with which former history abounds. All they can do is, to place themselves high in the favour of the Deity, look down with incredible disdain upon those whom they designate of this world, spit their fanatic venom at every innocent pleasure, anathematize every religious opinion which does not square with their own, and prophesy the destruction of the world, which is to perish in a hell of sulphur, like Sodom and Gomorrah. The pride or self-delusion, which is not embarrassed by the most flagrant inconsistencies, sufficiently explains their exempting themselves from all works of Christian love towards a degenerate race, and their indulging even sensual propensities under the mask of a severer morality.

The fanatic is the despot of the soul. His object is no other than that of destroying the moral and mental constitution with which God has endowed us, and transforming the creative and reproductive soul into a spiritless automaton, obedient to every impulse from without. In short, the end and aim of his exertion is mental suicide.

An ostensibly passionate love of freedom is often a disguise for an ignoble principle. The young are especially prone to denominate all self-sacrifice slavery. What they understand by liberty is, the licence which permits an impulse to grow into a passion. After introducing discord into their own nature, they think themselves capable of founding universal freedom, though it cannot exist without perfect harmony. Most of the apostles of freedom are themselves in slavish subjection to a single, selfish impulse.

Much of the passionate philanthropy of our time is of a more or less selfish nature.

"The most disinterested, the purest, and the noblest of mankind, from an enthusiastic idea of virtue, and a plan for realizing happiness, is very often as much disposed to proceed arbitrarily with individuals as even the most selfish despot, because they both comprise within themselves the object of their exertions, and because the former, who models his actions to suit an idea of his own, is nearly as much opposed to the freedom of others as the latter, whose ultimate object is himself."

* Schiller.

Virtue acts nobly in obedience to the law which we suppose to represent universal truth, youthful enthusiasm to realize its own ideal, and love on account of its object.

As the health of the corporeal system consists in the harmony of the vital powers, so does that of the moral system in the harmony of the impulses. The practical denomination of moral health is morality. Passions, therefore, are diseases of our moral nature. To view them as often necessary, and, in many cases, salutary, was reserved for modern liberalism, whose indignation is roused as soon as a check is proposed to ignoble propensities or headlong passions, and which only sees perfection in the unrestrained development of every impulse, careless of the education of any.

Let us finally protest, once more, against the confounding of passion and enthusiasm. The former implies complete discord; the essence of the latter is perfect harmony.*

We pass now to the treatment and cure of the passions. The elder German psychologists contend, that passions, once developed, become essential elements of the character. They assert that a man under their dominion cannot be cured, because he will not. According to them, therefore, the executioner alone can hope to combat them with effect; and madness, springing out of them, can be chained and awed, but never subdued. But this doctrine, which very generally prevails, is calculated to drive the physician to despair. Let us inquire if we have really no means of effectually curing the madness of passion. Reason is impotent, because, as we have already said, the prevailing passion keeps her in slavish dependence. We have even seen that the opposition which she may make is actually calculated to carry passion beyond its ordinary limits. But though reason, which in these cases is the refuge of the vulgar, is of no avail, still our plan of operation is perfectly plain. Inasmuch as every passionate condition of our nature is caused by a false relation of our impulses to each other, in which one or more have engrossed all the powers of the soul, so as utterly to oppress the rest, the process of cure presents us a twofold problem, which is, firstly, to reduce the predominant impulses to their healthy measure, and, secondly, to awake and excite the others to such an extent, that a general equilibrium may be again established.

The old method of cure fails in leaning exclusively on restriction and repression. It is true that these are primarily indicated; it is also true, that they are sometimes all that is required; where, for instance, the impressed impulses are elastic enough to assert their rights as soon as the pressure of opposition is removed. But, in the majority of cases, the impulses in question have been injured by the passion which has risen and grown at their expense,—consequently, they require excitement and re-invigoration. Often, when the favourite passion is apparently suppressed, it continues to work on in secret. This is always to be feared when former inclinations are backward in showing their force. The individual tries to conceal his passion, in order to watch his opportunity of indulging

* This position, for the expression of which our philosophic terminology is insufficient, would stand thus in German, *Die Leidenschaft giebt dem Gemüthe eine möglichst einseitige, der Enthusiasmus eine möglichst vielseitige, Richtung.*

it. Often, indeed, he is not aware of it, for, as we have before remarked, our consciousness does not extend far into the depths of our nature.

The means of cure, therefore, must be found in the soul itself. The law of nature, by virtue of which all operations tend, when undisturbed, to harmony and health, will assist our efforts. In short, to give this law play, by combating the discordant oppressor, and rousing the discouraged oppressed, and the grand indications, and not any foreign law of concord, which the physician without is to bring, by a series of manœuvres, into the suffering soul.

We have now arrived at the second division of our subject, which treats of the relation of the soul to the body. Before entering into its strict consideration, we will succinctly discuss the supposed absolute dependence of the former on the latter. We allude to the doctrine of materialism, which teaches that the moral constitution is only an expression of the physical. Our opinion is, that whoever glances for an instant at the impulses of our nature, and at their relation to each other and to the understanding, must come to the conclusion that their end and aim lie quite out of the range of organic mechanism, and that their operations constitute them a world of independent phenomena, although the effecting of the latter may be aided or impeded by the structure of the body. Further, every mind differs, and the difference is not partial or accidental, but consists in a quite original constitution of the whole. Who dares to say that these innumerable fundamental differences between mind and mind are wrought by trifling modifications of the nervous system? We know *nothing* of these modifications; in health, we cannot discover the slightest variation in its structure or composition, and by this *nothing* are we to explain the wonderful diversity of human character? Materialists assert that there can be no activity without an organ, as if all plastic activity must not be antecedent to the structure which it calls into existence. To be consistent, they must show us how thought is produced by the chemical proportions of the cerebral substance, how it may be possible that a little more sulphur in the albumen of the nervous fibre may produce a Newton, or a larger proportion of hydrogen a Socrates. They are bound to admit, too, that, by changing these chemical proportions, either by diet or medicine, it is possible to transform an ass into a genius, and an assassin into a hero of virtue. Or let them show that the difference between the mental capacity of Napoleon and of an imbecile may possibly correspond with the difference in the specific gravity of their cerebral substance. As they make the mind depend entirely on the body, and as the latter fares worse in civilized countries, in order to be consistent, they are bound to consider, like Rousseau, civilization an evil. Some half admit this, in asserting that it carries within itself the germ of decay. They deny the mind an independent existence, on account of its intimate connexion with the body; would they then deny plants an independent existence, because they cannot live out of the soil, and because they receive from it innumerable modifications?

We now pass to the relation of the soul to the body, or rather to the modifications which it is capable of effecting in the latter. Of course it operates upon it by affecting the vital powers. Since the time of Haller, the general idea of the vital powers has not ad-

vanced further than the principles of irritability and sensibility. But it is plain that these cannot be primitive vital powers, because, as they never make their appearance till after the animal fibre has been formed, they can have nothing to do with the process of formation. Our object here is not to determine what these vital powers essentially are, but to prove that irritability is not one of them. Their intimate nature is but imperfectly known. The best image we have of them is furnished by the operation of the *imponderabilia*; more especially by that of the electro-magnetic principle—only that the formative principle of the human organism recomposes as well as decomposes, whilst the power of electro-magnetism is confined to decomposition. We denominate the decomposition and recomposition of the animal fibre the vegetative process. On this process the operation of all faculty and all function is based. In producing the animal fibre it produces also, as we have before stated, irritability. Now, the consumption of this irritability affects the integrity of the vegetative process, that is to say, should it be too promptly or too slowly consumed, the process of decomposition and recomposition is so affected, that abnormal structure may be the consequence. Finally, irritability is consumed in every act of moral and physical life.

Our province now is to describe how mental and moral phenomena can so consume the stock of irritability that, in the first place, an adequate quantity may not be left for the effecting of physical phenomena, and that, in the second, the vegetative process may be so disturbed as to cause an abnormal structure of the animal fibre.

The mental phenomena are not carried on merely by the aid of the cerebral substance, as substratum to the immaterial power. Were this the case there is no reason why, during the process of thought, all the functions of the body should not be carried on with their usual activity. The truth is, that the irritability which is essential to the function of digestion, may be conducted by the nerves from the stomach to the brain, and there be employed as the vehicle of thought.

Muscular activity stands in the same antagonistic relation to deep thought. Kant observed, that the fatigue of the latter was very much greater during walking. At the end of a long day's journey on foot, one is not only incapable of reflecting on, but even of properly perceiving, the beauties of a new region.

To some, these explanations may savour of materialism, but we have never denied that mental phenomena do not demand a material substratum, though they are effected by an immaterial power. Moreover, should the former, which we agree to call nervous fluid, principle, or irritability, be in an abnormal condition, it is plain that it cannot correspond with the motion of the latter; in other words, the active manifestation of mental power is dependent, to a certain extent, on the condition of the nervous medium.

When the powers of the soul, instead of being vested in thought, are absorbed by a powerful impulse, the nervous irritability is roused, but, instead of being concentrated in the brain, it flows to the external senses, and generally to the peripheral terminations of the nerves. It is necessary to hold fast the contrast which the general state now presents with that which it exhibited during abstract thought. There is an elastic feeling in every limb, inviting, as it were,

to the manifestation of the impulse and the venting of the irritability in action. Hence the tendency to words and voluntary motion. Hence loud laughter and gesticulating grief. Hence, also, the torment which the raving madman suffers when, in order to tame his precipitate will, we forcibly prevent its manifestations.

The effects of this increased general irritability are shortly visible in the different systems of the body. Indeed, it is the rapidity with which the circulation is affected by the impulses which has led some theorists to place their seat in the heart, and to deny that they act on it indirectly through the general nervous irritability.

When the impulses of our moral nature are in a depressed instead of an excited condition, the effects produced are the reverse of those last described. In the first place, we observe a diminished capacity of thought, and a sluggish state of the irritability. The power of perception in the external senses is limited. Thought itself is confused; the figures of the imagination flow into each other. The memory takes in the smallest space of the past, is fragmentary, and presents capricious associations of ideas.

This diminution of nervous activity finds a material expression in a feeling of desolation and oppression, sometimes in a state of apathy bordering on want of consciousness. At its greatest extent, it produces paralysis. It is especially felt at the centre of the ganglionic system (at the solar plexus) as a weight, and as a feeling of anxiety at the scrobiculum cordis, which communicates itself thence to all parts of the body. It is plain, that a continuation of this state may vitiate all the secretions, and produce chronic diseases of all the chylipoietic viscera. The circulatory and respiratory systems show, both of them, symptoms of the general oppression. The weak degree of innervation of the heart is shown by the palpitation which congestion produces, and the slowness of the breathing has to be compensated by sighs. The effect of this depression of the nervous principle on the vegetative process is still involved in mystery, but it is apparently connected with the production of carcinomatous and encephaloid matter.

When an impulse is aggrieved, its natural reaction against the aggressor constitutes anger. Let us examine the effect which this state of our moral nature is capable of producing on the body. We have considered moral affections, which elevate or depress the irritability. It is the characteristic of anger to act upon it in the secreting organs, in such a manner as to cause a vitiation of the secreted fluids. It is not, therefore, a mere stimulant. It can deprave the saliva, milk, and gall. Children have died in convulsions of the milk which they have sucked from the breasts of angry women. A case is on record of one which expired suddenly, as if struck by lightning. But such catastrophes only arise when anger is manifested in the shape of fury.

Vexation, by which we here mean anger debarred from active manifestation, is often more prejudicial than the latter passion. Anger can exhaust itself even on lifeless objects, but vexation, being necessarily confined, often protracted, acts upon the vegetative process, and has a great share in producing numbers of chronic maladies.

Here, we cannot but pause a moment to express our conviction, that the storms agitating the atmo-

sphere of the soul, which floats throughout the corporeal edifice, have the greatest share in the origin of those diseases respecting the primary nature of which modern pathology is quite in the dark. It is exclusively occupied in dividing the body into different systems, on which it calculates the prejudicial effect of bad nourishment, imperfect clothing, unhealthy temperature, &c. But the question has never been answered, why these circumstances affect only certain individuals. To say that it depends on the irritability of the individual is an answer certainly, but not even a step towards an explanation. Whence this diversity of irritability? It is mere assumption to state, that of itself it differs so much in different persons and at different times in the same individual as to account for the weak, powerful, or negative effect of a morbid agent. The true physician supersedes the necessity of such an unjustified assumption, by connecting these different states of the irritability, as effects, with the states of our moral nature as causes. The most palpable proof of such relation is the law, by virtue of which contagion is impotent, when it is met with courage, and omnipotent when it encounters fear.

We have already described passion to be a state of discord of our moral nature, in which one impulse dominates and extends itself, to the prejudice and at the expense of others. In its first stages, an internal struggle is its necessary attendant. This struggle in the moral nature must be expressed also in the physical, and the state of the latter which it produces is strictly analogous to that brought about by secret vexation. It exhausts the irritability and saps the foundation of life. All kinds of functional anomalies are the consequence.

But the operation of deep-rooted passions is especially betrayed by morbid modifications of the vegetative process. The structure of the whole body often displays a general degeneration. Hence the various forms of cachexia, and hence the innumerable varieties of complexion, which indicate that the body has long been suffering a morbid change from an habitual moral disease.

From the Spectator.

FINE ARTS.

PLAN FOR GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

It is superfluous at the present time to use any arguments to prove the necessity of national patronage of fine art, and the expediency of the Government taking some step to promote the production of the highest class of works of painting and sculpture. The present Ministers have shown their desire to do this, and indeed have partly carried their intention into effect, by the foundation of a School of Design; which is only the first of those measures that will probably result from the labours of the committee appointed to consider the subject. The Second Report of the Committee has not yet appeared; but in the mean time, the question of state patronage of high art has been raised by Mr. Haydon's "Appeal," which appeared in our columns last week. Although matters merely personal to the writer and having an indirect connexion with the subject are mixed up with it, there is one suggestion which is deserving of consideration,

though it is not a new one. It is that the new Houses of Parliament should be adorned with paintings of subjects from English history, and, we would add, with statues and busts of statesmen, orators, and patriots. It would indeed be a reproach to the taste of the nation, if so magnificent a pile of architecture were unadorned by the productions of the sister arts of painting and sculpture. The opportunity is too obvious to be neglected; and if any arguments were needed to show the efficacy of such a mode of developing the talent of native artists, the result of the recent competition for the building itself furnishes one. There would be this difference, however—that in the case of painters and sculptors being employed, not one only but many would benefit, and these arts receive an impulse of most powerful effect in raising the character of the British school.

However far removed may be the works of our native artists, from that intellectual excellence which painting and sculpture are susceptible of, there still exists talent sufficient to do credit to the genius of the nation and to justify its employment on such an occasion. Indeed, had similar opportunities been made available on former occasions, the talent of the body of arts might have been of a much higher average; and it would be a very bad reason for not employing them now, that their talent is not sufficiently great, when no national encouragement has been directed to its development. The painters at one time volunteered to decorate St. Paul's with pictures gratuitously, but the Bishop of the day put his veto on it. This fact, and the circumstance of so many pursuing the practice of painting historical subjects in despite of the small encouragement there is even for the greatest talent in this the highest branch of the art, are proofs sufficient that our artists are at least not deficient in lofty aspirations and endeavours to realize them. That a public meeting of their body has not been called to petition the King and the Legislature to employ them on this occasion, may be accounted for by the apathy of the Royal Academy, whose influence, unless exerted in furthering such a proceeding, would insensibly operate against it. This is the vice of the Academy—that it not only does not exert itself, but paralyzes the energies of others.

In order to show the amount of talent available to the production of historical pictures if called for by the country, we will mention such names as occur to us at the moment, who have exhibited specimens of their ability in the higher walks of the art. There are Allan, Boxall, Briggs, Etty, Eastlake, Hart, Haydon, Hayter, Herbert, Hilton, Howard, Hurlstone, Landseer, Leslie, McClise, Wilkie,—all painters in oil of proved talent in design and execution; and there are besides a number of young artists whose powers have been indicated though not developed, whom a great occasion might call forth into distinction. There are many scenic painters, moreover, who might be appropriately employed; such as Arnald, Calcott, Jones, Roberts, Stanfield, Turner, Witherington. And among sculptors, we have Baily, Campeble, Carew, Chantrey, Gibson, Hollins, Joseph, Lough, Legrew, Moore, Pitts, Rossi, Sievier, Sharp, Westmacott, Wyatt, &c.

The beneficial effect of the employment of artists, both to the arts and the country, would greatly depend upon the way in which it was apportioned. A committee of competent persons might be appointed, in the first instance, to select from among the candidates for

employment those whose works gave satisfactory proof of their ability to enter into the competition, and to determine the nature and extent of the share of commissions to be appropriated to each. Models and sketches of the various statues and pictures should be first exhibited publicly; and if the number of designs selected for execution were not sufficient, a second exhibition should take place of the fresh ones. A grand exhibition of all the works, when completed, would enable the public to form an opinion of the united talent of the artists, and would give the judges a final opportunity of rejecting any unsatisfactory work; allowing to the disappointed individual a remunerating price for his labour, or the option of executing another, if his talent were such as to warrant his having a second chance.

We have given this rough outline of a plan for enlisting the combined energies of the whole body of artists in a great national undertaking, merely by way of showing the practicability of the scheme, without pretending that the plan is perfect in all its details. The matter of expense we have not touched upon: the question ought to be determined without reference to the cost. The outlay might be gradual and the execution of the scheme progressive, provided some definite plan were first laid down.

NEW PRINTS.

Wilkie's picture of "The Spanish Mother," exhibited at Somerset House two or three years since, has been engraved in the line manner by Raimbach; who appears to have bestowed the utmost pains and skill to produce a faithful, spirited, and forcible translation of the painting. The subject is a young mother seated on the floor playing with her child, a fine Puck-faced urchin, who has flung his arm round her neck, and is strenuously endeavouring to pull her backwards towards him, as if he were coaxing her for a sword to match the drum that drags at his heels. The action both of the child and mother is admirably expressed: the child's face is full of arch playfulness, and the mild pleasure beaming in the mother's beautiful countenance makes a delightful picture of maternal endearment. The faces and costume do not strike us as being peculiarly Spanish; indeed the mother would pass very well for a bonnie Scotch lassie. But this matters little, except in reference to the title. The original picture was one of the most vigorous and finished efforts of Wilkie's powerful pencil; and the engraving from it is highly wrought, and gives due effect to the colouring, texture, and general effect of the painting, as well as the expression and character of the design. The only objection that strikes us is a hardness in the flesh tints—a prevailing defect in modern line engravings.

The two finest pictures of the historical class that Wilkie has produced—namely, "John Knox Preaching," and the "Maid of Saragossa,"—are in a very forward state under the engravers' hands.

Wilkie's popular picture of "The Penny Wedding" has given an extensive celebrity to a national custom now become obsolete. The Penny Wedding derived its name from the circumstance of each of the guests contributing his "penny fee" to the cost of the provisions and whisky so abundantly dispensed during the festivities, which lasted three or four days. The scandal that commonly followed these revellings led to

their being put down. Mr. John Grant (late of the *Elgin Courier*), unwilling that an old Scottish custom should pass away without some memorial of its ceremonials, has delineated in six aquatint plates the principal scenes: these are "The Feet Washing," "Meeting the First Foot," "The Bride's Welcome Home," "The Wedding Dinner," "The Shamit Reel," "Throwing the Stocking;" which are accompanied by letterpress descriptions. The plates have no pretensions to notice as works of art; but satisfactory testimony to the merit and fidelity of the representations is given by Sir David Wilkie.

From the Examiner.

Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane. Par Le Sage. Ornée de 600 Vignettes, d'après les dessins de M. Gigoux. Parts 16 and 17.

Œuvres Complètes de Molière. Avec gravures sur bois par Tony Johannot. Parts 10 and 11. Paris. Paulin: Londres, Hooper; Thomas.

The Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane. Translated from the French of Le Sage by T. Smollett, M. D. Embellished with 600 Engravings on Wood, from the original designs of Jean Gigoux. Parts 1 and 2.

L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte de la Manche. Traduction nouvelle. Par M. Louis Viardot. Ornée de Huit Cents Vignettes, d'après les dessins originaux de M. Tony Johannot. Parts 1 and 2. London: Dubochet; Tilt; Hooper; Thomas.

These are charming editions. The few who have never read Le Sage, Molière, or Cervantes, will read them now; and old lovers will turn to them with a new passion. The example given in the *Gil Blas*, of embedding the illustrations in an English text, we hope to see generally adopted. So wonderful the genius of the men, that their works have become the property, not of those countries only which were honoured with their birth, but of the whole civilized world! When shall we have an English translation in some degree worthy of Molière?

The happiest illustrations are those of M. Gigoux. He thoroughly appreciates the humour of *Gil Blas*. He sketches costume with a knowledge and gusto scarcely inferior to Le Sage's own. As we glance through his delightful designs, we feel that they could not possibly be made to illustrate any book but *Gil Blas*. They could not be written to afresh. All his figures, whether of robbers or priests, of valets or players, of courtiers or sharpers, are moulded into the fortunes of *Gil Blas*. Their fitness is complete and inseparable. We pronounce M. Gigoux the best illustrator extant. The style of his outlines, the manner of his grouping, have something in them indescribably expressive of the very style of Le Sage,—a subtle grace which we have never before seen attempted.

We must ask the reader to turn to the work itself. We had marked so many of the designs for particular description, that we must reluctantly forego describing any of them. They sparkle upon every page.

The least successful illustrations are those of *Don Quixotte*. M. Tony Johannot, who is an artist of genius, should have consulted with M. Viardot before he undertook the work. It is evident that no one understands more thoroughly than our new translator the pathos and sentiment of *Don Quixotte*; and this is precisely what the artist has failed to convey. The

figures of the famous knight are vulgar; the staringly absurd is all we can think of as we look at them; we long for something of the stately and romantic, which is distant far away. This is indeed to read *Don Quixotte* miserably; for well does M. Viardot remark on the subtle union which is presented in its wonderful pages, of laughter and emotion, the burlesque and sublime. The assertion of the merely satirical purpose of *Don Quixotte* has long been exploded in English criticism. Why should Cervantes sit down to satirize the "long-forgotten order of chivalry." It would be nearer the truth to say that he sat down with more than a half desire to exalt and to revive it! At all events, we may assure M. Johannot that the artist who cannot manage to insinuate into the most apparently ludicrous situations a certain something of pathos and dignity, should not attempt to illustrate Cervantes. We confess that we can only recollect one English artist who really accomplished it. You laughed at some of Mr. Stothard's scenes from *Don Quixotte*, but you might as well have shed tears. How pathetic was the awkwardness of the chivalrous Hidalgo, as he danced before the Duke and Duchess!

Wherever *Don Quixotte* does not appear himself, M. Johannot is successful. His Rosinante is good, his Dulcinea is good, his Dapple is good. There is plenty of the cunning, and not enough of the credulous, in his version of the immortal Sancho, but it has very great merit, and looks uncommonly well in a letter-piece. (See pp. 144 and 152, &c.)

We must add a word of very cordial praise on M. Viardot's labours. The translation is executed with singular care, and the notes are new and very valuable. The life of Cervantes is as complete as any we have seen (though we can scarcely forgive M. Viardot's correction of the pleasant mistake that Shakespeare and Cervantes put off mortality on the same day,) and the following passage of criticism on *Don Quixotte* is so original and so well expressed, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"Je crois bien qu'en commençant son livre Cervantès n'eut d'autre objet en vue que d'attaquer avec les armes du ridicule toute la littérature chevaleresque. C'est ce qu'il dit formellement dans son *Prologue*. D'ailleurs, il suffit d'observer les négligences étranges, les contradictions, les étourderies, dont fourmille la première partie du *Don Quichotte*, pour trouver dans ce défaut (si toutefois c'en est un) la preuve manifeste qu'il le commença dans un moment d'humeur, dans une boutade, sans plan arrêté d'avance, laissant courir sa plume au gré des on imagination, se trouvant romancier de nature, comme La Fontaine était fablier, n'attachant enfin aucune importance préméditée à cette œuvre, dont il ne semble pas avoir jamais compris toute la grandeur. *Don Quichotte* n'est d'abord qu'un fou, un fou complet, un fou à lier, et surtout à bâtonner, car le pauvre gentilhomme reçoit plus de coups des bêtes et des gens que n'en pourrait supporter l'échine même de Rossinante. Sancho Panza n'est aussi qu'un gros lourdaud de paysan, donnant en plein, par intérêt et par simplicité, dans le travers de son maître. Mais cela dure peu. Cervantès pourrait-il rester long temps entre la folie et la bêtise? Il s'affectionne d'ailleurs à ses héros, à ceux qu'il appelle les *enfants de son intelligence*; bientôt il leur prête son jugement, son esprit, faisant entre eux une part égale et bien réglée. Au maître, il donne la raison élevée et étendue que peuvent enfanter dans un esprit, sans l'étude et la réflexion; au valet, l'instinct borné, mais sûr, le bon sens inné, la droiture naturelle, quand l'intérêt ne la

trouble pas, que tout homme peut recevoir en naissant et que la commune expérience suffit à cultiver, Don Quichotte n'a plus qu'une case du cerveau malade; sa monomanie est celle d'un homme de bien que révolte l'injustice, qu'exalte la vertu. Il rêve encore à se faire le consolateur de l'affligé, le champion du faible, l'effroi du superbe et du pervers. Sur tout le reste, il raisonne à merveille, il disserte avec éloquence; il est *plus fait*, comme lui dit Sancho, *pour être prêcheur que chevalier errant*. De son côté, Sancho a dépouillé le vieil homme; il est fin quoique grossier, il est malin quoique naïf. Comme Don Quichotte n'a plus qu'un grain de folie, lui n'a plus qu'un grain de crédulité, que justifient d'ailleurs l'intelligence supérieure de son maître et l'attachement qu'il lui porte.

"Alors commence un spectacle admirable. On voit ces deux hommes, devenus inséparables comme l'âme et le corps, s'expliquant, se complétant l'un par l'autre; réunis pour un but à la fois noble et insensé; faisant des actions folles et parlant avec sagesse; exposés à la risée des gens quand ce n'est pas à leur brutalité, et mettant en lumière les vices et les sottises de ceux qui les raillent ou les maltraitent; excitant d'abord la moquerie du lecteur, puis sa pitié, puis sa sympathie la plus vive; sachant l'attendrir presque autant que l'égayer, lui donnant à la fois l'amusement et la leçon, et formant enfin, par le contraste perpétuel de l'un avec l'autre, et de tous deux avec le reste du monde, l'immuable fond d'un drame immense et toujours nouveau."

M. Tony Johannot is also the illustrator of Molière, and here he is more at home. We have opened one of the numbers now before us, and we see, we almost hear, that wittiest and most charming of female satirists, *Célimène*, sketching the absurdities of her friends, while *Alceste* prepares himself for a quarrel. Equally charming is the disagreement about the letter in the fourth Act, and her repulse of his absurd proposal that she should go and live in a desert with him, though a little theatrical, is given with great force and spirit. The illustrations of the *Médecin malgré lui* are all delicious, and gracefully romantic are the pastoral glimpses of *Mélicerte*. The lively scenes of *Le Sicilien* furnish matter for some admirable designs, and we close the number with a very worthy beginning to the great *Tartuffe*.

Shall we not have Rabelais in these exquisite editions? What materials for the artist! Think of Friar John in the vineyard! Panurge in the storm! The feeding of Gargantua!

The designs, it is evident, are extremely well rendered on the wood; and many of them, we are glad to see, are cut by English engravers.

Mr. Franklin's *Outline Etchings to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase*.—We are glad to see a young English artist applying himself to the illustration of a work so indefeasibly national: we are glad, too, that by the style of illustration which he has chosen, he has enforced upon himself a closer attention to correctness of drawing than many of his fellow aspirants, whose works are merely appropriate in sentiment and rich in colour, are willing to pay. There is, to be sure, too close an imitation of the German taste in several of Mr. Franklin's designs—not a few of the heads and attitudes having been suggested by Retzsch; but the first plate is very beautiful, and the hunting scenes have a fresh woodland spirit—a motion in them, which speak well for their artist's powers of identifying himself with his subject. We like him less upon

the battle-field, and are here and there struck by a point of costume which appears to us questionable. We hope, however, that Mr. Franklin will be encouraged to illustrate other of our ballads, ancient and modern.

Mr. Martin has added two more fine works to the long line, which have already proceeded from his hand—*The Death of the First Born*, and *The Destroying Angel*, both engraved by himself. Of these, the latter, a superb architectural design lit up with a lurid and unearthly light, is the finer, though the gigantic angel in the sky is too tangible and clearly defined. After these we may notice Mr. E. Lambert's *Destruction of Jerusalem*, engraved by Sanders: Mr. Lambert has imitated Martin with all his might, and caught a touch of his spirit. There are few, whom, to a certain point, it is so easy to approach, as the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast'; but beyond that point he remains, and, we suspect, will remain "alone in his glory."

The next single print before us, is of a totally different character from the above. Mr. Hancock, however, like Mr. Lambert, seems to us to have caught his inspiration from another, though, from the line of subjects he has chosen, he is less liable to be charged with imitation or mannerism. *The Keeper going the round of his Traps*, is beautifully engraved by Beckwith; the figure of the weather-beaten and wary man is very cleverly hit off, and his dogs are of the right breed: the landscape too, is natural and characteristic.

The second number of *Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, a superb publication contains the Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst, radiant with life and beauty—Master Hope as the infant Bacchus—and the sagacious head of Mirza Abul Taleb Khan; nothing can exceed the perfection with which these well-known portraits have been engraved,—the two first by Cousins, the third (so rich in its oriental costume,) by Lucas. A first number of *Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton* is also here before us, containing three well-known subjects—'The Forsaken,' engraved by E. H. Phillips—'A Girl at her Studies,' by D. Lucas, and 'A Girl at her Devotions,' by W. P. Burgess. With all his sweetness and humour, poor Newton was something too much of a mannerist; too apt to mistake costume for character;—and it was unwise for an opening number to select three subjects so entirely of the same order, as the female figure before us.

The second number of *Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen*, fully maintains the high character gained by the first; the subjects are the Duke of Newcastle, engraved by Mote after Pickersgill, Lord Sidmouth by Scriven, after Richmond, and Sir William Follett by Ryall, after Chalon. Together with these champions of the *ancien régime*, we may notice a clever and expressive portrait of *Dr. Lingard*, the Catholic historian, engraved by H. Cousins after Lonsdale; and the portrait of *Lord John Russell*, an intelligent and excellent likeness, by Mr. G. Hayter, engraved by Bromley, in his best manner.

The next work, *Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain*, Nos. 1 & 2, deserves an extensive circulation for the nationality as well as the intrinsic character and beauty of the scenes it represents. The two first numbers are devoted to the extreme north of England, the scenery of Marmion; the drawings are by Balmer, and many of them are very clever.

We must in particular specify, the two views of Tynemouth, the entrance to Shields Harbour, and the views of Holy Island and Bamborough Castle; these are worthy to be coupled with, and in execution far surpass, the scenes in *Stanfield's Coast Scenery*, of which parts 9 & 10 are before us; some of the engravers employed in this publication have done but scant justice to our first marine painter, but the 'Martello Tower' by W. B. Cooke, (in Part 10,) is a beautiful thing.

We cannot give any very high praise to Mr Grant's 'Penny Wedding,' a series of six prints, with accompanying letter-press, illustrative of a homely, hearty northern custom. He has attempted, but not reached, the vivacity and national simplicity of Wilkie; and among his Scottish figures are some which would pass unremarked on the sunny side of Regent Street; the bridegroom, for instance, in the third plate, who is every inch a cockney.

The first two numbers of Mr. Shaw's *Encyclopedia of Ornament* are here before us, and they promise well for its taste and utility; some of the ancient specimens are of an amazing richness: the arabesque on the lining of a door from the palace of Heidelberg might almost, for its elegance, and the classicality of its forms, have been stolen from Pompeii, instead of the banks of the Neckar. With this work we may mention the same artist's *Specimen of Ancient Furniture*, and his *Specimen of the details of Elizabethan Architecture*, as proceeding with unrelaxed care and spirit; the former has reached its fifteenth, the latter its fifth part.

Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. illustrated, in a series of views drawn from nature, by W. H. Bartlett, and William Purser; with descriptions of the plates, by John Carne, Esq.—The Holy Land has of late been found a profitable domain by our artists; and accordingly Carmel, and Jerusalem, and Nazareth, now take their turn among the lakes of England, and the glaciers of Switzerland, and the richly-traditional ruins of the Rhine. This is one of the many beautiful works, which the taste for this priest-pilgrimage has called forth: the drawings are carefully executed. Perhaps, as a whole they are somewhat too soft, too silken in texture; and, in this admirably fitted for their accompanying letter-press, which is furnished by one whose style, though easy, is too honeyed; but we are here wandering into another department.

If the world is beginning to be kindled into curiosity about the localities of the Old and New Testament, it would not seem therefore to have dropped its old interest; at least, if we are to take the illustrations of Shakspeare, which are constantly appearing, as our example. Here is a new Shakspeare Gallery, to consist of female heads only, published by Tilt, and superintended by Heath. We are not satisfied, nor was it likely that we should be, with this work: the sweetest of the collection—the 'Viola,' whom Mr. Meadows has dreamed of and painted, is not our Viola; and as for Mr. J. Hayter's 'Beatrice,' out upon her! Shakspeare's inimitable lady, as sportive as air, but as true and keen as a diamond, was no short-faced, puritanical, elderly maiden. Mr. Meadows's 'Anne Page,' is pretty, but too lack-a-daisical. Master Slender would have been rather encouraged in his platitudes, than have been dashed and dumb-founded by her presence, were this a faithful portrait. Then again, Mr. Leslie's

tall and chubby 'Perdita,' strangely mis-illustrates that sweetest of all love-scenes, in the Winter's Tale: she has none of the unconscious, unborrowed grace of the King's daughter. Mr. Bostock's 'Ophelia' is better; Mr. John Hayter's 'Helena,' of a gentle and decided character. In the next number, however, he has made a drawing which we cannot forgive, and called it 'Rosalind.' The 'Juliet' of Mr. Parris is one of his best designs, and we much like Mr. Meadows's 'Isabella,' who approaches the nearest to Shakspeare of any of the series. The worst of these heads, however, looks poetical and natural, if we return to it from a series of German *Outlines to the Tempest*, here before us. It was unwise in any publisher to risk the production of such a counterfeit, when "the true prince" has so recently issued his illustrations of Romeo and Juliet.

From these we make a long step to two French works, the *Gil Blas* and the *Molière*, the one enriched with six hundred designs by Gigoux, the other with a still larger number, by Tony Johannot. We have already gossiped about these works; we could hardly say enough in praise of the spirit and character and *costume* of these vignettes, or the admirable manner in which they are rendered; but the illustrations which accompanied the English translation of *Gil Blas*, are inferior in clearness and delicacy to those of the original French edition.—Here, too, we may notice two superb specimens of the recently-discovered style of medallie engraving, brought to such rare perfection by M. Collas, the grand portrait of Louis Philippe, and the copy of Mr. Henning's *bas relief* from the Canterbury Pilgrimage; the effect given to these is as extraordinary as it is admirable, and it is difficult to believe that the eye is only beholding a plain surface, so literally are the most bold and delicate gradations of relief rendered.

We may now proceed to notice works of art in progress, and this we must do briefly. But we cannot let Nos. 19 & 20 of Turner's magnificent *England and Wales* pass without two words—one of satisfaction at the excellence with which the work is sustained, one of regret at the manner with which this admirable artist thinks it necessary to light up or cloud over his landscapes; forgetting wholly, it is to be feared, the nature and the grace of repose. Pickering's beautiful edition of Isaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, has reached the ninth Part; the landscape illustrations by Stothard are something disappointing; nor do they seem to us quite so carefully executed as the plates in the earlier numbers. The new issue of *Lodge's Portraits* has reached the fifty-third number. And here is the third number of a work, which ought at once to be precious to the antiquarians, and to take away the occupation of autograph collectors: *The Facsimiles of Historical and Literary Curiosities, engraved and lithographed under the direction of C. J. Smith*; for in these, together with the exact counterpart of the writing of the celebrated party, is given in many cases, a portrait, a sketch of his residence. We must mention Mr. Roscoe's *Wanderings through North Wales*, (at its thirteenth number,) and Dr. Beattie's *Switzerland* (at its twenty-sixth number,) as proceeding with their accustomed excellence. *The Memorials of Oxford*, (of which we have No. 5 before us,) may be included in our commendation. *Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland*, though the scenes are sufficiently various and

cleverly executed, is a work of a lower order of merit than the above.

Winkles' Cathedrals has improved as it has progressed. We have here before us exterior and interior views of Rochester, Winchester, and Lincoln, to justify our commendation; the work has reached its twenty-first number. With these we may mention Nos. 3 to 9 of the same artist's *Continental Cathedrals*, which are devoted to Notre Dame de Paris, the cathedrals of Chartres, Beauvais, Evreux, and Rouen; in some of the drawings by Mr. Garland, the effects of perspective and light and shade are exaggerated. We shall close our notice with admiring the fifth part of Mr. W. B. Cooke's *Rome*, and the third of the *Graphic Illustrations of Johnson*; we should mention likewise, the re-issue of *Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron*; the plates are said to be placed in their original state; we confess that we can see, or fancy we see, a difference.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Esq.

SHAKESPEARE and ARISTOPHANES may well be sufficient precedents for Mr. Knowles's performing in his own plays. He has too much good sense to expect us to say that we imagine that his plays will cut as great a figure in the world as *Hamlet* or the *Knights*; but there is some good stuff in them, nevertheless. He is to Beaumont and Fletcher what those literary brothers are to Shakespeare. Let him not think that this is a niggard allowance of praise.

He derives his name from a man who could write a comedy, though he did not soar into regions of blank verse, or else from the lexicographical papa of the red-snouted author of the *School for Scandal*. We do not know that he is related to the Sheridan family, though we think we have heard he is; but, at all events, he and his father share between them the glories of the elder Thomas and Richard Sheridan: Knowles *père* writing dictionaries; Knowles *fils*, comedies. Both are from the same country, "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," as the men who make the flower to stink, and the gem to dim to the lack-lustre of an oyster-shell, are fond of calling the country cursed by their birth; and we understand that our dramatist dates his origin from that beautiful city called Cork, where his father instructed the juvenile minds of the rising Corcagians, somewhere in the last decade of the last century, within a few doors of a *quartier* dear to the beef-steak-devouring population of that city, Fishamble Lane. Among the pupils of this seminary was, we believe, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, to whom, it is to be presumed, he communicated the secret of pronouncing the canine letter, R, in the manner which distinguishes that now retired orator.

Of the movements of the elder Knowles we know nothing more; of those of the younger Knowles, we scarcely know anything at all. He is a tolerably good actor, and would be voted much better if his fame as a dramatic writer did not stand in the way. People are unwilling to allow super-eminent merit in two capacities to any man; and if Farren were to write the *Hunchback*, it would be said that he did wrong in jeopardizing his well-earned histrionic fame by producing a middling comedy. He may console himself by

reflecting, that the highest part which Shakespeare himself ventured to attempt was the Ghost of Hamlet—or, perhaps, Old Adam, in *As you like it*; and yet no one but professed inquirers into our dramatic history knows who was the Hamlet or the Rosalind that drew down thunders of applause, while the author was, in a mediocre manner, getting through a third-rate part.

He thinks proper to be a Whig, and he makes speeches on that side of the question sufficiently absurd. Now this, in all men, or imitations of men, wrong, is in Sheridan Knowles peculiarly culpable. All actors and dramatists worth a fig's end have been, in all ages, essentially Tory. They were Cavaliers, and fought like the best of Cavaliers, in the days of Charles; and such should ever be their characteristic politics. They are engaged in visibly representing all the honourable and noble emotions of the soul for public admiration, and of holding up to general contempt all that is mean and base. How, then, is it possible that they can look otherwise than with contempt on the swindling Sir Giles Overreaches, the blustering Pistols, the lying Parrolleuses, the stupid Dogberies, the Morpeth-visaged Apollo Belvis, the battered Lord Oglevies, the dinner-hunting Sylvester Daggerwoods, the begging Jack Rags, the parodies upon Jack Cade, and so forth, who compose the cabinet and its tail! But in Mr. Sheridan Knowles's case the matter is still worse. In the name of Melpomene and all her sisters we put it to him, who *can* write a play, to say honestly and truly what is his opinion of a party which is led by the author of *Don Carlos*, in which the author of the *Siege of Constantinople*, or something of the same kind, holds a conspicuous place; and which sends Mulgrave, whom Knowles would not employ as cad to a call-boy in any theatre, to govern his native country in the badly filled cast of first gentleman. He must despise the whole troop; and his pretended acquiescence in their politics is merely professional. It is only a piece of acting. If otherwise, he must resemble his own hero Master Walter; only, that the Hunchback had only an unfortunate twist in his body, while its author has the unfortunate twist in his mind.

It would be awfully wrong were we to conclude this page without saying that the gentleman opposite is one of the best of good fellows.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

The Commission Historique of M. Guizot has just published three new volumes, namely, the first volume of the "Mémoires militaires relatifs à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV." edited by Lieutenant-General Pelet; the "Procès-Verbaux des Séances du Conseil du Roi Charles VIII." edited by M. Bernier; and the valuable collection of edited works of Abelard, by M. Cousin. Four volumes more are expected towards the end of the present year, among which will be the first volume of the *Chronicle of the Wars of the Albigenses*, in Provençal verse, edited by M. Fauriel, and the first volume of the *Chronicle of Benoît*, edited by M. Francisque Michel. We hail the return of M. Guizot to office as a good omen, and un-

der his direction the important labours of the Commission will, we doubt not, be pursued with redoubled vigour.

M. Cousin will, we expect, immediately put to press his collection of inedited works of Roger Bacon, which will also form a volume of the publication of that division of the Commission Historique which is occupied with moral and intellectual history. He has lately made an interesting communication to the Académie des Inscriptions on the MSS. of Roger Bacon which he has found at Douai and St. Omer. At Amiens he has found an unknown work of this philosopher's, consisting of "Questions on the Physics and Metaphysics of Aristotle."

We have lately visited the Imprimerie Royal at Paris, and were charmed with the good management which is conspicuous in every department. Very important and extensive improvements have been made in every part under the direction of M. Le Brun, its present superintendent. Several important publications are in progress, particularly a series of Oriental works, with translations, in large 4to, which will form the most superb specimen of printing that we have ever seen.

Several volumes of the publications of the Institute are in progress. A volume of Bréquigny's Charters is just ready for publication. A new volume of Dom Bouquet, and the first volume of the Collection of the Historians of the Crusades, the latter edited by M. Guérard of the MSS. department of the Royal Library, are making rapid advances.

We some time ago mentioned a proposal to publish among the historical works of the *Commission Historique* the whole body of the romances of the Carolingian cycle. A report on the subject had been drawn up, but it has not yet been laid before the committee, which, during the late ministry has, we suspect, been very irregular in its sittings. Separate romances, however, of this cycle continue to be published. The "Chanson de Roland," edited by M. Michel, is ready: the romance of Parise la Duchesse has lately been published by Techener, of a size to range with the Garin and Berte of M. Paulin Paris, who also, we believe, is preparing for publication a new romance of this series.

M. Paulin Paris has also in the press a catalogue of the French MSS. of the Royal Library. M. Robert, the intelligent librarian of the library of St. Geneviève, is likewise printing a catalogue of the MSS. under his charge.

A Numismatical Journal has been lately established in France under the title of "Revue de la Numismatique Française." It is published at Blois, and is edited by Messrs. E. Cartier and L. de la Saussaye.

M. Ferdinand Wolf, of Vienna, the editor of the curious German poem on Friar Rush, which we have reviewed in our present number, is printing at Paris a *Floresta* of Modern Spanish Poetry, which, judging from the first sheets, of which we have obtained a sight, seems to promise us an admirable work.

M. Raoul Rochette has just published in a very

handsome quarto volume, as a supplement to his collection of *Monuments Inédites*, a work entitled "Peintures Antiques inédites, précédées de Recherches sur l'Emploi de la Peinture dans la Décoration des Edifices sacrés et publics, chez les Grecs et chez les Romains." It is illustrated by several very curious plates.

The interesting and valuable library of the late M. Pluquet, consisting entirely of works relating to or printed in Normandy, will be sold by auction at Paris, by M. Silvestre, on the 5th of December next, and the five following days.

The Society of the History of France has completed the printing of two volumes, which will be delivered to the members at the next general meeting. One of these is the first volume of the "Histoire de Gregoire de Tours," text and translation; and the other the "Correspondance inédite du Cardinal Mazarin." The "Chronique de Villehardouin" is also partly printed. It has been determined that the society shall publish a yearly volume, with the title of "Annuaire Historique de France," commencing with 1837. It will contain, among other matters, a variety of notices relative to the geography, history, literature, bibliography, and fine arts of France.

M. Balzac published his first novels under the name of Horace de St. Aubain. These are now printing in a collective form, as the *Œuvres complètes de feu M. Horace de St. Aubain*.

The printers of Paris have opened a subscription for the purpose of either erecting a monument to their recently deceased and truly eminent colleague, Firmin Didot, or having a medal struck in honour of him.

The following statement is given of the present sale of the newspapers of Paris:—

Gazette de France, 9800 copies; Journal des Debats, 9400; Constitutionnel, 8300; Courier Français, 6300; Temps, 6200; Quotidienne, 4600; National, 4200; Bon Sens, 3200; Estafette, 3100; Journal de Paris, 2200; Echo, 2100; Moniteur, 1900; Impartial, 1500; Messenger, 1400; Journal du Commerce, 1400; France, 1100.

The Tribunal of Commerce at Paris has decided that original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers till the expiration of five days, in which time they may be dispersed over the whole kingdom; and it has sentenced some of them to pay a pecuniary penalty for violating this regulation.

GERMANY.

Engelmann of Heidelberg has commenced the publication, in parts, of an "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie, oder Lebensbeschreibungen der berühmtesten und verdientesten Deutschen aller Zeiten," by Dr. Heinrich Döring.

The early period at which the annuals are published in England has often been a subject of complaint. It appears, however, that on this point the German publishers are still more hasty. Thus we observe a new "Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1837," by the title of "Immergrün," announced for publication by Haas of Vienna in the month of August.

Göschel of Leipzig has announced the speedy publication of "Untersuchungen über Bevölkerung, Arbeitslohn, und Pauperism in ihrem gegenseitigen Zusammenhange," by Dr. Fr. Schmidt, in one 8vo. volume.

The house of Cotta of Stuttgart has produced the first part of an edition of Goethe's Works, to be completed in two volumes, exactly similar in form to the Works of Schiller in one volume. They will be illustrated by engravings on steel, by eminent artists, and a facsimile of Goethe's handwriting.

Much attention is at present given in Germany to the Anglo-Saxon language and its monuments. Leo of Halle has published his *Angelsächsische Sprachproben*, which is only a reprint with unnecessary alterations of a good part of the *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* of our countryman, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

At Vienna, Dr. Endlicher is publishing an historical review of the monuments of the Old High-Dutch language.

Weber, of Leipzig, has produced the first volume of a work, which, as the title, "*Bibliopolisches Jahrbuch für 1836*," intimates, is intended to appear annually, and promises to be of considerable utility to book-sellers, for whose use it is specially designed. The principal portion of the volume consists of a general geographical and statistical view of all the towns of Germany and other countries, which, being intimately united by the central point, Leipzig, constitute the corporation of the German book-trade. These are given in alphabetical order, and the article devoted to each enumerates the institutions, literary and scientific, the collections of the fine arts, the newspapers and other periodical works, and the names of the publishers, book and music-sellers, and mentions the most important manufactures in each. The introduction to the present volume exhibits the state of the bookselling trade in several of the countries of Europe and the United States of America, together with the laws relative to publication; and it concludes with a reduction of the coins of the different states to the convention standard. A map of what may be termed German Europe, with its principal places of business, terminates the volume.

The house of Behr of Berlin has commenced the publication of a collection of English dramatic pieces, with the title of "*The British Theatre, revised and corrected by Prof. G. F. Burckhardt*," 8vo. The first and second numbers contain, "*The Hunchback*" and "*Virginus*," by Sheridan Knowles; the third, Poole's "*Patrician and Parvenu*;" and the fourth, Talfourd's "*Ion*." The following numbers will appear monthly.

The first volume of a New German translation of Chateaubriand's collected Works by Dr. A. Neurohr, has been published by the house of Wagner, in Freiburg. It is to be completed in 54 volumes, at the rate of four groschen (six-pence) per volume.

Meyer of Brunswick announces a "*Galerie berühmter Buchdrucker*," (Gallery of celebrated Printers,) to appear in parts at intervals of two or three months, in imperial 4to, at the rate of 12 groschen (1s. 6d.) each part. The first part, which has made

its appearance, contains portraits of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schöffer. In the second, third, and fourth, will be given those of Lorenz Koster, Ivo Schöffer, Johann Mentelin, Aldus Manutius, Johann Froben, Johann Oporin, Robert Stephanus, Christoph Plantin, Melchior Lotter. In this gallery it is intended to include eminent contemporaries.

Dr. Wetter of Mainz has just given to the world the results of his many years' inquiries concerning the invention of printing, in a thick 8vo. volume, accompanied with numerous lithographic fac-similes, entitled, "*Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst*." The principal of these results the author has himself thus adverted to in his preface:—"The opinion that Gutenberg invented the art of printing (that is to say, the composition of moveable types for the purpose of producing impressions) at Strasburg, I have proved to be invalid from the consideration of the facts deduced from the documents of Dritzehn's law-suit; from a critical examination of the hitherto adopted explanations of the technical terms which occur in them; from a comparison of those documents with the undeniable testimony of the inventor, his workmen, and their descendants; and from the refutation of all the arguments brought forward by Schöplin and his successors. At the same time I have directed attention to the transition from printing by means of a rubber to that with the press, and to the absolute necessity for the application of block printing in order to the production of books properly so called; also to the true meaning of the term 'forms' in the acts of Dritzehn's suit, which signifies nothing more than mirror-forms, as metal mirrors were then cast in forms or moulds. I have given its full importance to the fact that Gutenberg, even after his removal to Mainz, printed by means of solid blocks; shown that it was by sawing these blocks into single letters, that he passed on to what may be properly called book-printing, produced complete evidence that he at first printed with wooden types, and connected these types by stringing them on cords, into lines. That Gutenberg also invented cast metal types, though only by means of cast matrices, and printed the 42-line Bible, is placed beyond doubt by the interpretation of the testimony of P. Schöffer, recorded by Trithemius; the date of the invention, (1450-1452,) and of the first diffusion of the art, is fixed beyond contradiction; and the claims of the city of Haerlem, which are far less tenable than those of Strasburg, are for ever annihilated."

The printers and booksellers of Germany have agreed to defer the celebration of the invention of printing, which was intended to have been held in the present year, as being several years too early for the secular anniversary of that event. The erection of the monument of the inventor Gutenberg, at Mainz, is also postponed, as the marble quarries in the Rheingau cannot furnish the material for the pedestal before next year.

A monument is also about to be erected to Gutenberg at Strasburg, where his first attempts at printing were made. David the sculptor, a native of that city, will furnish the model gratuitously, and the cost of the bronze will be defrayed by a subscription.

A monument has been erected at Gernsheim in

Hesse, to commemorate the co-operation of Peter Schöffler, a native of that place, in this invaluable invention. It consists of a colossal statue of stone, twelve feet high, raised upon a pedestal of the like elevation, erected in the handsome square of the town, which will henceforth bear the name of Schöffersplatz. It was opened to the public view on the 9th of June last, being the birth-day of the Grand-Duke of Hesse. The statue was executed by M. Scholl, sculptor to the court.

Dr. Hufeland, whose high reputation as a medical writer and practitioner is well known in this country, died at Berlin on the 25th of August, having just entered upon his 75th year.

ITALY.

The Galleria litografica de' Quadri del Rè delle due Sicilie, with illustrations by R. Liberatore, in folio, has advanced to the 14th part.

There has just appeared at Naples *Le Antichità di Pesto, e le più belle Ruine di Pompei, descritte, misurate e designate da Francesco de Cesare, 1836.* Ten plates comprehend the most remarkable architectural ruins of Pæstum, and twenty-four are devoted to Pompeii.

Molini, bookseller of Florence, formerly librarian of the Palatina in that city, is preparing for the press "*Documenti di Storia Italiana.*" During his residence in Paris in 1831 and 1832, he undertook a fruitless search for an important letter of Benvenuto Cellini's, on a new edition of whose life he was then engaged. This led him to the royal library, which possesses, in its 1200 folio volumes, the richest source of authentic and mostly autographic documents. As they relate chiefly to the transactions between France and foreign states, from the reign of Charles VI. to Louis XIV., Molini copied from the first 203 volumes (which come down to the reign of Francis I.) so much as appeared to him important for the history of Italy. It consists of about 500 letters from popes, kings, princes, ambassadors, and others, which the editor purposes publishing in chronological order, with notes by the marchese Gino Capponi, the chief object of which is to determine the time and names of such of these letters as have no signature. The first volume will come down to the sacking of Rome in 1527; and the narrative of that event written by Francesco Vettori, deposited in a library of this city, and never yet published, will probably be annexed to it. Should this undertaking experience due encouragement, the public may look for the appearance of a chronicle of Pisa, of the 12th century, which Molini likewise copied at Paris.

The celebrated archæologist, the Abate Fea, died at Rome on the 18th of March last, at the advanced age of 88 years, during 50 of which he had exercised a most decisive influence on the knowledge of Roman antiquities and topography. Born in 1753 at Nizza, or, according to other accounts, at Pigna, near Oneglia, he early selected Rome for his residence, and most of the antiquities found there since that time were either discovered or first examined and described by him. As the translator and commentator of Winckelmann he is known to all Europe. His numerous minor pieces, which appeared between 1790 and 1835,

form four thick 8vo. volumes, three of which relate to Rome and its environs. The continuation of the *Miscellanea* constituted his last literary employment; but death overtook him before he could bring it entirely to a conclusion. The Archæological Institute has lost in him one of its most zealous members. The post of chief superintendent of antiquities to the Pope, left vacant by his death, has been conferred on Pietro Visconti, son of Alessandro, a distinguished connoisseur of medals, and nephew of Ennio Quirino Visconti, the celebrated archæologist.

Tommaso Sgricci, the celebrated improvisatore poet, died a short time since at Florence, in the 38th year of his age. His talent was of the most extraordinary kind, for it was not confined to mere extemporaneous poetical effusions upon a given theme, but extended to dramatic composition, one of the most arduous walks of poetry, and apparently of insurmountable difficulty, when not the dialogue alone, but the plot and characters, are all to be provided impromptu, matters that require not poetical inspiration alone, but much judgment and deliberate reflection; and even supposing that the poet has previously sketched out the general course of each of the subjects proposed, he must be endued with incredible presence of mind to be able to seize on it instantaneously, and give the whole express shape from beginning to end. Yet it was thus impromptu that Sgricci recited many five-act tragedies; among which may be mentioned his *Bianca Cappello*, and *Morte di Carlo Primo*, with which he astonished his audiences at Paris in 1824. Some of these pieces were afterwards printed, having been taken down by a short-hand writer during their recitation, and, when the peculiar mode of their construction is considered, they astonish even in that shape. Sgricci may fairly be allowed to have possessed the talent, or rather faculty, of improvisatoreship in a much higher degree than the most eminent of his predecessors, his subjects being such as not only required the usual poetical *estro*, but a sustained flow of it, together with inconceivable readiness of conception, and power of arranging continued scenes and dialogues. Herein he eclipsed the renowned Corilla, Fantastici, Bandettini, Gianni, and others, of whose extraordinary powers an interesting account is given by Fernow in his "*essay Ueber die Improvisatoren.*"

SPAIN.

We are assured that M. Weisweiler, general agent at Madrid for all the houses of the Messrs. Rothschild, is commissioned to purchase, at the approaching sale of the monastic libraries, any Hebrew MSS. and printed works on their account and to send them to Frankfurt. It is therefore to be hoped that these sources, which are particularly rich for the literary history of the middle ages, will be rendered more accessible to the learned than they have hitherto been.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

The Academy of Sciences at Petersburg is printing in the Mongol language an heroic tradition, which is a great favourite with the Mongols. It is a "*History of the Deeds of Gesser Khan and his heroic Adventures*,"—a translation of which could scarcely fail to interest the European reader.

The *Travels in Arabic of Abufasla* are printing at

Petersburg under the superintendence of, and with a Russian translation by, Professor Heitling.

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The result of his researches is, that the destruction of Palenqué was the consequence of a war with a neighbouring power, (which could be no other than Ehul-hà, capital of the kingdom of Tlepollan,) that the city was taken by assault, and was left uninhabited. This event happened 900 years before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The Tultèques perhaps knew nothing, except by tradition, of this extinct nation. Neither the religious worship, the hieroglyphics, nor the architecture of this ancient people has any connexion with the Tultèques and Azteques; their archives, which still exist uninjured, go back to a prodigiously remote period. The Palenquians were formed by a mixture of various nations of the old continent; to all appearance, the Chaldeans were the original stock, and the main body consisted of Hindoos. The astonishing sculptures, which still remain, are of a quite different character from all that has hitherto been known.

Still influenced by an ardent spirit of inquiry, Mr. Waldeck, in February, 1834, journeyed to the province of Yucatan, amidst the ravages of the cholera, and the misery and famine which were caused by the pestilence. There, supplied with pecuniary aid by a munificent and learned Irish peer, he undertook to explore, in the interior of that fine peninsula, the monuments which he knew to exist there. He first bent his course to the mountains of the centre, on which he found the vast and superb city of Ytzalan, which has a width of half a league, and extends eight leagues from north to south. The enthusiasm of Mr. Waldeck had been excited by the fine relics of Palenqué, but here it was raised to a still higher pitch—for here he found monuments in excellent preservation, the workmanship of which, for splendour, interest, and solidity, exceeded all that could be imagined. He laboured with unabating ardour for two years, and was about to visit a second time the ruins of Chichen Ytzat, when, on the 16th of January, 1836, in consequence of an order of the Mexican government, all his drawings and papers were seized. Fortunately he had duplicates of the documents, and, since his arrival in England, he has been engaged in replacing, from his original sketches, the drawings which were taken from him. The scientific bodies of London and Paris have expressed to him the interest which they take in his researches; and his correspondence with a learned member of the Institute (M. Jomard) has gained for him a medal from the Geographical Society of Paris. He is now preparing for the press a narrative of his travels. The first part will be that which relates to Yucatan. Mr. Waldeck deems it necessary to hasten the publication of it, for fear that the drawings which were taken from him may be sent to Europe to be clandestinely sold; a measure which the dishonourable action committed with regard to his property authorises him to consider as not improbable. The inquiries in Yucatan are dedicated to Viscount Kingsborough, author of "The Mexican Antiquities," which have been already noticed in a former volume, and in the present number of this Review.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

"T'WAS BUT A WORD!

"T'WAS but a word—a little thoughtless word!
The wind hath ta'en it with the rose-leaves strown;
And art thou angered so soon, mine own?
Oh! canst thou not that silly thing afford
Should pass thee by, well knowing thou art lord
Of all the rest? I would have shut mine ear,
Nor looked upon the thought I would not wear
Around my heart as being part of me,
Ensolved in our deep love's intensity;
A shadow should not fall where I adored.
What is a word that it should come between
To darken where the quiet light hath been
Shining so steadfastly?—and now 'tis past,
Let not the pulse beyond the passion last!

"Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!"
"Twas but a word!—and what then do we mean
By love, and all those things on which we lean?
Why do we tremble at the wild wind's chord?
Why are fresh tears fallen on an old record?
Because we treasure all things from the hour
That gave us love, for an immortal dower—
An' thou wouldst have the heart in aught believe,
It must believe in words; and so receive.
With bosom bare, or truth or falsest word.
Call nothing little;—let there be a thought
Of holiness in words; for they are fraught
With many meanings to the list'ning heart;
So tune them of thy soul to be a part.

From the Examiner.

LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE following frank and cordial epistle (which first sees the light in the *Inverness Courier*) exhibits Sir Walter Scott in his private undress among his family and friends. Setting aside the *bonhomie* and nice observation of this letter, it is remarkable for two things. First, as illustrating the history and opinions of Sir Walter Scott on a great political question. It was confidently stated in 1829, when the distinguished baronet openly avowed his change of opinion on

the Catholic question, that he had changed because the Duke of Wellington had changed—that, indifferent himself to such topics, he merely went with the leader of his party, out of deference to high rank and station, which in him approached almost to an infirmity. This letter vindicates the sincerity of Sir Walter, and proves that more than three years before the Wellington administration brought forward the measure of Catholic emancipation he had become convinced of its expediency. Secondly, the letter shows that on the side of a conciliatory system of government in Ireland, and in favour of the education of the Irish people, without reference to religious distinctions, we may venture to number the illustrious name of Sir Walter Scott.

"My dear —, I conclude you are now returned with wife and bairns to —, and not the worse of your tour. I have been the better of mine; and, Killybegs being the extreme point, I am just about to commence my return to Dublin, where I only intend to remain two or three days at farthest. I should like to find a line from you, addressed—care of David McCulloch, Esq., Cheltenham, letting me know how matters go on at Abbotsford.

"I have every reason to make a good report of Ireland, having been received with distinction, which is flattering, and with warm-hearted kindness, which is much better. I am happy to say the country is rapidly improving every year, and argues the spirit that is afloat, and indicates that British capital is finding its way into a country where it can be employed to much advantage. The idea of security is gaining ground even in these districts, which are, or rather were, the most unsettled; and plenty has brought its usual companion, content, in her hand. But the public peace is secured by large bodies of an armed police, called by the civil term of constables, but very unlike the Dogberries of Old England, being in fact soldiers on foot and horse, well armed and mounted, and dressed exactly like our yeomen. It is not pleasant to see this, but it is absolutely necessary, for some time at least; and from what I can hear, the men are under strict discipline and behave well; they are commanded by the magistracy, and are very alert.

"The soil is in most places extremely rich, but cultivation is not yet well understood. The accursed system of making peats interferes with everything; and I have passed through whole counties where a very noble harvest, ripe for the sickle, was waiting for the next shower of rain, while all the population who should cut were up to the middle in the bogs. Not a single field of turnips have I seen, owing probably to the same reason.

"The political disputes are of far less consequence here than we think in Britain, but I think on the whole it would be highly desirable that the Catholic Bill should pass; it would satisfy most of the higher classes of that persuasion, who seem much inclined to favour a sort of low church, differing in ceremonies more than essential points from that of the English church; I mean they would do this tacitly and gradually. The lower class will probably continue for a long time bigoted Papists; but education becoming general, it is to be supposed that Popery in its violent tenets will decline even amongst them. By the way, education is already far more general than in England. I saw in the same village about 400 Catholic children attending one school, and about 200 Protest-

Petersburg under the superintendence of, and with a Russian translation by, Professor Heitling.

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Around my heart as being part of me,
Enveloped in our deep love's intensity;
A shadow should not fall where I adored.
What is a word that it should come between
To darken where the quiet light hath been
Shining so steadfastly?—and now 'tis past,
Let not the pulse beyond the passion last!

"'Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!"
'Twas but a word!—and what then do we mean
By love, and all those things on which we lean?
Why do we tremble at the wild wind's chord?
Why are fresh tears fallen on an old record?
Because we treasure all things from the hour
That gave us love, for an immortal dower—
An' thou wouldst have the heart in aught believe,
It must believe in words; and so receive.
With bosom bare, or truth or falsest word.
Call nothing little;—let there be a thought
Of holiness in words; for they are fraught
With many meanings to the list'ning heart;
So tune them of thy soul to be a part.

From the Examiner.

LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE following frank and cordial epistle (which first sees the light in the *Inverness Courier*) exhibits Sir Walter Scott in his private undress among his family and friends. Setting aside the *bonhomie* and nice observation of this letter, it is remarkable for two things. First, as illustrating the history and opinions of Sir Walter Scott on a great political question. It was confidently stated in 1829, when the distinguished baronet openly avowed his change of opinion on

the Catholic question, that he had changed because the Duke of Wellington had changed—that, indifferent himself to such topics, he merely went with the leader of his party, out of deference to high rank and station, which in him approached almost to an infirmity. This letter vindicates the sincerity of Sir Walter, and proves that more than three years before the Wellington administration brought forward the measure of Catholic emancipation he had become convinced of its expediency. Secondly, the letter shows that on the side of a conciliatory system of government in Ireland, and in favour of the education of the Irish people, without reference to religious distinctions, we may venture to number the illustrious name of Sir Walter Scott.

"My dear —, I conclude you are now returned with wife and bairns to —, and not the worse of your tour. I have been the better of mine; and, Killybegs being the extreme point, I am just about to commence my return to Dublin, where I only intend to remain two or three days at farthest. I should like to find a line from you, addressed—care of David McCulloch, Esq., Cheltenham, letting me know how matters go on at Abbotsford.

"I have every reason to make a good report of Ireland, having been received with distinction, which is flattering, and with warm-hearted kindness, which is much better. I am happy to say the country is rapidly improving every year, and argues the spirit that is afloat, and indicates that British capital is finding its way into a country where it can be employed to much advantage. The idea of security is gaining ground even in these districts, which are, or rather were, the most unsettled; and plenty has brought its usual companion, content, in her hand. But the public peace is secured by large bodies of an armed police, called by the civil term of constables, but very unlike the Dogberries of Old England, being in fact soldiers on foot and horse, well armed and mounted, and dressed exactly like our yeomen. It is not pleasant to see this, but it is absolutely necessary, for some time at least; and from what I can hear, the men are under strict discipline and behave well; they are commanded by the magistracy, and are very alert.

"The soil is in most places extremely rich, but cultivation is not yet well understood. The accursed system of making peats interferes with everything; and I have passed through whole counties where a very noble harvest, ripe for the sickle, was waiting for the next shower of rain, while all the population who should cut were up to the middle in the bogs. Not a single field of turnips have I seen, owing probably to the same reason.

"The political disputes are of far less consequence here than we think in Britain, but I think on the whole it would be highly desirable that the Catholic Bill should pass; it would satisfy most of the higher classes of that persuasion, who seem much inclined to favour a sort of low church, differing in ceremonies more than essential points from that of the English church; I mean they would do this tacitly and gradually. The lower class will probably continue for a long time bigoted Papists; but education becoming general, it is to be supposed that Popery in its violent tenets will decline even amongst them. By the way, education is already far more general than in England. I saw in the same village about 400 Catholic children attending one school, and about 200 Protest-

ants attending another. The peculiar doctrines of neither church were permitted to be taught, and there were Protestants amongst the Papist children, and Papists among the Protestants.

"The general condition of the peasantry requires much improvement; their cabins are wretched, and their dress such a labyrinth of rags, that I have often feared some button would give way and shame us all. But this is mending, and the younger people are all more decently dressed, and the new huts which are arising are greatly better than the old pig-sties. In short, all is on the move and the mend; but as I must be on the move myself, I must defer the rest of my discoveries till we meet.

"We have in our party Anne, Lockhart, Walter and his wife, and two Miss Edgeworths; so we are a jolly party. Will you show this to Lady Scott? I wrote to her two days since.—

"Always truly yours,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Killarney, 8th Aug., 1825."

SMOKING THE MONKEYS.—At the last meeting of the Zoological Society a humorous debate took place on the popular practice of smoking cigars out of doors, which it appears is carried to an obnoxious extent in the gardens of the society, though a notice prohibiting it is stuck up at the entrance. These gardens are now the fashionable lounge on Sunday. No money is taken for admission on that day. A fellow (male or female—for ladies are allowed to be fellows by the charter) has a right to introduce two friends. There are several thousand fellows resident in London, who, with their friends, visit the gardens on the above day. Many bring cigars with them, and with their eye-glasses and a hot sun find no difficulty in procuring fire. Thus the watchfulness of the keeper is eluded, for no sooner is he seen than the cigar is put away; another light, by the same means, or probably by others more instantaneous, is again produced; the smoke is puffed in volumes among the monkeys, who, in consequence, grin, leap, and chatter something between a spit and a whistle, and in the language of a fellow, "the devil's to pay." The smoking visits are not confined to the monkeys, they are also paid to the parrots, who, if possible, beat their hirsute companions in the loudness of their din. Snuff, too, it appears, is liberally administered to the animals. When this was mentioned the chairman smiled, and said he must plead guilty to the charge of administering a few solitary but salutary, he considered, pinches of real Prince's Mixture to Don Pedro. (Laughter.) The Don is a sage of the Simia tribe, from the Brazils, "and," continued the chairman, "I think it did him good—it promoted stertutation, and drove idle humours out of his head; and the Don uniformly testified his gratitude for the piquant favour by the sparkling of his eyes, and by wiping the remainder of the pulverized atoms on his skin, in order that he might inhale and enjoy their last dying fragrance." (Laughter.) It was finally arranged that more notices, prohibiting the practice, be fixed in the gardens; and it was hoped that in future gentlemen would abstain from it.

DOING PENANCE.—The ceremony of what is called "doing penance" is still occasionally performed. The

Western Times of Saturday gives the following account of an act of penance at Exeter:—Our good church of St. Olave was the scene of considerable bustle and excitement this morning, in consequence of Henry Turpin of this city, hellier, having been adjudged to do penance, for calling his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charlotte Heath, several names, impugning her chastity, &c. &c. The Rev. Mr. Birch, and Mr. Lang, the churchwarden, were in attendance as early as ten o'clock; the anxious audience, was composed of a great number of butchers, and other personal friends of the penitent, together with a considerable portion of the agricultural interest, who were attracted to the spot from its vicinity to the market. The penitent was dressed in a white fustian coat, breeches and gaiters to match, but was not arrayed in a white sheet, according to a popular notion. The penitent repeated the following words of the clergyman:—"I, Henry Turpin, do hereby acknowledge and confess that I have abused and defamed the said Charlotte Heath, by saying that she is a black bastard —, &c. &c. &c., for which I beg her pardon, and promise no more for the future to defame and abuse her again in like manner." The culprit then said, "It was all true, but the truth must not be spoken at all times;" on which the Rev. Gentleman said that he would add the statement of the penitent, if he repeated it, and then he would have to go through it again before the congregation. The Rev. Gentleman was so affected by the enormity of the words that Mr. Turpin was obliged to say them for himself the second time. The "congregation" were not moved in like manner, for they seemed to think that Mr. Turpin's slander and Mrs. Heath's reputation were not the most solemn subjects to be settled at church, and joined in the ceremony with much fun and merriment.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF NEWSPAPERS.—The number of newspapers sent through the General Post-Office, on Saturday last, was 74,800; being upwards of 30,000 over the usual number.

THE OMNIBUS BALLOON.—On Tuesday the "Royal Vauxhall Balloon" made a third ascent with nine persons. Mr. Green, in his account of the flight, describes the assistance he received in making a safe descent from the "action of the new elastic India-rubber rope by which the grapnel is attached to the hoop." This elastic rope (the invention of Mr. Sievier) has been used for the above purpose with a view to diminish the jerk when the balloon, in rough weather, is suddenly stopped by the grapnel taking a firm hold. Travelling at the velocity of about 40 miles an hour, nine persons, besides 1,000 lb. of ballast in the car, produced a *momentum* much more than sufficient to give the strength of the whole apparatus a fair trial. After drawing across three fields, the grapnel caught in the roots of a hedge, and although this of course caused the instantaneous stopping of the machine, the elastic rope performed its office so admirably that the jerk was scarcely perceptible, and our safe landing was effected with the same ease as in a calm. We descended at ten minutes before five, in a field two miles north of Chelmsford, in Essex, having travelled 36 miles in 55 minutes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MURDER GLEN.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

THIS is a dreary spot as eye shall see;
 Yet a few moments linger here with me,
 And let us rest (the air is warm and still)
 In the dry shelter of this heathery hill.
 Though all about looks barren, bleak, and drear,
 Something of pleasantness methinks is here—
 This little patch of greensward at our feet;
 This thymy bank our soft empurpled seat;
 This od'rous air, and the low humming sound
 (An under tone of life) that murmurs round—
 Yes—this is pleasantness; but all beyond
 Seems smitten with a curse.—That sullen pond,
 Black as its moory marge;—that once scathed tree,
 And the lone hovel, ruined, roofless, free
 To every straggling foot and wandering wind,
 In the cold shadow of that hill behind,
 That shuts in with its dark, bare, barren swell,
 The deathlike stillness of the gloomy dell;
 There seems a curse upon the savage scene,
 There is a curse methinks where guilt hath been,
 So deep, so deadly, as hath left the Tale
 Connected with this wild sequestered vale.
 Not always, as some theorists pretend,
 Doth guilt in this life come to fitting end;
 Not often here is God's unerring plan
 Made plain to proud, presumptuous, purblind man;
 Enough for him, enough the word which saith
 Sin's path is Hellward, and her wages death.
 But now and then the thunderbolt descends,
 And strikes e'en here, for wise and gracious ends;
 To rouse—to warn—to strike the scoffers dumb,
 Who cry, "Lo! vengeance tarries—will it come?"

Some ten years back, whoe'er from hence had viewed,
 As we do now, yon cheerless solitude,
 Had seen it *then* a drear, unlovely spot,
 But not deserted. From the lonely cot
 Curled a blue smoke-wreath in the morning air,
 And signs and sounds of life were stirring there,
 Too oft of strife, of violence, and hate.
 There dwelt a wretched man, his wretched mate
 And their one child, a gibbering idiot boy,
 "Fruit of th' adulteress"—no fond parent's joy,
 Nor sad one's comfort;—sent as for a sign
 And fearful foretaste of the wrath divine.

None knew from whence the unsocial strangers came
 For a long season, nor their real name,
 But guessed them wedded, for the boy was born
 Just as they settled in that home forlorn.
 Nor doctor, nurse, nor gossip to the birth
 Was timely summon'd; but the man rushed forth
 One day in urgent haste (for peril pressed)
 To seek assistance. From old Martha Best
 I've heard the story—(to her dying day
 She told it shuddering)—in what fearful way
 She found the woman in her travail throes,
 Convulsed with spirit pangs more fierce than those,
 And how she groaned some name, and to some deed
 Wildly alluded, that with startling speed
 Brought her dark partner to the pillow near;
 And how he stooped, and whispered in her ear,
 Not words of love,—but something that she heard
 With a cold shudder; whispering faint a word
 Sounding like "Mercy!"—and the stern man's brow
 Grew sterner as he said—"Remember now."

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And as he lingered near the wretched bed,
 How hard she clench'd her teeth, and drew her head
 Beneath the coverlet, lest pain should wring
 From her parched lips the interdicted thing.
 "Old drivelling fool! he called me," quoth the dame,
 "When I just hinted at the parson's name,
 And talked of comfort to the troubled breast,
 From prayer with him, and evil deeds confess.
 Old drivelling fool! he called me, with a curse
 That made my flesh creep, and the look was worse
 With which he spoke it. Well!—the babe was born—
 Jesu preserve us!—'twas a luckless morn
 That saw its birth:—a foal, misshapen thing,
 Scarce human:—round the blue swoll'n neck a ring,
 Livid and black, and marks like finger prints
 Murderously dented: Not before nor since
 Such sight beheld I. When the mother saw,
 Christ! what a face was hers!—The lower jaw
 Dropt as in death, and with a ghastly stare,
 Pointing the tokens, she gasped out—"There! there!
 'Hell is against us'—with a savage shout
 Yelled the dark, fearful man, and rushing out,
 Was seen no more till midnight brought him back,
 Silent and sullen. There was neither lack
 Of food nor cordials in the house that night,
 And the red peat fire gave a cheerful light.
 And a large dip was burning; yet for all
 The very flesh upon my bones did crawl
 With fearful thinking; I could hardly brook
 Upon that loathly, helpless thing to look
 As on my lap it lay; and in his sleep,
 Through the thin boards, I heard the father keep
 A restless muttering:—The King's crown to gain,
 I'd not live over that long night again!"

Such was the midwife's story; and strange things
 Were guessed and rumoured, till low whisperings
 Grew louder by degrees, and busy folk
 Of information and the Justice spoke.
 But from th' accuser's part all kept aloof—
 They had no facts to rest on;—not a proof
 Of the foul deed suspected:—The strange pair
 Gave no offence to any; straight and fair
 Were their few dealings at the village shop;
 And though the man was never known to stop
 A needless minute, or look up the while,
 Or speak a needless word, or seem to smile,
 His pay was punctual, if th' amount was small—
 Time—if they waited—might unravel all—
 And so in part it did. There came a man
 From a far distant town (an artisan),
 To try for health his native country air
 In his own village. While sojourning there,
 He heard the *talk* of that mysterious pair,
 And as he listened, with impatient tone,
 Striking the table, said—"Two years ago,
 I heard a trial in our county court
 For a most cruel murder; in such sort,
 And by such hands alleged to have been done,
 As made the heart sick. An unnatural son
 Sinfully mated with his father's wife
 (A youthful stepdame), 'gainst the husband's life
 Conspired with her—'twas so the indictment read—
 And suddenly the old man in his bed
 Was found a blackening corse;—a livid mark
 Circling his throat about, and, purply dark,
 Prints of a murderous hand. At next assize
 They stood their trial, as I said;—all eyes
 Looked loathingly in court. I saw them there,
 Just such as you describe this stranger pair.
 A tall dark man, with close curled locks like jet,
 And overhanging brow, and mouth hard set,

And a down look withal. She slim and fair,
Of a white fairness; light-blue eyes, and hair
Inclining to be red; of middle size,
With something of a cast about her eyes,—
Or it might seem so, as she stood that day
With her wild look, that wandered every way
And never fixed. The crime was proven plain
To plain men's judgments, but your lawyers strain
The truth, through mill-stones, till it filters out
A puddle of perplexity and doubt.
They were acquitted, but forsook the place,
Pursued by curses.—Could I see the face
Of one but for a moment, I should know,
Had I last seen it twenty years ago,
The features printed on my mind so strong
That fearful trial day.”—

“Twill not be long,”
The eager listeners cried, “before Black Will
Comes with his empty meal-bag to the mill,
Or to the shop for his few errands there;
The woman seldom comes, and now 'tis rare
To see her, since that changeling babe was born,
So far from her own door as that old thorn,
Where she would stand and pore as in a book
On the dark pool beneath, with fixed look.”
Not long the sojourner, with patient will,
Haunted the shop, and watched about the mill:
Not long the curious rusties to their friend
Looked for the fateful word, all doubt to end,—
Earlier than wont the dark-browed stranger came,—
The watcher saw—and shuddering, said—“The same.”

The tale ran round through all the country-side;
“Murder will out” triumphant guessers cried:—
“’Twas not for nothing,” said old Martha Best,
“God’s finger on the babe those prints impressed;
And on the father’s scowling brow so dark,
As on Cain’s forehead, set a fearful mark,
But who could have believed,—so slight, so fair,—
That woman such an awful deed could dare?
’Tis true—she never looked one in the face;
Bad sign!—And not a creature in the place
Ever could draw her into social chat,
Nor him to step into the Cricket Bat,
And take his part in cheerful glass or song—
Such strange reserve betokened *something wrong*—
So with a nat’ral horror, and a mind
More *humanly* severe than *Christian* kind,
Each cast his stone, and left the wretched pair
To perish in their sin and their despair.
It is a *wholesome* horror in the main
That shrinks impulsive from the wretch whose stain
Stamps him accurst in blood’s own damning die.
Out on the mawkish, morbid sympathy
That wets white handkerchiefs with maudlin wo
When “*gifted*” murderers to the gallows go,
And “*interesting*” felons to the cord
Bow their heroic necks, and meet the law’s award.—
But vulgar minds, with unenlarged view,
Hating the guilt, abhor the guilty too;
And such “good haters” scarce can comprehend
How, He, the Sinless, is the sinner’s friend.
Ah! had some faithful servant of his Lord,
Some pious pastor, with the saving word
Of gospel truth, those branded outcasts sought,
Who knows what blessed change he might have wrought?
“Despair and die!” hath dragged down many a soul
Christ’s blood was shed for to eternal dole.
“Repent and live!” the Hellward course hath stay’d
Of many a one for whom that price was paid.
Shepherds, who slumber on your watch, beware!

Ye have account to render of your care;
Nor will the plea avail ye in that day
That while ye slept the wolf bore off his prey;
Nor that the case was *hopeless*—futile plea!
“Hope against hope” your battle-cry should be—
Then—if all fail at last—your souls from blood are free.

A wide, wild district, half uncultured moor,
Skirted by sea and forest, thick with poor,
Is the vast parish, on whose utmost verge
Lies this lone valley. The deep booming surge
Full three miles off we hear, but Sabbath bell
Sounds faintly tinkling in this dreary dell
On stillest day, with favouring breeze to boot.
To this far border gospel-shodden foot
Comes rarely, tidings of great joy to bring.
“Who needs my ministry has but to ring,”
Cries the good rector, “at the rectory door—
I always come when called for, and what more
Could fifty curates, if I kept them, do?”
Ah, reverend Michael fitter far for you
The post you occupied so long and well
In your old college ere this living fell.
No Sabbath to God’s house those outcasts brought;
Them in their dreary dwelling, no man sought,
Nor priest, nor layman, woman, man, nor child;
And every eye that measured them, reviled.
For household needs still drew them now and then
(Seldom as might be) to the homes of men—
The oftenest he; but once or twice a-year,
For homely articles of female gear,
With her stern partner to the shop she came,
A shrinking customer without a name,
Served in cold silence, that had insult been
Perchance, but for the man’s determined mien
Of dark defiance. Change of look and tone
Early informed him of his secret known;
And from that moment, with a deadly hate,
He cursed his kind, and dared its worst from Fate;
Returning loathing looks with dogged stare,
That said, “Ye know me now—’tis well—beware!”
And they who loathed, by those fierce glances cowed,
Shrinking aside, breathed curses “deep not loud.”
And curious children, eager, yet afraid,
Hung on the murderer’s steps;—but if he made
A motion as to turn, quick scowled away,
Like blossoms scattered in a gusty day.
Till once, two braggart boys, with bullying boast,
Dared one another which should venture most;
And while their awestruck mates in ambush lay,
Fronted the *Ogres* in their homeward way,
And one squeaked “Murder!” in his impish note—
And one made mouths, and pointed to his throat,
Then ran;—but pounced on with a tiger bound,
Both at a blow were levelled with the ground.
Mothers! who owned those graceless ones, for you
’Twas well that woman was a mother too,
And hung upon the arm upraised to give
A second blow that none might feel and live.

A mother! ay—how black soe’er in part,
That outcast creature’s was a mother’s heart
To the poor wailing object that, while nursed
At her sad breast, the father called “accurst.”
And now again, who looked might often see
Her crouching from beneath that old scathed tree
By the dark water, to her bosom prest
The hapless babe, that still she lulled to rest
With rocking motion, as of one in pain,
With a low, crooning, melancholy strain.
Oh! to conceive, as there she sat forlorn,

The thoughts of those long hours of loneliness born;
The yearning thoughts of happy childish days,
Her father's cottage, and her pleasant plays
With little brothers and young sisters dear;
And how they grew together many a year,
By pious parents trained in the Lord's love and fear.

Then—the changed after-time! the contrast dark!
Passion's fierce storm, and Virtue's found'ring bark,
The step by step in Falsehood's blinding lead,
From guilty thought *unchecked* to guilty deed—
The trust abused—the violated vow—
The consummated crime—the hopeless *now*,
And the dread future. Lost, unhappy soul!
Dared'st thou in fancy fix that fearful goal?
No; or Despair had into Madness burst;
And coldly calm she seemed, like one who knows the
worst.

"The grief that's shared is lightened half," some say;
Not in all cases—Can it take away
A grain of bitterness from us to know
One dearer than ourselves partakes the wo?
And when a load unblessed, the double share,
Wretched community of crime and care,
In either cheered beneath the crushing weight
By mutual suffering of his groaning mate?
And then a band of sin is one of straw—
Count not thereon, contempters of God's law!
None but pure hearts, love-linked, in sorrow closer draw.

Cast out from fellowship of all their kind,
Each other's all—did their forlornness bind
More fast the union of that guilty pair?
Ay, with the *festering* fastness of despair.
No loving little one, with angel smile,
Was sent to win them from themselves a while,
In whose young eyes the eyes that could not brook
Each other's furtive glance might fondly look.
No lisping prattler was in mercy given
To lift its little sinless hands to heaven,
And stammer out the prayer that pardon sought
For one who dared not utter what she taught.
I've said, their first—their only one was sent,
Not as a blessing, but a punishment.
No white-winged messenger, no silvery dove,
Dear welcome pledge of peace, and hope, and love,
But of fierce discord here, and fiercer wrath above.
" 'Twould be a mercy if the Lord who gave
Soon took him back"—the midwife muttered grave;
"God gave him not," the abhorring father cried;
"Would in the birth the hell-marked imp had died!"
But to her heart the mother drew it near,
Whispering—"My wretched infant! hide thee *here*."

And year by year (the changeling lived and throve)
More doting fond became that only love
That ever in this woful world it knew,
More doting for the father's hate it grew;
And to the mother soon that hate extended too.
She had born meekly many a cutting word,
And many a bitter taunt in silence heard,
Or only, when her sullen partner cried,
"Would, ere I saw thy face, that thou hadst died,"
Bowing her head—"Amen!" she softly sighed.
But when the crawling idiot in its play
Stumbled unconscious in its father's way,
And the foot spurned him, and the savage curs'd—
Then all the mother into fury burst,
And "Have a care!" she shrieked, with gestures wild,
"I have been very patient—but my child!
Harm not my child, or dread what I may dare—
I may yet speak what—Villain! have a care."
Beneath her flashing look the ruffian's eye

Quailed, as he muttered indistinct reply;
"And deadly white he turned," said wandering Wat
The Pedlar, who, to many a lonely spot
Hawking his wares, had found his plodding way
To the drear dwelling in the glen that day.
"I'm an old man," said Walter—"far I've been,
Much of mankind and of their ways I've seen,
And oftentimes folk's secrets in their looks
Can read, as plain as some read printed books.
So now and then, in my own quiet way,
I make a lucky guess, and now should say,
Touching this woman—mind, it's *only* guess—
Sinner she may be, but no murderess."
"So spake Sir Oracle," in cozy chat
On the oak settle at the Cricket Bat,
The evening of his visit to the glen—
And Walter's sayings had their weight with men;
And women listened with relenting heart,
Wondering—"Could one who did a mother's part
So fondly by her idiot child, have done
(Helping the hand of that unnatural son)
A deed it chilled the blood to think upon?
He who his wretched babe could so abuse—
Would that in *him* the gallows had its dues!"

Year followed year, those dues were owing still,
Satan had work in hand yet for "Black Will."
That he was active in his master's cause
None doubted, though evading still the laws.
No longer from all intercourse with men
He dwelt secluded in that moorland glen;
Strange faces there were not unfrequent seen
Of men, rough seafarers of reckless mien,
And something wild and lawless in their look—
With those, for days and weeks, he now forsook
His joyless home. The beach convenient lay,
And a snug creek, a little cunning bay,
Where boats and small craft might at anchor lie
For days unnoticed, if exciseman's eye,
Or hated officer's, with sharp survey,
Ranged not the coast. Unorganized that day
The naval guard; the civil watch I ween
Then kept *too civil* to be over keen:
The local bearings (sea and forest near)
Favoured more trades than one; the royal deer
Made not worse venison though the buck was slain
Without a warrant; and some folks were fain
To fancy tea and Hollands were, to choose,
Best flavoured, when they paid the King no dues.
Then customers who favoured the free trade,
No curious, inconsiderate questions made
When goods that never had the Channel cross
Were offered—at a *reasonable cost*.
What if a smuggler now and then was hung
For worse than smuggling—from their souls they flung
Accusing qualms, for "how could they have thought
Unfairly come by what they fairly bought?"
Laws interdict, and parsons preach in vain,
While such (encouraging who might restrain)
Whet with their ready pay the thirst for lawless gain.

Now sometimes, with a timid consciousness
That if none favoured some abhorred her less,
Left lonely and unaided, from the dell
The woman ventured forth, when twilight fell
With friendly dimness on her flushing shame,
To seek the village shop; and with her came
A heavy armful long, then, tottering slow,
A dragging weight, that child of sin and wo—
Poor fool, whom she her "precious one!" would call—
Ay—for he loved her, and he was her all.
"Mammam! mammam!" the stammering creature's cry,
If wandered from its face the only eye

Could read in his, and fondly there detect
A lovelier light than that of intellect.
"Mamnam! mamnam!"—'twas all resembling speech
To common ears that stammering tongue could reach;
"But oh! my Charlie, in his own dear way,"
Affirmed the mother, "every thing can say—
And he has far more sense than some believe—
Could you but see him when he sees me grieve—
And when I'm sick, he'll creep about the house,
Or sit beside me, quiet as a mouse—
And but a baby still, as one may say—
Just eight—and growing handier every day."
Oh! mother's love, of most mysterious kind!
So strong! so weak! so piercing, and so blind!

"'Twas pitiful, whatever she might be,"
All said, "that mother and her boy to see—
Hanging for him would be an end too mild,
That parricide, who hated his own child;
A poor afflicted thing, but still *his own*."
And there were cruel doings, 'twas well known,
At that lone house, whence oftentimes arose
Wild sounds of sharp contention, oaths, and blows,
And the shrill treble of a childish cry,
Heart-piercing in its helpless agony;
And more than once, thrust out into the night,
Mother and child had laid till morning light,
Huddled together, the cold earth their bed,
The door-sill pillowing her homeless head—
Happy for them when signal from the bay
Summoned their tyrant from his home away,
With his wild mates to cruise, perhaps for many a day.
But watchful eyes at last were on the glen,
Notorious now the haunt of lawless men,
Depot of contraband, and even, 'twas thought,
Of things worse come by, for concealment brought.
Twice with their warrant the suspected ground
And house men keenly searched, but nothing found;
While the dark owner carelessly stood by,
And sneering thank'd them for their courtesy,
And bade them look again, and more minutely pry.

Thus baffled off, suspicion never slept,
But quiet watch about the place was kept,
Where everything unusual that befell,
Comings and goings, all were noted well.
There had been jovial doings overnight—
Late from the lattice flashed the ruddy light,
And midnight was at hand, when from the door
Staggered the parting guests, with drunken roar—
"At daybreak—mind!"—"At daybreak, there I'll be!"
And the door closed the parting colloquy.
Then from within proceeded sounds more faint—
A low, sad, sobbing murmur of complaint,
Not long unbroken by a harsher tone—
And then a curse—a scuffling—and a groan—
Something that sounded like a heavy fall;
And then the listeners said—'twas quiet all;
And gladly from that dismal place they came—
Such broils were frequent in that house of shame.

They watched the skiffs departure from the bay—
"Best lie in wait for her return"—said they,
"Useless to watch about his den to-day,
No—nor to-morrow"—but a shepherd told
On the third morn, how, fancying from his fold
A straggler to the glen its way had found,
He followed in its track; and on the ground,
By the pond-side, said he saw something lie,
A whitish heap—"That's sure my lamb!" said I—
And dead enough if so:—but then I heard

As I came closer—(and methought it stirred)—
A feeble plaint—as from a dying lamb—
I stooped and hearkened—'twas—'Mamnam! Mamnam!"
Charlie! said I—for lying all alone,
'Twas simple Charlie made that piteous moan;
Undressed, as if just taken from his bed,
Cold as a stone, with open eyes like lead
Fixed on the dull black water—when at length
I stooped to lift him, with his little strength
(Little enough—the creature was half dead)
He made resistance, turning still his head
Towards the pond, and murr'ring o'er and o'er,
'Mamnam! Mamnam!' as to the house I bore
And there he lies—not long alive to lie—
Come quickly if you'd help him ere he die;
The door I found ajar—within—without—
No living soul. Bad work has been I doubt."

Quickly they ran;—but when they reached the place,
There lay the idiot, with his poor wan face
Close to the water's edge!—although in bed
The shepherd left him, *motionless*—he said—
And still he made the same distressful moan,
Though faint and fainter every faltering tone;—
And still his eyes were turned with dying ray
To the dark pond, as on its brink he lay.

"'Tis not for nothing, idiot though he be,"
All said—"he gazes there so earnestly"—
And one stooped down, and peering closely, thought
He *something* saw:—and poles and hooks were brought,
And grappled a dead weight—upfloated white
A woman's dress—one heave—and dragged to sight,
On a pale corse looked down the cheerful morning light.

"Mamnam! Mamnam!"—with one loud rapturous cry
(Life's last) the dying idiot bounded high,
And falling forward, sank to quiet rest,
Never to waken, on his mother's breast.

I've told my story—needs it still to tell
How that the double murd'rer in this dell,
And in this country, has no more been seen?
That *his* dark act that woman's end had been.
Proceedings at the inquest pointed clear—
There was a bloody fracture by her ear,
Fitting a mallet, that with her hair and gore
Stuck on, was found upon the cottage floor—
His own apparel gone, and all of worth
The lonely house contained. Upon this earth
If somewhere still the ruffian roams secure,
God knows;—*hereafter*, his reward is sure.

One parting look upon the still sad scene,
Where so much misery, so much guilt has been,
And such a tragic act in the *great play*,
Life's melodrama. As calm as still the day,
As bright the sun was shining over head
When by that water lay the ghastly dead—
And then perhaps some little bird as now
Perched on that old scathed hawthorn's topmost bough,
Poured forth a strain as joyous and as clear
(Careless of human woes) as now we hear—
Unconscious bird! no living thing but thee
Stirs the deep stillness with a voice of glee—
The village children, if they venture near,
Sink their loud gladness into whispering fear—
No rustic lovers haunt the unblest ground—
No tenant for the hated house is found—
Our country people call it—"Black Will's den"—
And this unlovely spot—"The Murder Glen."

From the Metropolitan.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A TALE.

..... "amici
Io vaccommiato, ei disse, ite felici."
TASSO.

In the spring of 17—, I visited Italy, for the first time, in company with the son of Lord L——, who was making the grand tour for his amusement; while I followed in his wake, as it were, for the sole purpose of pursuing my professional studies. Our lots in life were as different as our characters, he being born to rank and affluence, and I being the son of a poor and humble musician in one of the smaller towns of Germany. Lord L——, who was a great dilettante, had taken a fancy to me, when in Germany, on account of some juvenile display of musical talent on my part, and having insisted on becoming my patron, sent me to Vienna to acquire a knowledge of singing and counterpoint. From thence I went to England at an early age, where I gained considerable credit for my acquirements, and where I might have earned a livelihood without difficulty, had I not been so very desirous of travelling into Italy for my improvement, as to prevent my settling down quietly with the small stock of knowledge that I had acquired. It was, therefore, on the departure of his son Augustus, that Lord L—— kindly proposed that I should be enabled to fulfil the wish of my heart, and with many recommendations to the former to treat me as a brother, he wished me much success, and we set out for Paris in high spirits, he with the idea of being freed from every restraint—and I buoyant with the brilliant anticipations I had formed of the country we were going to visit. These friendly injunctions were, however, rather lost upon Augustus. He was too intimately persuaded of his own dignity ever to forget, for a moment, the distance which, he considered, stood between us; and though under his father's eye he had always behaved towards me in a kind and amiable manner, we no sooner found ourselves alone, than he gave way to his natural disposition, which was cold and haughty, giving little and exacting a great deal. Perhaps owing to his father's partiality to me, he was inclined to look upon me in the light of a spy that Lord L—— had set to watch over his conduct, and give him secret information thereof; yet nothing could be further from my character than any kind of deceit, and had he better understood me, he would not have mistaken my interest in his concerns for curiosity, nor my frankness for any undue assumption of familiarity on my part.

We remained but a short time at Paris. Augustus longed for Italy and classic ground; and would, I believe, have gone straight to Rome, had he not had many letters of introduction for Milan, which his father particularly wished him to deliver, and which ultimately led to his forming many acquaintances, and passing the whole of the winter in that city. He took up his abode in one of the best hotels, and lodged in the *appartamento nobile*, while I slept at the top of the house, in a very mean little room, which served as my bedroom and my study. Our arrangements were soon made: they consisted chiefly in this, that

we should be troubled as little as possible with one another. We generally met in the morning at breakfast, after which I repaired to the house of the master under whom I studied, and then walked about the town, or did what I pleased till dinner, which we mostly took together; and the evening was spent on his part often, I believe, at the gaming-table, and in a variety of amusements; and on mine frequently at the theatre, for the sake of hearing the best music possible.

"Have you seen the Adelaide?" was the first question put to me in one of the coffee-houses that I went to, and which was chiefly filled by musicians and dilettanti, who were busy discussing the merits of the last opera, and loud in praise of the above-mentioned prima donna.

I replied, "that I was a stranger in the place, and should be grateful to any one who would point out to me all that was most worth seeing."

"Then," said one of the party, "do not sleep another night without having seen Adelaide Caracelli, that eighth wonder of the world;" bestowing on her, at the same time, the epithet, I think, of *divina cantatrice*, and many others more enthusiastic, which I do not now recall.

"I beg to interfere," said a dilettante, who sat in a corner, and had till now patiently borne with the praise bestowed on Adelaide; "as a stranger, I cannot suffer your judgment to be biased by these extravagant praises. Adelaide is, and always was, a very sweet singer, but nothing more; and, as for being the eighth wonder of the world, no one having common sense, or who had heard the Signora Albertina of Naples, would ever presume to hazard so ridiculous an opinion."

He then proceeded to laud his favourite in far more extravagant terms than those which had been lavished on Adelaide, which failed not to produce a retort courteous from his adversary. In one and the same breath they endeavoured each to draw my attention from the other, till stunned and perplexed by so many contending voices, and that about a subject on which, as yet, I could offer no opinion, and glad once more to get into the air, I walked home to my chamber with an aching head, and the most ardent desire to see Adelaide, and judge for myself.

The next morning at breakfast I related the occurrence to Augustus, who was much amused at it, and agreed we should go together to La Scala, that I might help him, as he termed it, to know his own mind about the music. I was so prepossessed all day with the thought of the prima donna, that my occupations were laid aside, and I walked about longing for the evening. At length the hours wore away, and happy was I when we were both seated in the theatre, and the curtain rose before my expecting eyes. The scenes, antecedent to Adelaide's appearance, were to me as so much lost time, and so many obstacles to my wishes, which were now wound up to a pitch bordering almost on pain. At last she came—it was needless to ask, "Is it she?" The sweetness of the first note she uttered, prolonged to an unusual length, and dying away in exquisite softness, settled the question at once—it could be no other than Adelaide. And yet, charmed as I was, the first feeling was almost that of disappointment. Perhaps my thoughts had run too high, or perhaps we are apt to be disappointed when

a face is not exactly what we had pictured to ourselves, even though it should be ten times more beautiful. I had fancied her tall—her stature was low, and her form slender. I had fancied a queen-like dignity—her countenance was gentle, melancholy, and seemed impressed with a subdued sorrow. No face was ever more expressive, though not strictly beautiful; and I had ample means of seeing its resources developed during the various scenes of the opera. And there was a peculiar tone in her voice when she sustained a high note, and made it ring and vibrate, which seemed to seize on the very fibres of one's heart, with a power and pathos that I never certainly had dreamed of before, and never have heard since. I was like one who had hitherto wandered in darkness, and on whom the light of heaven burst forth at once—so vehement and sudden was the effect of the inimitable singing and exquisite music on the ears and mind of an enthusiastic cultivator of the art, who had scarcely had any opportunity before of becoming acquainted with its practical effects. Augustus, contrary to his usual custom, had not said a word during the performance; in fact, he was entranced beyond his usual powers of receiving delight, and was fearful of giving way to any childish expression of rapture. On our way home, seeing I could not contain my transports, he acknowledged his high satisfaction at all that we had seen, and declared several times that, as far as he could judge, Adelaide was the most delightful of singers, and in point of face and figure, on which he thought himself perfectly competent to decide, she was almost faultless. We agreed to go again the following evening to La Scala to see the same performance: we did so, and I can affirm, on my part, that I saw and heard with increased satisfaction, the charm of novelty being more than compensated by the interest I took in following the thread of la Caracelli's inimitable personification of her part.

For the next fortnight, Augustus and I seemed actuated by one and the same spirit, for he gave up all other amusements for the theatre, and we were constantly seated side by side to listen to the soul-inspiring strains of this idol of our admiration. This admiration made him grow more communicative and familiar, and one morning at breakfast, he thus addressed me:—"Maximilian, is there no one amongst your musical friends who knows Adelaide off the stage? Do ask and see. I should be very curious to make acquaintance with her. If her conversation is but half as good as her acting and singing, she will be the most wonderful woman I have yet met with." My colour rose as he spoke, for I had had the same wish myself, and had already made some inquiries to that effect. I promised compliance, and left him with that intention. I experienced little difficulty in obtaining an introduction into her circle through my patron's means, who had already spoken of me in very handsome terms. And this time the proud Augustus was very glad even to go as the secondary person of the two. Adelaide generally received her friends in the evening when the opera was over. Her manners in private life were perfectly easy and graceful; and the amiable simplicity which she displayed, put every body at once on the footing of old acquaintances. Her face appeared quite as beautiful as on the stage, excepting its paleness, and the charms of her conversation were certainly such as to increase

the admiration which her dramatic characters excited. Her household consisted of herself and her sister, who was immeasurably inferior to her in personal beauty, and had never appeared on the stage; of Sempronia's husband, who had been passionately in love with Adelaide, but meeting with no return, had married the sister, in order not to lose sight of the object of his idolatry; and, lastly, of a sorrowful-looking young man, named Leo, who was a kind of secretary and factotum to the family, who copied music for Adelaide, and sometimes accompanied her on the harpsichord. The Caracelli's reception was highly flattering to a young musician, who was eager for distinction. On hearing what I had composed, she insisted on my playing and singing, and asked me a thousand questions of kind interest. As for my companion, she did not trouble herself much about him, further than what politeness required; he was left to make friends with Sempronia, while we were singing over some duets, in which I acquitted myself much to her satisfaction—at least she was kind enough to say so.

The next day Augustus declared he had grown so tired of amusements, that he had a great mind to take up his violin, which he had long neglected; and desired me, as I had some knowledge of that instrument, to give him instructions. I was so taken up myself with music, and with la Caracelli, that I did not at once see whence came this sudden fondness for musical study, which I now discovered in him for the first time. I acquiesced of course, and took a great deal of pains in teaching him, though I verily believe that three quarters of the time were generally spent in talking of the inimitable prima donna. Once admitted into her house, we were, in a manner, made free of it, as long as our abode at Milan might last; and we became her most regular visitors, seldom passing an evening without dropping in. I often brought with me some new air, which I had composed that morning, and which the Caracelli would sing at first sight, in a way to enamour me of my own compositions. Even Augustus, by degrees, joined our concerts occasionally; and, anxious to appear as a musician, used all his endeavours to get through his task in a creditable manner, and never failed meeting with the kindest encouragement and applause from the lady.

This sort of life went on through the winter with little variation. Besides my usual studies, I was now busily employed in setting one of Metastasio's dramas to music, a work on which I hoped, if not to rest my future fame, at least to lay the first stone of the future edifice. My whole wish, my real aim, was to write a part which Adelaide would not disdain; and to this purpose I bent the entire energies of my soul, and laboured to make that character stand out amongst the rest, as much as she shone beyond all the other singers in talent. At every passage that I wrote down for her, I used to fancy how she would sing it, and thought I actually heard the sounds, in my lonely chamber, vibrating through the air.—Adelaide Caracelli! syren of all syrens! could you but have known half the enthusiastic dreamings which filled my brain, you would have smiled at the power you so unconsciously possessed. But I had no one with whom I could hold communion. My master was upwards of sixty, my acquaintances were

as yet too new to lay bare my weaknesses perhaps to their derision, and the son of my patron, who was most fitted in years, and from long acquaintance, to give an ear to the overflowings of my heart, was too far removed in character for me to venture on any such flights in his hearing. Besides, a kind of instinctive fear of speaking too much of Adelaide, except when he began, frequently made me silent. If I may be allowed so to express it, my instinct was more correct on this point than my perceptions. With less experience than I possessed at that time, I might have seen that Augustus was irretrievably in love with Adelaide; but I did not see it—yet I felt embarrassed and timid whenever she was mentioned, which now occurred less often than at first. On his side he seemed divided between a kind of jealousy of me, and a fear lest by scaring away my confidence too abruptly, he should lose all opportunity of penetrating my sentiments. It may be supposed that these contending feelings made him capricious and unequal in his behaviour; treating me alternately as a confidant, a rival, or a stranger. I was, however, accustomed to patience, and willingly made use of it in this instance, in gratitude to Lord L.—, whom I had no means of repaying, but by making every concession to his son. I therefore put up with many disagreeable trifles, and consoled myself with study and practice, to the great satisfaction of my instructors. My opera was now so far advanced, that my master caused parts of it to be tried by the pupils of the Conservatorio, in order to judge of its merits, before a rehearsal took place at the theatre. He expressed himself so pleased with it, that he promised me every assistance to forward its speedy representation. In Adelaide Caracelli I had likewise a friend and an advocate, and she had promised to use her influence with both manager and actors to promote my success. But though Adelaide was all encouragement, though the masters at the Conservatorio were profuse in their congratulation, I felt an uneasiness and dissatisfaction that I could not at first account for. A word from Sempronia had been the cause of this. I happened one evening to address to her some question of trifling importance, which caused her to allude, as to a circumstance well known to me, to Augustus's habit of visiting Adelaide every morning, while I was at the Conservatorio, and frequently going to the theatre during rehearsals. This fell upon me like a blow, the effects of which were too visible to escape Sempronia's observation. With the good-nature that formed an intrinsic part of her character, she instantly expressed her sorrow at having unconsciously given me pain, thereby only increasing my confusion, and I may add, my surprise at my own sentiments, as till then I considered my idolatry of Adelaide solely as so much incense offered to the goddess of song. Alas! I now found to my cost, by the strong human ingredients that were mixed up with my incense, that I loved the woman still more than I worshipped the idol. The transition appeared almost painful and humiliating in my eyes. Had I then been wound up to so enthusiastic a height, to find at last that it was love alone that animated me? I can scarcely distinctly remember what I replied to Sempronia; I only know that I took the first opportunity of departing without saying as much as "good night" to the beautiful Caracelli;

and through the mist that seemed to float before my eyes, I can only recall the look of pity and interest with which the eyes of the former followed me as I went out of the room. I returned with hurried steps to our hotel. The perturbation of my spirits was too great at first to allow me even to think, and it seemed merely the effect of mechanical custom that led me to undress and lie down. A flood of tears came to my relief—it was the passionate expression of all the feelings that raged within me, a relief that nature kindly gives to those whose hearts are cramped for want of sympathy, and the power of expanding beneath the benign influence of confidence and friendship. I was afterwards able to collect my thoughts. I now plainly recollected a thousand little things that had before escaped me, for want of a clue to throw light upon them, which proved, beyond a doubt, that Augustus was in love. He had never said a word to me of his morning visits, and that alone was suspicious. So far I was completely convinced—but the next question, one which I scarcely dared to investigate, and yet longed to know, was, does Adelaide return his passion? I instantly began to recall in my mind how different her behaviour towards him was now to what it had been at first. In the beginning she had distinguished me as the musician, and taken little notice of him. Now they conversed often, she smiled upon him, and every look and gesture started up before me as so many witnesses of what I dreaded to ascertain. To me she had been uniformly kind and friendly—towards him she was at different times in all kinds of moods. How I envied the difference! I saw love in all those variations of mind and manner, and nothing but the most chilling absence of all passion in her constant regard for me. Not satisfied, however, with my internal convictions on the subject, I resolved to draw from Sempronia the assurance that I was not mistaken, and perhaps make a friend of her, who was one of those good creatures who are ever ready to take an interest in other people's concerns.

With these intentions I waited as patiently as I could till evening, when I went to Caracelli's with the full intention of observing as much as I could, without interrupting or attempting to participate in their conversation. I even took my seat by Sempronia, as if accustomed to act the confidant, and make way for the lover, but in reality to appear as unconcerned as possible, that they might feel more at liberty. Sempronia welcomed me kindly, and the melancholy young man, whom I have already mentioned, drew his chair near ours, as if desirous of making one in our conference. They immediately began to speak to me as if they had been long aware of what was passing in my heart, unknown to myself: and these two beings, whom I had before scarcely observed, seemed suddenly converted into old friends by the sympathy they expressed in my disappointment, and their warm expressions of preference for me above Augustus. He was little calculated, indeed, by his general demeanour, to make friends of those whom he did not study to please, though, perhaps, when he did so far lay aside his usual pride as to be desirous of captivating any one, few men possessed the faculty in a higher degree, as much from his handsome person as his agreeable and witty conversation. He spoke Italian fluently, and

being well versed in the French language, in which Adelaide was an adept, they had ample means of communicating their ideas; and the charm of these conversations was perhaps heightened to Augustus, by the feeling of the display he was making of his powers in two languages not his own. La Caracelli was doubtless flattered by the constant adulation of a man known in the world to be of some discrimination; and as his encomiums on her singing, from their very want of scientific judgment, seemed to proceed from his feelings alone, the novelty was pleasing in a country where every amateur, from the highest to the lowest, has all the terms of the art at his fingers' ends.

Sempronia, seeing me downcast and sad, would willingly have left me in happy ignorance of what I wished to know, but finding me bent on ascertaining the full extent of my misfortune, she told me with some hesitation, that she had long observed a decided preference on the part of her sister for my companion, and knowing Adelaide's ardent soul as she did, could give me but little hope that I should be able to supersede a rival in her affections. After a short pause, however, she bid me not be entirely discouraged, as she might be mistaken in the symptoms she thought she had discovered, and constancy and perseverance sometimes worked their way, slowly indeed, but surely. A look which she cast on her husband, who was standing at the window with his back towards us, and the smile which suddenly followed it, seemed to remind her that it was not *always* the case. "My husband's example need not alarm you," continued she, as if reading my thoughts: "there was a want of idealty about him which displeased my sister. Adelaide requires to be loved, independently of all external circumstances—and will, do not doubt it, love the same in return. Should your friend, for instance, ever bring forward his rank, in any way, as contrary to their affection, from that day, depend upon it, Adelaide loves him no more."

Sempronia thus, half intentionally, half unawares, contributed to raise my spirits with hope, and nurse the flame that I had felt the necessity of extinguishing. I gladly seized the slightest ground on which to build the tottering fabric of romance, and though I scarcely exchanged ten words with Adelaide that night, I had received so much alleviation from my conversation with Sempronia, that I went away tranquilized, and far more satisfied than when I came.

According to her promise, the Caracelli had interested herself in my behalf about my opera, and preparations had already been made at the theatre, to put it into immediate rehearsal. I had written a letter to Lord L——, to give him an account of my studies, saying nothing, however, of our more private concerns; and I had received the most flattering congratulations from him, in a communication which he sent to his son some time after. Thus far my affairs seemed prosperous, as much as any success can compensate us for a thwarted affection; and I could not but be aware, that the greater my success and hopes of fame and fortune, the brighter my prospects would grow. I little thought how cruelly they would be all at once clouded by an unforeseen event.

Amongst the airs that I had written for Adelaide, there was one with which she was not so well satisfied

as the rest. Whether she thought it did not give her sufficient opportunity for displaying her wonderful powers, or whether it failed to express the words as she averred it did, it would be hardly fair for me to determine. Her opinion was supported by Augustus, though he knew little on this subject; and her small circle having likewise declared themselves of the same opinion, I was of course overruled, and with the utmost readiness set to work to recompose the air completely. My second attempt was, however, not more successful than the first, and I made several alterations at different times, and brought the air over and over again to Adelaide for approbation. Still, whether to try my patience and see how far I would sacrifice anything to please her, or from whatever other cause it might be, this luckless cavatina seemed to stop all our proceedings, and remained to me the gordian knot, which I could not untie. One night, however, as if some angel had whispered an inspiration into my ear, when I had laid down to rest, after working all day fruitlessly, a sudden flash came across my mind, and, unable to wait till morning, I rose, procured a light, and set to work with renewed ardour. Towards dawn I had completed the air, and, confident now of success, I waited with great impatience till the hour should come when I could see Adelaide, and lay before her the labours of the night, internally persuaded, perhaps, that she would value them as much as I own, in my vanity, that I did myself.

Without even going to the Conservatorio, which I was in the daily habit of doing, I went straight from the hotel to Adelaide's street, but was much disappointed in being told that she was not at home. I knew it was not true by the hour of the day, and therefore, instead of going home, I paced up and down, in hopes of meeting her when she sallied forth to go to the theatre for rehearsal. After spending about an hour in this manner, I saw some one come out of the house where she lived, and to my no small mortification, I found it was Augustus. He immediately guessed, by my leisurely pace, that I must have been there some time, and concluded that I had been watching him. He did not leave me long in suspense as to his ideas on the subject.

"Maximilian Rosenberg," said he, in a tone in which haughtiness and jealousy seemed to struggle for the mastery, "I have treated you as a friend and a companion—yes, a companion even—in compliance with my father's wishes; and what have I received in return from you? I need not say what, for your confusion speaks clearly enough to condemn you. But, as to dodging my steps, sir, whatever may be your excuse or your intention in doing so, it is a thing that I never will submit to. A compact, in order to remain entire, must be kept on both sides; you have neglected your part, and henceforth I consider myself exonerated from all further concern about you."

It was in vain I endeavoured to justify myself. The greater my confusion and earnestness in rejecting the imputations he threw upon me, (added to the real consciousness I felt of secretly being his rival, which tended to weaken my powers of defence,) the more I implicated myself, I believe, in his eyes. Finding it hopeless to see Adelaide that morning, I returned

home, vexed and exasperated—angry with Augustus, with myself for not having had the presence of mind to show him the cavatina at once, and still more angry with *la Caracelli*, to whom I had sent in my name, and who must have known what my business was. Besides, I did not know how far he might not push his revenge, and I was at a loss even to know on what footing we should henceforth be. Augustus, I knew, stood in some awe of his father, even at a distance, and could hardly shake me off with propriety without his consent. Yet I knew he could easily misrepresent the thing, if he chose, by letter, and that he would stretch a point to free himself of an unwelcome companion, was what I equally believed to be very likely. I remained occupied with these disagreeable thoughts all day long in my chamber. Augustus dined out that day, and in the evening I went to one of the smaller theatres, and did not go to Adelaide's.

Early the next morning Sempronia's husband came to see me. He brought me word from Adelaide, that the following day part of my opera would be rehearsed, and that I must attend at the theatre. He likewise inquired if I was ill, as they had not seen me the night before, when I was expected. After some hesitation, I simply related what had passed.

"I thought so," returned he, "from what Adelaide said: Augustus is exceedingly joyous; and I advise you, as a friend, to keep clear of all these things, and not risk the success of your opera, and, perhaps, the chance of its being represented at all, for the vain pursuit of that which you may never attain. Do not be like the dog in the fable:—remember, Adelaide is merely the shadow; and think of your professional success," continued he, laughing, "as the only substantial thing really worth pursuing."

This advice I admitted to be good, but difficult to follow. He had loved Adelaide himself, he continued, and yet had given her up without such powerful reasons: he had, therefore, some right to advise another. Her heart was, now, he was sure, irrevocably engaged; and he had even understood that Augustus had made her proposals, which she had accepted, but that he could not probably fulfil, while his father still lived. Startled at this news, unable to conceal or control my feelings, I scarcely know to what excess I should not have suffered myself to be carried away by passion, had he not soothed me by every reasonable means, and brought me back to my senses. I saw nothing of Augustus till dinner-time, when he sent up his servant to let me know it was ready. Without this decided overture on his part to a reconciliation, for such it was from a man of his disposition, I could not have got over the invincible repugnance I felt at meeting him. He was calm and polite, but distant. We said but little, yet there seemed an evident intention on his part to keep within bounds. Perhaps, like a wary politician, he wished to temporize till he saw how my opera might succeed, as in case it did, he would not be unwilling to play the part of the patron; and, moreover, the music was to Adelaide's taste, and her decisions were law at the theatre.

The next day I went to the theatre, where I was presently joined by Adelaide, together with her sister and brother-in-law, and Augustus, on whose arm she leant as she walked about the stage till all the musi-

cians had assembled. She was in high spirits that day; but though I passed near her several times, she did not seem to take any notice of me, at which I was not a little mortified. I thought it peculiarly unkind, as I was sure she could not be ignorant of what I must feel at that moment. When the orchestra was filled, the *Caracelli* sung one or two of the airs of her part in a very sweet manner, but not, I thought, with that energy which she was accustomed to infuse into everything; and, conceiving it was done with a design to vex me, though it might be simply that few singers put forth their full powers at a rehearsal, I felt hurt and offended. At last I approached her with the cavatina that I had been working at, and begged her to try it. She did so. It pleased all who were present but Augustus, who persisted that it would always remain a very poor concern. Adelaide, perhaps secretly piqued that her singing should not have the power of embellishing anything, said thereupon that she thought it had better be left out altogether. This was objected to, as the situation absolutely required it; and it led to a duet that could not be suppressed. The manager, who was of a hasty temper, immediately declared, that if that were the case, he would find some other prima donna to take her place, for if the duet was suppressed it would equally displease the tenor, who had a prominent part in it. *La Caracelli*, who knew her power, made her courtesy to him, and said, since he was of that opinion, she would rather decline taking any part in the opera at all. Whereupon every tongue seemed let loose at once, intruding its opinion in one way or another, giving no bad idea of the confusion at the tower of Babel, and would have presented a truly ludicrous scene to me, had I not been too deeply interested in the result of the dispute to remain a calm spectator. Alas! it was useless to raise my feeble voice amidst a crowd, and even when the storm had somewhat subsided, I could not learn to what conclusion they had come. Business seemed plainly at an end, for that day at least; the musicians began to quit the orchestra one by one, and I saw Adelaide walk away. My rage was at its height, and joining Augustus, I could not help venting my bitterness in no very measured terms, as he had in reality been the cause of Adelaide's distaste for the cavatina and ultimate quarrel with the manager. His answer was more contemptuous than passionate, which I could so little brook at that time, that, listening only to the dictates of embittered and angry feelings, I loudly called on him to fight, at the same time clapping my hand on my sword. His action was as quick as mine, and glad, perhaps, of an opportunity of giving way to his hatred, he drew his sword, and we began lunging at each other. Several persons who passed to and fro probably took us for actors, as they did not interfere until Augustus fell wounded. The sight of his blood at once recalled me to my senses, and alarmed all who yet remained in the theatre. Everything was in confusion, and people ran about in all directions for assistance, while I remained nailed to the spot, and mute with horror at the idea that I had perhaps killed him. All my anger had vanished, and I pictured to myself his desolate father upbraiding me with the death of his son. Augustus, however, had only fainted. The wound was slight, and he was easily conveyed to the manager's room till he should be taken home. Not-

withstanding the repeated endeavours I made to approach him and offer assistance, he signed me to retire so vehemently, that, fearing he should exhaust his remaining strength, I was forced to comply. I did not, however, leave the theatre, but continued walking about in great agitation, till the surgeon, who had been called, came out of the room, and I inquired anxiously about his patient. He told me there was nothing serious, but that it was evident he had been in a violent passion; that he was very feverish, and had better remain quite quiet for a few hours before he was moved home. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings during the remainder of that day, which seemed to me the longest I had ever passed. I rambled about the theatre, not venturing to enter the room where Augustus lay. I could hear from the outside that he was talking incoherently, half in English, half in Italian; but thinking my presence would only increase his uneasiness I kept out of his sight. When, at last, I heard from the servant who had been sitting by him that he had sunk into a refreshing slumber, I did all in my power to keep everything quiet within reach of his hearing. I paced up and down before his door like a sentinel, and the sight was truly a singular one to see a theatre converted into a sick room. Towards evening all the actors began to arrive to dress themselves, Adelaide amongst the rest. I shall never forget her look when she first perceived me. A shriek, such as I never heard before, when I motioned her to be silent, and pronounced the name of Augustus in a low voice, stung me to the soul. Was it remorse, or was it a feeling that Adelaide was lost for ever to me! Alas! I fear the latter reason was the uppermost in my heart. I endeavoured to soothe her uneasiness, but she would not listen; and having questioned all those about her on what had happened, she loaded me with bitter reproaches, and insisted on seeing Augustus, and that without delay. In vain I remonstrated on the imprudence of exciting his already irritated feelings, and the necessity of repose; she was not to be overruled, and the dispute had grown so loud that Augustus was startled out of his sleep, and was calling to know where he was and who disturbed him. It therefore became useless to defend my post any longer, and, finding the sympathy he excited turned to my disadvantage, I made the best of my way out of the theatre.

I was scarcely in the street when I was accosted by a certain Marchese di San Felice, a professed admirer of la Caracelli, who had followed me out. He was a man upwards of fifty, who had been handsome in his day, and was still good-looking and famed for his accomplishments, his wit, and his elegant attire, which was the envy and model of all the young men of Milan. With such elements as these, it may be imagined that San Felice was sought after and caressed in all societies. Success has made him inordinately vain; so much so, that he expressed his sincere astonishment that Adelaide could prefer any one to himself, forgetting that he was some thirty years her senior. He consoled his vanity, however, by assuring me that Adelaide was beginning to grow sensible to his attentions, when, unfortunately for both, as he emphatically said, this foreigner came and stole a march upon him in her affections. He indulged in the bitterest invectives against Augustus.

I was listening in silence, and wondering why he made a confidant of me on so slight an acquaintance as ours, which merely consisted in occasional meetings at the theatre and the coffee-house, when he suddenly broke off and began praising my spirit and my courage in his most insinuating manner. Somewhat ashamed of these praises, I should have willingly dropped the subject, but he proceeded to tell me that these sort of affairs had sometimes disagreeable consequences when the government took them in hand, and advised me rather to be beforehand, by denouncing Augustus to the police as the origin of the quarrel, which had been far too public not to be known all over the town by the next day: Augustus would then, no doubt, receive notice to quit the town, and I should remain victor on the field. I saw plainly through all this pretended kindness,—the real wish he had of getting a rival off his hands. I was indignant at the idea of such a proposal, but still avoided giving him any direct answer, and, as by this time we had arrived at my home, I bid him hastily good evening, and thanking him for his advice, I stole up to my chamber, where I sat waiting till Augustus came home. I then sent to know whether he would see me, but being answered in the negative, I determined to write to him, in case he persisted in his resolution. The next morning I was told he had passed a good night; the surgeon's report was very favourable, and he had a long conference with an English nobleman, a friend of his, who called on hearing what had occurred the preceding day. As Augustus still refused admitting me, I was left to my own reflections till evening, when, to my utter amazement and vexation, I received an order from the police to quit Milan within four-and-twenty hours. It was now clear to me, that Augustus had employed his influence to direct the revenge of the authorities against me, and in the bitterness of my soul I half repented having neglected the friendly warning of San Felice. Those means which I had scorned to employ in my defence against a powerful rival, Augustus was not ashamed to use to crush me in my career, at the moment when my aspirations for fame were going to be tried by the test of public favour or disapprobation. "Of what use," thought I, with a sigh, "is it to conquer one's bad resolutions! The strong will ever oppress the weak, and no reward is ever to be looked for by those who do their duty." In such and other reflections I indulged myself for the space of an hour, when, seeing their folly and mischievousness, I suddenly started up, and began making my preparations. My possessions were not numerous enough to give me much trouble, or to take much time in collecting together, and when this was done, I went to take leave of my good maestro at the Conservatorio. He had heard of every thing, and not only declined taking any money for his instructions, but hearing that I thought of going to Naples, wrote me a letter of recommendation to an eminent musician in that city, and dismissed me with his blessing, and the wish that I might be more prudent henceforward in my conduct. I took no leave of Augustus, and simply writing on a scrap of paper my intention of going to Naples, and my wishes for his speedy recovery, I set off in no very enviable state of mind. By the time I had arrived at Naples, my scanty means were nearly exhausted, and I was so

depressed in spirits as to be little capable of exertion. Having taken up my abode in the meanest hotel I could find, my next care was to deliver my only letter of recommendation, which was worth a kingdom to me in my forlorn state. It was with some difficulty I found out the street where Signor Melincini lived, and I ascended the staircase with a beating heart, feeling, as I did, that so much depended on this visit. Signor Melincini was writing when I entered, and a little further, by the window, sat a fine young woman, with a very intelligent face, whom I afterwards learned was his daughter. They both rose as I entered, and as she lifted her countenance from the book she was reading, she seemed to look with an eye of great benignity at my squalid appearance. She, however, resumed her reading, and her father proceeded to open the letter I had brought. His countenance evidently expanded as he read the praises which, no doubt, my kind master had bestowed upon me; and when he had finished, he asked me what were my plans. I was embarrassed how to reply, but assured him that I was willing to do anything in the way of my profession towards gaining a livelihood. "Claudia," said he turning to his daughter, "pray hand me those manuscripts that are lying beside you. If this young man does not think it unworthy his talents, it is the quickest means I can find of employing him." So saying, he put into my hands some music that was to be copied, and I returned home very well satisfied with my visit. I set to work very diligently, but my forlorn and lonely condition pressed heavily on my heart. This was still further increased by receiving a letter from Lord L——, which was sent after me by Augustus. He had simply enveloped it, without adding a word of his own, which seemed a very obstinate determination to keep me in ignorance of all that concerned him. The whole affair of our duel had been written to Lord L—— by some of Augustus's English friends, and my conduct had been represented in the blackest colours. His letter at once deprived me of all hope that I could ever appease him by any explanation on my part. Not that it was violent or ungentlemanly in language—far otherwise. But I saw that he was hurt at what he called my unpardonable ingratitude, and that he cast me off entirely for ever, as one unworthy of his kindness and generosity. There was no strength of mind that could help to console me under this circumstance. It was in vain that I recollected that I had erred slightly in comparison to what he had understood had been the case; I felt how guilty I must appear in his eyes to have lifted my arm against the son of a patron; and his concluding words, "Do not answer this letter, for I will receive none from you," rung in my ears as if it had been my sentence of condemnation.

I was obliged to suppress my feelings as much as possible, the necessity of exerting myself being now more imperative than ever; but my extreme depression did not escape the observation of my new friends. With the nice perception which belongs to her sex, Claudia instantly saw that something weighed heavily on my mind, and thinking it might be some pecuniary embarrassment, she urged her father to speak to me on the subject. This was kind in the extreme, though at first I felt reluctant to let him know all. I finished, however, by giving him a faithful sketch of my his-

tory, in which I laid all the blame I deserved to my own account, seeking neither to excuse nor inculpate either Augustus or myself more than was due. When I had finished he assured me, that so far from thinking less of me, this candid confession only served to raise me in his esteem; and that his services, and even his purse, if I was in distress, were equally at my command. Soon after this, having ascertained my capabilities, he recommended me several scholars, and he allowed me to copy music for him under his own eye, instead of working alone in my chamber, which was very small and dismal.

One evening, on my return home, as I was crossing a very narrow street, I was accosted by two ill-looking fellows, who asked me if I were a stranger in Naples. On my replying in the affirmative, they turned round and seemed disposed to follow me. I had nothing more valuable about me than a roll of music paper, on which I had penned some ideas that same day; therefore I had no great apprehension of being robbed, as that could be of no use to them, and I had no trinkets whatever about my person. Yet, annoyed at their seeming inclined to track me to my dwelling, I mended my pace, and purposely struck out into a different direction to the one I should otherwise have pursued. Still these men were not to be foiled, and they soon came up to me, and placing themselves so as to intercept me, one of them desired to know my name. I saw at once that it was more foolhardy than brave to resist two men who seemed very desperate; and not being acquainted with the customs of the place, I did not know but they might belong to the police, and that a refusal of this kind might again involve me in some disagreeable affair: I therefore simply replied, "My name is Maximilian Rosenberg; what is your business with me?"

To which the one who had spoken before, answered, "This is not true, you are the son of an English nobleman; your name of Maximilian Rosenberg is an assumed one, and you are really Augustus L——. You must, therefore, give us from your finger a ruby ring that you wear habitually on your left hand, or you may have cause to repent it."

I now concluded that these men had either fixed on me by chance, seeing I was a foreigner, or that Augustus had taken my name for some unknown purpose; and I at once perceived how necessary it was to gain time, and leave them in their error; for should Augustus be in Naples, and I undeceive them too decidedly, he might become their victim, if, as I began to suspect, they were assassins. I knew well enough that he had a ring such as they spoke of: it was a gift of Adelaide, who had herself received it from the gay Marchese di San Felice. I displayed to them, however, my fingers, which they carefully examined. A short pause ensued. They seemed to hesitate what was next to be done. "We must have some positive proof that you are not the person we take you for," said one of them, "before we can suffer you to go. You had better be frank with us."

"A truce to this nonsense," exclaimed I with growing impatience, "whether I am Maximilian, or Augustus, or the Pope himself, I shall not say a word more."

With this I was pushing forward to pass them, when both at once drew their daggers from their bosom, and fell upon me like two infuriated tigers.

Though at that time a young man of quick and violent sensations, I was not destitute of presence of mind, and I had courage enough for anything. I defended myself, therefore, in a manner which seemed at first to daunt them. But though I wounded each of them several times, they had of course the ultimate advantage, being two against one; and when they saw me drop down exhausted, covered with blood and dreadfully lacerated, they concluded their work was done; and, after telling me that I might thank my rival, San Felice, for sending me to heaven in the most summary manner possible, they made off as quickly as they could. I cannot very distinctly remember what followed. I know that I called out to them, "Tell him, Augustus will be his denouncer even in heaven," still impressed, amidst the confusion of ideas that beset my exhausted frame, that by seeming to own myself to be the person they sought for, I should at least prevent their seeking farther. I was left a good while, I believe, on the ground, before some people chanced to pass by. They gave me, very humanely, all the assistance they could, and took me to the nearest house, where I recovered my senses. I was allowed to remain there the rest of the night, and the next morning I got home with some difficulty. I sent word to my only friend, Signor Melincini, who came at once to see me. He was very much shocked on learning my adventure, and went without delay to the police to have the assassins sought after. Not content with this, he sent word to the English and German ambassadors to interest them in my behalf. It was of little use in the end, for they were nowhere to be found. As Signor Melincini's lessons and occupations would not have allowed him to see me often, he insisted on my being removed to his house, where he assured me he could easily make room for me; and the offer was too friendly a one to be refused. Besides, the sufferings that my wound occasioned me, I had the additional affliction of being forced to give up my pupils and all occupations, at the very moment when my prospects seemed to be growing a little brighter. I think I should have well nigh given myself over to despair, had it not been for Signor Melincini's daughter, who proved the sweetest friend in my distress that I could have hoped for. Her character, at first perhaps somewhat reserved, though not from the want of any one amiable feeling, soon shone forth in a new and most pleasing light, when she kindly ministered to my different wants. It was not a mere cold duty that she performed in compliance with her father's kind intentions; it was evident that her native goodness prompted her to relieve all those who suffered, as far as lay in her power; and her face appeared at times angelic, when she spoke to me in that softened tone, which the presence of a sick person naturally calls forth from any one possessing a tender heart. The impatience I felt at first gradually subsided into a soothing calm; and had it not been for the feeling that I longed to make some exertion, to be no more a burthen on my kind friends, this state of repose would not have been without its charms. Signor Melincini endeavoured, however, to put me at my ease on that subject, by declaring that he felt so much friendship for me, that he never wished me to leave his house, and consoled me by saying, that as soon as my health would allow me, I

should have some occupation, which I might do as slowly as I pleased, till my renewed strength would permit of my working for my glory, as he termed it.

One day Claudia entered the sitting-room with a paper in her hand, and asked me, with a look of great satisfaction, whether I wished to hear any news from Milan, as a good friend of mine and her father's (meaning the master under whom I had studied) had sent them a newspaper from that city. Then, without waiting for my answer, she told me she would read it to me herself, as the exertion might fatigue me. What was my surprise, when I found that my opera had been performed, and not only that, but had been crowned with success! Let those who *can*, imagine my feelings, and ask themselves if it is not rapture too deep almost to be borne by one who was weakened, as I had been, by sickness and sorrow. Claudia seemed to understand me. She did not blame my weakness, but heartily congratulated me on this important step in my career. I talked for about two hours on this subject without ceasing, till Claudia at last begged me to consider how weak I was, and added, in a playful manner, "I will enjoin silence on you, as the ancient philosophers did on their disciples." I felt so grateful to Claudia for her interest in my concerns, that I instantly obeyed, and silence was no great punishment, as my head was full of pleasant ideas.

I found, on reading the paper through, that Adelaide Caracelli had not performed her part as it had been intended; some fresh quarrel having taken place between her and the manager, on account of her refusal to sing the night Augustus had been wounded. The public, displeased at first at losing their favourite, showed great signs of disapprobation some nights after when she *did* appear, which, together with her positively refusing to sing a part in the new opera, led ultimately to her engagement being broken. This of course caused a great delay before it could be performed, and even then some of the most difficult songs which had been expressly written to display her voice, were necessarily suppressed. "La Caracelli," thought I, "need not have pushed her predilection for Augustus so far as to refuse singing my music. It is both foolish and unjust." A moment after I wondered what gave me the power of seeing her conduct in this light, I who had well nigh worshipped her like a pagan idol. I felt almost relieved that she had given me this last proof of enmity, to show me how useless it was to follow any longer the dictates of an ardent passion that was never to be requited. Still, on the other hand, I was hurt to think that another voice should have sung those airs which she had inspired, and which, but for her, I might never have written.

Some months passed before I could resume my occupations, which I then set about with a renewed ardour, and in a far more tranquil state of mind. My love for Adelaide seemed now to be merely the remains of a habit that was difficult to eradicate, and that I had in a manner survived. The fact is, I had suffered and shed my blood for her and for Augustus; they had exiled me from Milan: all that happened to me of evil sprang from this source. What wonder then, if the source was troubled, that the waters should no longer run clear? I do not mean that Adelaide Caracelli was banished from my thoughts,

that I ceased to think her beautiful, or the greatest of singers, but her presence was no longer necessary to my happiness: all that had happened at Milan seemed, on my recovery, to be a painful dream, which was destined to haunt me for some time to come; while my feelings were assuaged and tranquillized, whenever I conversed with Claudia, or even when we were sitting each at our occupation at the same table. I had now hired a room in the same house in which Melincini had lived, and continued on his pressing invitation, to make one of his family.

The news of my success at Milan had, at last, found its way amongst the professors at Naples; I began to form acquaintances, to be employed as a teacher, and to compose. The sweet breezes of the south seemed to come over me like a musical inspiration. I caught the spirit of the Neapolitan melodies, and began to adapt my ideas to that school. I now visited the theatre, which I had not yet been able to do, and was anxious to hear the favourite singer, Signora Albertina, whom I had heard so highly extolled at Milan; the more so, as her benefit was announced previous to her departure for a considerable length of time. The opera was *la Didone Abbandonata*, by Jomelli. This was her most famous character in the serious line, for she was equally eminent in buffa operas, and the air, "Son regina," was one of her celebrated songs. The crowd was so great, that it was difficult to obtain even a bad place, yet my attention was riveted by the delight that I experienced in hearing such music and such performers. Though I went determined to judge without any prejudice, I could but pronounce Adelaide far superior to her in the cantabile and deep pathetic expression, yet Albertina was surprising and overwhelming in the passages that required rapidity and energy. Her person was majestic and commanding, and her face remarkably handsome; still there was an affectation and a straining after effect that spoiled greatly the sensation she might have produced, and marred half the qualities that nature had bestowed upon her with so liberal a hand. One did not feel that wholesome delight, if I may be allowed the expression, that *la Caracelli's* performance never failed to inspire. In one word, if Signora Albertina's conquests over the admiration of her hearers were the more numerous, Adelaide's were certainly more select and more durable. After her departure the theatre was closed for some length of time, during which I was advised to give a concert with the assistance of the remaining singers, at which a cantata that I had composed was executed in a most satisfactory manner, and pleased the public. As I was leaving the place to walk home, I was accosted by a well-known voice, and looking up I perceived the young man whom I had formerly seen at Adelaide's. After the first greetings were over, I asked him if he had left the Caracelli. "No," replied he, "she is in Naples at this moment, and hearing you were here, has expressed the greatest desire to see you. You must come with me now." Having excused myself for that night, I promised to call the next day. "You will find her altered," said Leo; "she has suffered a good deal since you last saw her. I doubt whether she will ever again be *la divina Adelaide* that we once knew."

I forebore from inquiries, and we parted. The satisfaction I had felt at the success of my cantata

was now obscured by the pain these words caused me. I pitied Adelaide as if she had never wronged me: but I pitied her as a friend, without any allusion to what had formerly passed in my heart, and even the next day, though I was to see her.

"Mi desto, e tu non sei
Il primo mio pensier."

I found her expecting me, and quite alone. She did indeed bear on her countenance, as Leo had told me, the traces of a deep sorrow. She held out her hand to me with a look that so implored my sympathy, that I could scarcely refrain from tears. We were silent for a few minutes, and I exaggerate nothing when I say that, at that moment, there was no sacrifice I would not have made cheerfully to restore her to happiness. "I have wronged you, Maximilian," said she at length, "I have been unjust and capricious; you loved me, and I disdained you, and I perhaps have scarcely any right to expect the least friendship from one whom I have treated so ill."

Here I could not avoid stopping her, and begging her to refrain from all reproaches, as I bore her no ill will for any share she might have had in Augustus's behaviour towards me. At the same time I asked her whether Augustus had received a short letter I had sent him, advising him to beware of San Felice's snares, and which I had directed to a friend of his at Milan. She told me the letter had been sent after him. "Your conduct," added she, "in that affair reflects the highest credit on your courage and generosity: and I must do Lord L—— (for such Augustus is now, his father being dead) the justice to say, that he sincerely repents the wrongs he has done you, and would gladly offer you any atonement. He would have written immediately had he not concluded you must have left Naples."

"Poor Lord L——! I am sorry he is dead," said I, "and that, too, without his being reconciled to me! But, however, since such is the will of Heaven, I hope it will promote your happiness by a union with Augustus."

"Ah, there it is," said she, "that is what afflicts me. While his father lived Augustus was all passion and love: but he is an altered man now, and has never spoken of our marriage since. It is true, that when he left Italy to go and settle his affairs in England, he said he should return, and expressed the hope of soon seeing me again; but I doubt the sincerity of these promises, for I have reason to think him unfaithful."

Adelaide paused, and remained some time lost in thought. At length I ventured to ask her full confidence on the subject. She then told me that Augustus had left Milan immediately after me to go to Rome, and not Naples as Don Felice had understood, and that she herself had broken off her engagement, and gone there likewise. She dwelt with pleasure on the time she spent at Rome, where her success was complete, and Augustus unremitting in his attentions. "All went well," said she, "till one fatal day that Sempronia and I, together with her husband and Leo, proposed a party of pleasure, in the environs of Rome, to Augustus, who joined us. It was in this expedition that he first saw Signora Albertina, my far-famed rival of the theatre at Naples, who was then on a

journey of pleasure to Rome. She was sailing down the river in a large boat, and, seated in the midst of her party, was singing to her own accompaniment on the harp. Her voice, her matchless beauty, had an electrifying effect on Augustus. He swore that the apparition was like that of Cleopatra, save that she was more beautiful, and praised, in enthusiastic terms, the country that called up such classic recollections. He could speak of nothing else the rest of the day, and I felt no wish to prolong our expedition. We returned to Rome, each probably discontented with the other, though I said nothing to him on the subject."

"And was this all?" said I: "can you be uneasy at such a mere transitory admiration? Did he ever seek to see her again?"

"He did," replied Adelaide, "and had not his father's death intervened, would, I am sure, have followed her to Naples. As it was, he saw her once again at an accademia she gave to some of her admirers to hear her improvise, at which he was rapt in admiration; though, as some of it was in the Neapolitan dialect, he probably but ill understood it. She left Rome after a week, as her engagements at Naples recalled her, but has, I understand, accepted one in London."

After Adelaide had thus relieved her mind by telling me her story, she said she had a favour to ask me. I wondered what it could be, and how I could be of any service to her. It was this. She had resolved to follow her rival to London, and have a chance of outshining her before Augustus, and, unacquainted with the language, as she was, had a great desire to secure me for a companion and interpreter. I was loath again to break up when I was beginning to make my way successfully, but I was unable to resist Adelaide's tears and entreaties, and I resolved to go. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and as the only thing she could do for me at present, she told me, that having accepted a short engagement at the theatre before this resolution of going to England, she would appear in my opera. I expressed my gratitude in return, and we parted mutually satisfied with one another. Caracelli did not fail to keep her promise, and I had the inexpressible gratification of hearing her sing those airs that were composed for her and her only, in that sweetly impressive manner that she alone could command. Her reception was enthusiastic; nor did the applause bestowed on the music fall short of my fondest expectations. Wreaths were showered on the prima donna and the composer, and I should have felt completely happy had I not seen what a painful effort it seemed to be to Adelaide to repress her own sorrows on the stage. Her profound melancholy passed current in the eyes of others for admirable acting, and her very misfortunes contributed to heighten her success.

No one took so kind an interest on this occasion as Signor Melincini and his daughter. They could not congratulate me sufficiently, and, in truth, they had some right to consider my success as partly their own work, as it was by their means that I had first become known in Naples. They were both sorry when I announced my departure as a thing resolved upon, and attempted to dissuade from what appeared to them an exaggerated piece of chivalry towards a woman who did not love me. I assured them, however, that I should return as soon as I had fulfilled my promise to the Caracelli, and Claudia represented to me in glow-

ing colours the future fame that I might earn by following up this first great triumph with due perseverance. Every word she said carried conviction with it, yet I was firm as far as regarded my present intention of departing, and as soon as the run of my opera was over, I set out with Adelaide, together with her sister and her brother-in-law only, for Leo remained in Naples. Our journey would have been agreeable, had not Adelaide's depression of spirits thrown a damp over us all. Yet even she occasionally broke out into a transient playfulness of manner, according as the quicksilver properties of hope happened to ascend or descend. But this sort of fictitious gaiety was more painful to me than the dull uniformity of grief. It represented to my mind a flame that blazes fiercely before it expires, and this sad image was constantly present to my imagination. Time was when I would have given the world to be able thus to see Adelaide every day, even with the consciousness of her being absorbed by the thought of another: that time I felt was past and for ever; but I had the gratification of feeling that I was performing the duty of friendship towards an amiable and unfortunate woman, whom I could never entirely cease to admire. What a contrast between her, and the serene and equal tenor of Claudia's mind, who, without any of those sparkling sallies of wit and merriment that delight in some, was endowed with a cheerfulness that nothing but the sorrows of others could obscure. I missed the pleasing conversations and the delightful intercourse that I had been accustomed to, and no friends seemed capable in my eyes of replacing Signor Melincini and his amiable daughter.

We at last arrived in London, Signora Albertina had preceded us, and was delighting the whole town by her beauty and talents, so much so that Adelaide thought her case was almost hopeless. One effort, however, she was resolved to make. As she was not likely to have an advantageous proposal from the managers of the opera, where Albertina was engaged at a very high salary, we thought it best she should give a concert, and to that effect I opened a negotiation with Festing. He had no sooner heard her at her lodgings than he at once entered into an engagement for a series of concerts, to be given at Hickford's room, and in order to excite the curiosity of the public, it was announced that an Italian singer of great fame on the continent, would make her first appearance in England, her name being withheld till the day of performance. Her first song, "*Tu m'abbandoni ingrato*," which she sung in the hope that Augustus might be amongst the spectators, was given with such deep pathos, I had almost said with such heart-breaking expression, that her triumph over the hearts and feelings of her audience was never for a moment doubtful. The applause was so long as scarce to allow the beginning of the following piece to be heard. Meanwhile, poor Adelaide was dissolved in tears the instant she was out of sight of the spectators. I was almost afraid she would not have recovered herself in time for the next piece; but this was not the case, for the temporary relief only increased her energy and expression.

The next day nothing was talked of but the fascinations of the new prima donna, and a strong party was formed in her favour, who would willingly, I believe, have dismissed Albertina from the operatic throne, to place their new favourite upon it. The

friends of the former, therefore, thought necessary to advise her to declare that she would break off her engagement, if such an infringement were attempted on the monopoly she considered she had an exclusive right to, of enchanting the ears of the frequenters of the Haymarket.

The Caracelli's concerts continued to be thronged by both parties till the end, only six having been announced, but neither the fame nor the profit that accrued from them were any consolation to her. Of the first she had drunk to repletion ever since her early youth, and had perhaps found it "all vanity," and of the second she made no use herself, but distributed it to the poor, perhaps with some vague notion that catholics often indulge in, of propitiating Heaven by acts of benevolence. It seemed inexplicable almost to her that Augustus had not yet appeared, for in the simplicity of her heart she imagined he would not be able to resist such proofs of devoted love. She reasoned, almost like a child,—impulse was everything with her, and she expected to find a similar disposition in others. I, who knew more of Lord L——'s character, considered the attempt to revive his affections a most useless one, yet, in compliance with her earnest wishes, I busied myself to get some information respecting him.

The admirers of Adelaide had expressed a great desire to hear her with the Albertina, that their claims might be fairly judged; and those of the other party were equally desirous of seeing them together, expecting it would end in the discomfiture of the former. But here arose a new difficulty:—Albertina secretly, perhaps, afraid of so close a comparison, and willing to throw every obstacle in the way, declared that la Caracelli should never sing at the opera while she was there, and by the nature of her engagement she was forbid singing any where else, private houses excepted.

I was considering how I could obviate this difficulty, as I was walking down the street where Augustus's father used to live. I had not yet seen the house since my return, but having been told by several persons that Lord L—— was out of town for the present, it struck me that I might gain some information about him from the servants, none of whom would probably know me, even if they were the same, and they most likely had all been changed. On approaching the house it seemed evident to me that the owner was absent; the drawing-room shutters were closed, and the whole house wore a deserted air. "Poor old Lord L——," thought I, "your hospitable spirit seems indeed to have fled from this mansion." And I was indulging in some melancholy thoughts as I slackened my pace, when a carriage rolled past me, and the person within it made me a sign of recognition, and stopped at Lord L——'s door. This was Augustus. Seeing it was now too late to avoid him, I walked forward and came up with him as he alighted. He held out his hand to me and pressed mine heartily, and, scarcely speaking a word, led me into his house. We entered the parlour, the door of which he immediately closed. "Max," said he, for by that name he used to call me in the days of our intimacy, or when he was peculiarly confidential, "I have wronged you more than I can well express. You shed your blood in my cause, you suffered and were miserable, and all through me and for me. Now,

though I do not think ever to atone for the evils I brought upon you, I know that a mind like yours will not be insensible to a candid repentance, and on such grounds I beg you to restore me to your friendship, and grant me your pardon."

I was touched by these words from one who had so little taught me to expect anything of the kind, and I replied in a manner corresponding to his, though I cannot exactly recall what I did say. After our reconciliation was thus effected, and we had conversed at some length about the Marquis of San Felice and his assassins, he at length said "Adelaide Caracelli is, I find, in London. I am truly rejoiced at her success. I suppose you came over together."

I replied in the affirmative, and he went on:—"I have some amends to make you on that subject, and as I doubt not that Adelaide has forgotten me by now, I renounce every claim on her affections, and will never more stand in your way as a rival."

I felt perplexed as to what answer I should make. He doubtless expected some rapturous exclamation of gratitude, and there was an evident look of disappointment about him when I answered, "I ceased being your rival when I found how useless it was to struggle against a favoured one: therefore, think no more of this. Adelaide has never ceased loving you: she came to England for the express purpose of recalling you to a sense of your promises, and is anxiously counting the days and hours till she can be assured that you are still faithful."

"Maximilian," said he, "I really did not expect to see you acting the part of confidant in this manner to the woman you once loved." He then affected to laugh, but with the air of one who was annoyed that his display of generosity should be found out to be a mere cloak for getting out of a disagreeable affair. I represented to him in the most vivid colours Adelaide's distress, and urged him not to delay an interview that was so ardently wished for.

"Indeed, Max," replied he, "I cannot see her; so do not try to persuade me. You must stay and dine with me," continued he, ringing the bell; "I am in London but for a few days, and I wish to see all I can of you."

Finding him determined to break off the subject, I gave over for the time being, resolved, however, to renew it before I left him. At dinner he talked with great interest about my future prospects, and offered me any assistance he could give me to forward my views. I told him it was Adelaide's and my intention to give a concert, at which, if we could manage it, Albertina would be engaged. Upon which he said he would be very happy to lend his house to Signora Caracelli for the occasion, if that would obviate any of our difficulties; that he would be out of town again by that time, but should certainly leave orders to that effect. I remarked, that he called her Signora Caracelli for the first time, and this circumstance, so slight in itself, went more to persuade me of his indifference than anything he had previously said.

"But, Max," continued he, "remember that you do not on this account lead her to expect anything from me. I have already said, and you must tell her so, however painful the task, that I cannot see her."

I left Augustus certainly satisfied, as far as regarded myself personally, but with the conviction

that poor Adelaide no longer lived in his heart. I could not make up my mind to tell her so; I chose rather to give an account of my visit to Sempronia, leaving her to deduce what she thought proper from my narrative. She remained in the same conviction as myself, namely, that it was hopeless to attempt rekindling a fire that was completely extinguished.

"I fear it will break her heart if I tell her so," said Sempronia; "but what is to be done? It would perhaps be still worse to buoy her up with fallacious hopes." Sempronia, therefore, told her the truth. The next morning Adelaide insisted on hearing the whole related again by me; she would not believe all her sister had said, and asked me a thousand questions which only brought her back to the same point where she had begun. But when she found I could only confirm what Sempronia had said, she declared she could not think it true, for Augustus could not have forgotten her thus; and she reproached me for attempting to traduce him. A moment after, her reproaches gave way to a passionate flood of tears, and presently she told me with great mildness, that she had not meant to contradict me, but she was sure that if she could but see Augustus, all would be right, and he would instantly return to her. Who could have attempted to deceive so confiding and tender a heart! The thing was impossible, and I could only repeat the promise of trying to soften Lord L——'s determination. "I ask only to see him, if it were but for once," said she, over and over again, as if to impress me deeply with the sense of her wishes. That *once*, however, was what Augustus persisted in refusing, all I could say being of no avail whatever.

Meanwhile I made every arrangement for the concert, and having secured the Albertina, and several other performers of eminence, we fixed the day, which was the one that followed Augustus's intended departure. He had appointed me to come and see him on that morning, to take leave of him. I attended accordingly. He then said, that as I might perhaps be gone by the time he returned from the country, he was desirous of knowing what service he could be of to me. I declined, however, anything for myself, laying a stress on that word, as if to indicate the thoughts that were passing within.

"I understand," said he, "you are a generous friend, but do, for Heaven's sake, cease to talk to me about Adelaide, and do not, Maximilian, I conjure you, help her in any attempt to take me by surprise. An interview could but be painful to us both, and is much better avoided."

I was therefore obliged to take my leave of him, without accomplishing the end I had wished for.

The next day Adelaide was in such deep affliction, that we had some trouble to persuade her to dress and attend the concert at the hour that was fixed. Whether the desire of outshining her rival had some effect in raising her spirits, or whether, unknown even to herself, there yet lurked some hope in her heart that Augustus was not gone; certain it was, however, her languor seemed to disappear as she entered his house; a flush animated her countenance, and increased her beauty, as she walked with a firm step to the scene of her anticipated triumph. Albertina was advancing, likewise, with the air of a queen, her height and appearance rendering her strikingly

different from Adelaide; and these two syrens, after eyeing each other in silence, sat down on opposite sides in the waiting-room, each surrounded by a little host of admiring dilettanti. The concert began with an instrumental piece, which was to be followed by a vocal one, before either of the primæ donnas made their appearance. Adelaide was put down as first of the two, which gave such umbrage to Albertina, that she declared if such was the case, she would immediately retire. Of course the partizans of Adelaide thought necessary to resent this warmly, and the nearer the time approached the fiercer the dispute grew. La Caracelli would, I am sure, in her own person, have gladly given up the contest, but her party would have considered their honour as tainted had they not beaten the enemy from the field. In this emergency, a lady, who at Augustus's request had consented to take the part of the mistress of the house on this occasion, came up to me, and told me she would contrive to divert Albertina's attention while Adelaide sang her cavatina, directing me to lead off Adelaide the moment it was over, through a side door, into a cabinet of curiosities, where she requested she should stay till Albertina had likewise done singing.* Our stratagem succeeded perfectly, and at the appointed time Adelaide was led on without any delay. She sang the same air in which she had been so successful before, and, though I had so often heard it, the effect of those words, "Tu m'abbandoni ingrato," sung in the very house of her unfaithful lover, and with all the attending circumstances, was so powerful, that I could not refrain from tears. The very walls ought to have been melted by such strains, so full of love and passionate despair. "What volumes," thought I, "would it not speak to the heart of him who is the occasion of her grief, could he but hear it."

I then led her off, as we had preconcerted, by a side door, for I knew every corner of the house, and we entered the cabinet as agreed. A lamp was burning on the table, beside which was laying a portrait of a very handsome woman. This immediately caught Adelaide's eye, and acted upon her as the positive conviction that Augustus loved another. A passionate exclamation escaped her, and her gestures were so violent at the moment, as to overthrow a small china vase, which was immediately smashed in pieces on the polished oaken floor. Upon this noise the door instantly opened, and to our mutual astonishment Augustus appeared. His surprise and indignation were evident in his face.

"Maximilian, you have betrayed me—wherefore this scene?" said he, looking at us alternately.

I pointed to the portrait, and hastily explained how we came there.

"My mother's picture," said he, "should not have given rise to this," and he put it coldly into a drawer. The old-fashioned dress had escaped Adelaide's notice, and what a load these words took from her heart.

"Leave us, Maximilian—leave us one moment," whispered she, and I instantly quitted the room.

Lord L——, it seems, unable to resist the wish

* An expedient of this kind is related by Dr. Burney, of Horace Walpole's mother; the two rival syrens being Faustina and Curroni.

of hearing Adelaide once more, had secretly stayed in town, and, without appearing to any of his friends, had been in a small room adjoining the one where the concert was given, during the time of her performance. She comprehended all this with the quickness of lightning, and following up, as she thought, the advantage she had already gained, spoke to him in the language of other times, though his ears were long since closed to that language. A few cold words were all his reply to the eloquence of a loving heart; and on her asking him what reason he had to excuse his infidelity, he replied, "No more of this—I am married."

Caracelli heard no more. She remained motionless as a statue, and then fell senseless on the sofa. Lord L—, who, perhaps, to stifle the cries of his conscience, was willing to consider this as a mere theatrical performance, hurried out of the room, and finding me at hand, said, "I wish you would take care of her, Maximilian. I protest I can do nothing for her."

So saying, he walked away, and in a few minutes I heard a carriage drive off. Poor Caracelli! It was now my task to revive and console her as well as I could. Unable to sing any more that night, she was excused to the public on the plea of indisposition, and Albertina was left to enjoy her triumph alone. And her partisans did not fail to have inserted in the newspapers, on the following day, that Signora Caracelli had left the concert in a fit of passion at her own inferiority. But what cared Adelaide for anything that was said of her? She could not be roused to the slightest resentment; nothing that her worst enemy might have said or done, could, I believe, have had the power to move her at this time. "I will return," were the first words she said the next day on seeing me; even she being convinced that all was over. Lord L—, I afterwards heard, had been married some weeks, but family reasons had made it necessary to keep it a secret. His journey to town was one of business; and mere curiosity, it seems, had made him delay his departure till evening, as certainly he was far from desiring to meet Adelaide.

The preparations for our departure were soon made, and the following day saw us on our road. Adelaide said not a syllable about Augustus during the whole time of our journey. When we arrived at her villa, near Milan, and she perceived how anxious I was to go on to Naples, she told me that she would not detain me any longer than I pleased. She then expressed her warmest gratitude for my friendship, and added with a sweet smile, "I hope some day to prove it by something more than words. Adieu, be happy, rest assured that such will ever be my most ardent wish." I forbore asking the meaning of her observation, but it gave me an indefinite feeling of pain, and my tears fell upon her hand as I kissed it, and bade her farewell.

The remainder of my journey was full of pleasant anticipations, which were more than realized, when Signor Melincini received me as he would a son, and declared in the fulness of his heart, that if I would settle in Naples, he would give me his daughter for a wife. This unexpected kindness was received with all the gratitude it deserved, and though Claudia said but little, I could perceive that her father had

not presumed too much on her dutifulness. Our marriage was, however, to be postponed for a year or two, to give me time to advance in my profession. As I was now somewhat favourably known to the Neapolitan public, I was employed to write another opera, besides masses and motetts for the church, all of which tended to establish my reputation. This led to my being employed to compose an oratorio for the passion week, for the nuns of the Spirito Santo at Rome. As my occupations at the time precluded my being present to hear it rehearsed, and to give the necessary instructions to the performers, a friend of Signor Melincini, a musician, residing at Rome, had taken that duty upon himself; yet such was my desire of ascertaining the effect of my music on the Roman public, that, as the time approached, I managed to lay aside all affairs for a few days, and set out for Rome so as to arrive in that city on the day of the performance. I entered the church as a stranger, without making myself known to any one; but had not been there five minutes, when a young man, pointing to an empty place beside him, made me a sign to approach. I recognised the young man whom I was accustomed to see at Adelaide's, and, after mutual greetings, I asked him whether he knew anything of her. "You will hear her presently," said he, in an under voice, for the music had now begun, and superseded our conversation. I did indeed recognise Adelaide's voice the instant she took up the solo: it sounded grander, more powerful, and more expressive than ever; but I was so intent on thinking what Leo meant to imply by his impressive manner, that I could hardly give my full share of attention to the performance, however much I, above all others, was interested in it.

When it was over, and the crowd had dispersed, Leo embraced me, and said: "Your poor friend, as you probably surmise by this time, has become one of the nuns of the Spirito Santo. It was at her recommendation that you were employed to write the oratoria that we have just heard. She no doubt expected it would bring you to Rome to hear it, and she has delegated me to tell you that she has left a considerable portion of her fortune to you."

So saying, we left the church. This generous act of Adelaide's had, however, no power to remove the painful feelings that I experienced at the thought of such beauty and such talents being forever secluded from the world. Leo understood my silence, and we walked back to my hotel almost without exchanging a word. At last I asked whether I could see Adelaide. "No," replied Leo, "I know it is her wish to see no one for the first year, not even Sempronia, whom she left at Milan. She probably thinks an entire seclusion is the best means of breaking off with a world of which she has expressed herself so weary." I had nothing to say to this argument. We spent the remainder of the day talking over the events of past times, and principally of Adelaide.

My stay at Rome was short; I felt anxious to be on the road, to remove the weight that seemed to rest on my heart. Being now enabled, by my altered circumstances, to offer Claudia a home more worthy of her than I had hoped would have been for some time in my power to do, we were married shortly after, to her father's great satisfaction.

In aftertimes I often made visits to Rome, together with my wife, where we always found the kindest friends in Sempronia and her husband, who had taken up their permanent abode in that city on Adelaide's account. Her sister never passed a day without seeing her; I was often admitted likewise; but though she assured me she had no regret whatever for the world she had quitted, I never could see that lovely face, half concealed by the grating, without thinking of the thousands it had enchanted, and sighing out a requiem over the lost Caracelli. C. DE P.

From the Metropolitan.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DEPARTURE.*

A BALLAD.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

THE steed is impatient, his trappings are on,
He paws the greensward, and he neighs to be gone;
But the chieftain still lingers beside the hall door,
To repeat the fond words he has uttered before.

His silver-haired mother and blooming wife stand,
Each breathing a blessing, each clasping a hand;
One kiss, one embrace, and he mounts and away,
Over mountain, through stream, on his charger of gray.

The draw-bridge was up, and the portal-gate locked,
The flagot was blazing upon the wide hearth,
At each blast of the tempest, the old castle rocked;
O! why went the chieftain on such a night forth?

His young bride grew pale as the tempest she heard,
While the red lightning flashed on the floor of the hall,
Or quivered and glanced over helmet and sword,
As they hung in their place on the dark pannelled wall.

The old minstrel swept, with a sorrowful face,
The chords of his harp, but 'twas discord to all;
No love tale, or song of the battle, or chase,
To the young wife of Ronald could pleasure recall.

"Hush! hush! what is that? at the portal it sounds!
'Tis the tramp of a horse! 'tis the chieftain!" they cried:
"Tush! tush! 'tis the sentinel going his rounds;"
"I would't had been he!" said his mother, and sighed.

So they went to their rest, both the mother and wife,—
Each put up a prayer, and each weeping the time;
For the hearts of the *twain* had but *one* hope in life,
As the sweet bells that mingle in one holy chime.

The mourn rose in splendour; the tempest was past;
And the sky, like the eye of a beautiful child,
Whose tears are all wiped, and whose laugh comes at last,
Was as blue as the ocean, on which the sun smiled.

* The above ballad was suggested by that beautifully simple and affecting Scotch song, commencing,

"Saddled and bridled,
And booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee:
But hame came the saddle,
All bloody to see,
And hame came the steed,
But hame never came he!"

And the flowers of the heather all dripping were seen,
(As if studded with gems) in the morn's purple light:
"O mother! what's yonder? look—look at the green!"
And the young bride of Ronald grew pale at the sight.

'Tis the chieftain's gray charger returned home again;
The saddle is there, but the rider is gone,—
No foot in the stirrup, no hand on the rein,—
Why comes the brave steed of Lord Ronald alone?

Alone he must come: in the dark rolling sea,
With the weed for his pillow, the rock for his bed,
Lies the Chief of the Isles: never braver than he
The heroes of Scotland to victory led!

He went forth, in the flush of his spirit, to meet
The warrior's of Flodden, prepared for the fight;
But the tempest arose, and the wild waters beat,
And he sank in their depths on that sorrowful night.

O! wild were the wailings of Ronald's young bride,
But his silver-haired mother was silent, for aye,
The pulse of her heart it just fluttered, then died,—
As she saw, without Ronald, his charger of gray!

From the Spectator.

Astoria; or Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.
By Washington Irving. Author of "The Sketch-Book," "The Alhambra," &c.

WE have been agreeably surprised by these volumes. Instead of a novel, which the title, on its first announcement, seemed to promise, *Astoria* is the history of as grand and comprehensive a commercial enterprise as ever was planned with any well-grounded prospect of success; and which was prosecuted amongst scenes as vast and nations as wild—gave rise to incidents as ludicrous, as interesting, as appalling, and developed characters and manners as marked and striking—as anything on record respecting the adventurous explorers of the middle ages, or the hardy discoverers of more modern days.

Astoria is (or rather was, for on its capture the English called it Fort George) the name of an American settlement founded at the mouth of the Columbia river, which falls into the Pacific Ocean on the Western coast of North America in latitude 46° 19' N. It was christened after its founder, Mr. Astor, a German by birth, an American citizen by naturalization, and a far-merchant by trade; who had risen by economy, indefatigable industry, and natural aptitude for commerce, from a humble condition to very considerable wealth and influence. Having observed the large commercial profits made by two British Fur Companies, (the Hudson's Bay and its rival the Northwest,) as well as the national importance of the trade which they created, he conceived the idea of establishing an American company upon a similar plan, but on a larger scale, and with ulterior political objects. His project was to found an emporium on the shores of the Pacific, which should keep up a direct and regular communication with the United States by a line of posts established right across the entire continent of America. For the convenience of water-carriage and other obvious advantages, they were to be placed along the Missouri and Columbia rivers, as far as was

practicable: they would of course extend by land across the Rocky Mountains, for the comparatively small distance between the heads of these streams, which flow in opposite directions from the same range. Independent of their uses as houses of rest and refuge for Indian traders and servants of the Company, and as petty garrisons to keep the natives in check, the posts would have served, where needful, as minor commercial depôts, especially in the then unrid and still rich districts on the further side of the Rocky Mountains. Smaller stations would have ramified from them in all directions; either permanent, for trading with remote tribes of Indians, or temporary, for the sojourn during the season of hunters employed by the Company. The peltries thus collected would have been sent down the Columbia to the emporium of Astoria at its mouth, where they would have been shipped direct across the Pacific for China and other Eastern markets. The vessels having disposed of their furs, would have laid in Indian goods, and then steered for New York by the Cape of Good Hope; performing, in fact, a circumnavigation, for the ships that went for cargoes of furs would have supplied the Astorians, from New York, with creature comforts and the commodities necessary for their traffic with the natives. It was also conceived, and not wildly, that the different establishments of the Company would serve as arteries of emigrations and as nuclei for colonizing the Western part of North America.

Such was the large scheme of Mr. Astor; which, though nominally a company concern, was undertaken and carried on entirely at that gentleman's expense, for the government gave merely good wishes. It failed; not from any inherent impracticability, or any insuperable difficulties connected with itself, but from a succession of unlucky events, and the necessarily inferior character of many of the agents employed. The first adventurers arrived in safety, both those who voyaged by sea and those who crossed the continent; and though much time was consumed and tremendous hardships were endured by the latter class, yet their experience taught others how to avoid much that they suffered, and the establishment of posts would, in a few years, have reduced the privations of the people to the average lot of fur-hunters. In despite of the difficulties of a new undertaking, a valuable and extensive cargo of furs was collected, and the observation of the most intelligent persons appeared to bear out the sanguine expectations of its founder. But a fatality seemed to impend over the working of the plan. The vessel that carried out the first settlers was intended as a coasting trader and explorer; but, on her first voyage, the crew were massacred by Indians, whom the foolhardiness of the captain allowed to come on board in too great numbers, and without precaution. A second vessel, after reaching Astoria safely, encountered a tremendous gale during a voyage to the Russian fur settlements; and either prudence or timidity decided upon steering for the Sandwich Islands to refit. A third vessel was totally wrecked before she reached her destination: all which events alarmed and dispirited the Astorians, and threw them upon their own mental resources, which seem to have been inadequate enough. Then, as we have said, the necessary character of the agents clogged the enterprise. A knowledge of the fur-trade

was indispensable in many of the principals and clerks; and this qualification could only be obtained by engaging servants of the two British Companies; whose national feelings and *esprit de corps* naturally inclined them to their old masters, when, as was often the case towards the close of the expedition, the rivals came into collision. The inferior hands were a motley group of half-breeds, hunters, and Canadian *voyageurs*, men who united to the physical capabilities of the Indian much of his caprice, and whose half-civilization only gave them more power to effect their purposes. Very few of such persons could comprehend the plan of Mr. Astor; not any one appears to have taken in its whole scope. When, therefore, his most confidential managers saw large sums of money totally lost, or laid out without anything like a proportionate return, they became alarmed at the charges, and felt coldly towards the whole thing, as an unprofitable speculation—not to mention the depression that must have affected them from hardships, solitude, and anxiety. Still, these obstructions might all have been got the better of, but for the rivalry of the North-west Company, and the breaking out of the war between England and America. At the very report of Mr. Astor's enterprise, the rival Company had pushed forward, and established a post on branch of the Columbia: as soon as war was declared, they stimulated our Government to send ships to attack Astoria; which, however, owing to the causes just indicated, peaceably surrendered; the wily Mr. M'Tavish, a partner in the North-west, having previously purchased all the furs collected by the Astorians, and, by thus converting them into British property, choused the naval gentleman out of the prize-money the Company had buoyed them up to expect.

All this, however, though forming the subject of the book, is subordinate in the treatment; pervading the whole, but not standing prominently forth, and rather felt as a combining power than perceived as a thing of itself. *Adventure* is the principal and palpable characteristic of the work; and the main narratives are two. The first tells of the original voyage from New York to Astoria, and is full of pleasant humour, from the contrast afforded by the naval and civil dignitaries. The commander, an honest, blunt seaman, trained in a man-of-war, full of quarter-deck notions of his own importance and of the discipline of the service, expected implicit obedience to his word, and was only bent upon getting quickly to his destination. The managing partners or agents, on the contrary, were flushed with their new-blown honours, and accustomed to the Nabob-like state in which the heads of the great Hudson's Bay Company then indulged in Montreal, and to the almost regal sway which they exercised. These Astorian leaders therefore wished to ruffle it on sea, as their quondam superiors did on shore; and, as soon as they could control their stomachs, and their legs, were constantly interfering with the Captain, wishing him to land here, and to anchor there, and fooling him to the top of his bent when they arrived at the Sandwich Islands, by their diplomatic visits to the chieftain TAMAAH-MAAH, dressed out in scarlet uniforms or Highland kilts, and by a pilgrimage, clerks and all, to the spot where Cook was slain. In short, the whole voyage, though not differing in incident from other voyages of discovery, is very attractive, from the deep yet easy

manner of its telling. It is KNICKERBOCKER with more matter, compression, and reality.

The second narrative, which describes the land journey across the continent, is of a more interesting and massy nature, with much greater variety of parts. Mr. HUNT, the leader of the expedition, had considerable difficulty in collecting his followers; and could only meet with fitting ones at the border towns, where mongrel classes of all kinds congregate, from the Kentucky hunter, and the outlaw, down to the debased Indian of the lowest stamp: and all these are painted to the life. The rival traders did all they could to thwart the undertaking, and several ludicrous schemes and incidents are consequently thrown up. When fairly started, the characters forming the motley caravan are mostly of new species, and are drawn with life and spirited elegance. The scenes and adventures along the Missouri and across the Prairies and plains to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, are described with animation; whilst the art of the author, and the fact of much of the journey being made by water, prevent any considerable resemblance to his previous work, or to that of his nephew on a somewhat similar subject. With the ascent of the mountains, however, begins a narrative of deep interest, from the grandeur of the scenery, the natural difficulties with which the adventurers had to struggle, the hardships they had to endure from hunger, cold and fatigue, and the suspense which hangs over the fate of several parties, when the doubt of extrication from the chaos of mountains, the difficulty of finding food, and the inability of keeping together, broke up the hardy band into several sections, some to pass the winter in hunting and to live as they might, and the others to push on for the mouth of Columbia river, as best they could, were they lucky enough to "strike" the river itself.

These are the main matters; but there are many collateral and subordinate subjects. The work is introduced by a brief historical view of the history of the North American fur trade, and by WASHINGTON IRVING's own reminiscences of the hospitalities and grandeur of the Hudson Bay Directors in their palmy days. The narratives are varied by the episodic expeditions of several of the agents and servants of the Company; by characteristic accounts of the different Indian tribes, and of incidents amongst them; as well as by sketches of natural scenery, pictures of animated nature, and singular characters, who fell in the way or into the ranks of the expedition.

The principal sources from which the materials of the volumes are drawn, are the journals, correspondence, books, and other archives relating to the enterprise, in the possession of Mr. ASTOR; almost the sole return he received for years of exertion and anxious thought, and for the expenditure of we know not how many thousand pounds. In addition to these authorities, Mr. IRVING has communicated with some of the survivors, and enriched these original materials by having occasional recourse to the books of travellers who have gone over the same or nearly similar ground. The author has also peculiar advantages of his own. He treats of matters, many of which have fallen under his immediate observation. He may not, indeed, have known the individuals who formed the cortège of Mr. HUNT, but he is familiarly acquainted with the classes to which they

belong. The identical scenes which they beheld, he never saw; but he has studied landscapes of a similar kind. Even the generic characteristics of the remoter Indian tribes, are perhaps better known to WASHINGTON IRVING than they are to the persons who wander amongst them; for Indian character and Indian history seems to have been his hobby from boyhood.

The result is, the production of the most finished narrative of such a series of adventures that ever was written, whether with regard to plan or execution. The arrangement has all the art of a fiction, yet without any apparent sacrifice of truth or exactness. The composition we are inclined to rate as the *chef d'œuvre* of WASHINGTON IRVING. It has all the minute fulness and enough of the polished and elaborate elegance of his other works, with more of closeness, pith, and substance. In the introductory passages, the labour is perhaps disproportionate to the materials; but as he proceeds in his narratives, this old peculiarity of the writer is no longer observed, or only in the lighter parts, where it affords a relief and a variety. Nor should the character of the whole be passed without praise. The book in its better parts does not appear like a reproduction from other writings, but as a creation of genius from the original observation of things themselves. The author, with a peculiar felicity, has retained the raciness of his authorities. He displays the acuteness, distinctness, and reality of men of business and action, without their necessary minuteness and tedious expansion. He has extracted the spirit from the Astorian archives and thrown off their dregs and dry matter.

Did space and propriety permit, we might take up the volumes, and set specimens of their various points, till we had half filled a paper. As it is, we must content ourselves with taking as many quotations as we can; and without regard to any methodical order, except to begin with the beginning. And first, let us notice an important arm of the expedition—the voyageurs, of whom mention is often made in the overland Northern expeditions.

The "voyageurs" form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the arrieros, or carriers of Spain, and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic; with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, the voyageurs by water; the former with mules and horses, the latter with batteaux and canoes. The voyageurs may be said to have sprung up out of the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. They were coeval with the *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, already noticed; and, like them, in the intervals of their long, arduous, and laborious expeditions, were prone to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading posts or settlements, squandering their hard earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivaling their neighbours, the Indians, in indolent indulgence and an imprudent disregard of the morrow.

The dress of these people is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a capot, or surtout, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, or leathern legging, moccasins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases.

The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving in the service of individuals, but more

especially of the fur traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and, instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of "cousin" and "brother" when there is in fact no relationship. Their natural good-will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life.

No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardships, or more good-humoured under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers, or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dextrous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning unto night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditional French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still, golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers.

Here is the place where the expedition had to engage its hunters.—Mackinaw in the olden time, that is some five-and-twenty years ago.

Mackinaw, at that time, was a mere village, stretching along a small bay, with a fine broad beach in front of its principal row of houses, and dominated by the old fort, which crowned an impending height. The beach was a kind of public promenade, where were displayed all the vagaries of a seaport on the arrival of a fleet from a long cruise. Here voyageurs frolicked away their wages, fiddling and dancing in the booths and cabins, buying all kinds of knickknacks, dressing themselves out finely, and parading up and down, like arant braggarts and cockcombs. Sometimes they met with rival cockcombs in the young Indians from the opposite shore, who would appear on the beach painted and decorated in fantastic style, and would saunter up and down to be gazed at and admired, perfectly satisfied that they eclipsed their pale-faced competitors.

Now and then a chance party of "North-westerns," appeared at Mackinaw from the rendezvous at Fort William. These held themselves up as the chivalry of the fur trade. They were men of iron; proof against cold weather, hard fare, and perils of all kinds. Some would wear the north-west button and a formidable dirk, and assume something of a military air. They generally wore feathers in their hats, and affected the "brave." *Je suis un homme du Nord!*—"I am a man of the North," one of these swelling fellows would exclaim, sticking his arms a-kimbo and ruffling by the South-westerns; whom he regarded with great contempt, as men softened by mild climates and the luxurious fare of bread and bacon, and whom he stigmatized with the inglorious name of pork-eaters. The superiority assumed by these vain-glorious swaggerers

was, in general, tacitly admitted. Indeed, some of them had acquired great notoriety for deeds of hardihood and courage; for the fur trade had its heroes, whose names resounded throughout the wilderness.

Such was Mackinaw at the time of which we are treating. It now, doubtless, presents a totally different aspect. The Fur Companies no longer assemble there, the navigation of the lakes is carried on by steam-boats and various shipping, and the race of traders, and trappers, and voyageurs, and Indian dandies, have vapoured out their brief hour, and disappeared. Such changes does the lapse of a handful of years make in this ever-changing country.

ASCENDING THE MISSOURI.

In this way they set out from St. Louis, in buoyant spirits, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Missouri. This vast river, three thousand miles in length, and which, with its tributary streams, drains such an immense extent of country, was as yet but casually and imperfectly navigated by the adventurous bark of the fur trader. A steam-boat had never yet stemmed its turbulent current. Sails were but of casual assistance, for it required a strong wind to conquer the force of the stream. The main dependence was on bodily strength and manual dexterity. The boats, in general had to be propelled by oars and setting-poles, or drawn by the hand and by grappling-hooks from one root or over-hanging tree to another; or towed by the long cordelle, or towing-line, where the shores were sufficiently clear of woods and thickets to permit the men to pass along the banks.

During this long and tedious progress, the boat would be exposed to frequent danger from floating trees and great masses of drift-wood, or to be empaled upon snags and sawyers; that is to say, sunken trees, presenting a jagged or pointed end above the surface of the water. As the channel of the river frequently shifted from side to side, according to the bends and sand-banks, the boat had, in the same way, to advance in a zigzag course. Often a part of the crew would have to leap into the water at the shallows, and wade along with the towing-line, while their comrades on board toilsomely assisted with oar and setting-pole. Sometimes the boat would seem to be retained motionless, as if spell-bound, opposite some point round which the current set with violence, and where the utmost labour scarce effected any visible progress.

On these occasions it was that the merits of the Canadian voyageurs came into full action. Patient of toil, not to be disheartened by impediments and disappointments, fertile in expedients, and versed in every mode of hounding and conquering the wayward current, they would ply every exertion, sometimes in the boat, sometimes on shore, sometimes in the water, however cold, always alert, always in good-humour; and, should they at any time flag or grow weary, one of their popular boat-songs, chanted by a veteran oarsman and responded to in chorus, acted as a never-failing restorative.

The different episodic incidents have been alluded to, and here is one. COLTER has fallen in with the party as he was descending the river alone—

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trapper, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clarke in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper, like himself, named Potts; and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companion, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall

and taking them up before day-break. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver-skins; but such is the life of the trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night about six miles up a small river that emptied itself into the fork. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe, to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened by the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness, and paddled forward. They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and, having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with the Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted among his brother hunters for swiftness on foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage-ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry. Colter flew, rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed: but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he should reach the Jefferson fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of several hundred to one against him? The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow and to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly half way across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind: several of the faster runners were scattered in the advance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind showed

his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter, made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirt of cotton-wood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighbouring island, against the upper end of which the drift-wood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft: under this he dived, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water. He had scarcely drawn breath after all his toils, when he heard his pursuers on the river-bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They plunged in the river, and swam to the raft. The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them, through the chinks of his concealment, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea presented itself that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible apprehension, in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately the idea did not suggest itself to the Indians. As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again, and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance; when he landed, and kept on all night, to get as far off as possible from this dangerous neighbourhood.

THE AMERICAN DESERT.

While Mr. Hunt was diligently preparing for his arduous journey, some of his men began to lose heart at the perilous prospect before them. But before we accuse them of want of spirit, it is proper to consider the nature of the wilderness into which they were about to adventure. It was a region almost as vast and trackless as the ocean, and, at the time of which we treat, but little known, excepting through the vague accounts of Indian hunters. A part of their route would lie across an immense tract stretching north and south for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Mississippi. This region, which resembles one of the immeasurable steppes of Asia, has not inaptly been termed "the great American Desert." It spreads forth into undulating and treeless plains and desolate sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony, and which are supposed by geologists to have formed the ancient floor of the ocean, countless ages since, when its primeval waves beat against the granite bases of the Rocky Mountains.

It is a land where no man permanently abides; for, in certain seasons of the year, there is no food either for the hunter or his steed. The herbage is parched and withered, the brooks and streams are dried up: the buffalo, the elk, and deer have wandered to distant parts, keeping within the verge of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, scamed by ravines the beds of former torrents, but now serving only to tantalize and increase the thirst of the traveller.

Occasionally the monotony of this vast wilderness is interrupted by mountainous belts of sand and limestone, broken into confused masses, with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines, looking like the ruins of a world; or is traversed by lofty and barren ridges of rock, almost impassable, like those denominated the Black Hills. Beyond these rise the stern barriers of the Rocky Mountains, the

limits, as it were, of the Atlantic world. The rugged defiles and deep valleys of this vast chain form sheltering places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of tribes once inhabitants of the prairies, but broken up by war and violence, and who carry into their mountain haunts the fierce passions and reckless habits of desperadoes.

To rightly understand the following passages, it should be observed that M'LELLAN had separated himself from his party, and proceeded alone by what he thought an easier way. The main body had been for days without any regular food.

In the most starving mood they kept for several miles further along the bank of the river, seeking for "beaver signs." Finding some, they encamped in the vicinity; and Ben Jones immediately proceeded to set the trap. They had scarce come to a halt, when they perceived a large smoke at some distance to the South-west. The sight was hailed with joy, for they had trusted it might rise from some Indian camp, where they could procure something to eat, and the dread of starvation had now overcome even the terror of the Blackfeet. Le Clerc, one of the Canadians, was instantly despatched by Mr. Stuart to reconnoitre; and the travellers sat up to a late hour, watching and listening for his return, hoping he might bring them food. Midnight arrived, but Le Clerc did not make his appearance; and they lay down once more supperless to sleep, comforting themselves with the hopes that their old beaver-trap might furnish them with a breakfast.

At daybreak they hastened with famished eagerness to the trap: they found in it the fore-paw of a beaver, the sight of which tantalized their hunger and added to their dejection. They resumed their journey with flagging spirits, but had not gone far when they perceived Le Clerc approaching at a distance. They hastened to meet him, in hopes of tidings of good cheer. He had none such to give them, but news of that strange wanderer M'Leilan. The smoke had risen from his encampment, which took fire while he was at a little distance from it fishing. Le Clerc found him in forlorn condition. His fishing had been unsuccessful. During twelve days that he had been wandering alone through these savage mountains, he had found scarce anything to eat. He had been ill, wayworn, sick at heart; still he had kept forward: but now his strength and his stubbornness were exhausted. He expressed his satisfaction at hearing that Mr. Stuart and his party were near; and said he would wait at his camp for their arrival, in hopes they would give him something to eat, for without food, he declared he should not be able to proceed much further.

When the party reached the place, they found the poor fellow lying on a parcel of withered grass, wasted to a perfect skeleton, and so feeble that he could scarce raise his head or speak. The presence of his old comrades seemed to revive him; but they had no food to give him, for they themselves were almost starving. They urged him to rise and accompany them, but he shook his head. It was all in vain, he said; there was no prospect of their getting speedy relief, and without it he should perish by the way; he might as well, therefore, stay and die where he was. At length, after much persuasion, they got him upon his legs, his rifle and other effects were shared among them, and he was cheered and aided forward. In this way they proceeded for seventeen miles over a level plain of sand, until, seeing a few antelopes in the distance, they encamped on the margin of a small stream. All now that were capable of exertion turned out to hunt for a meal. Their efforts were fruitless, and after dark they returned to their camp, famished almost to desperation.

As they were preparing for the third time to lie down to sleep without a mouthful to eat, Le Clerc, one of the Canadians, gaunt and wild with hunger, approached Mr. Stuart with his gun in his hand. "It was all in vain," he said, "to attempt to proceed any further without food. They had a barren plain before them, three or four days' journey in extent, on which nothing was to be procured. They must all perish before they could get to the end of it. It was better, therefore, that one should die to save the rest." He proposed, therefore, that they should cast lots; adding, as an inducement for Mr. Stuart to assent to the proposition, that he, as leader of the party, should be exempted.

Mr. Stuart shuddered at the horrible proposition, and endeavoured to reason with the man; but his words were unavailing. At length, snatching up his rifle, he threatened to shoot him on the spot if he persisted. The famished wretch dropped on his knees, begged pardon in the most abject terms, and promised never again to offend him with such a suggestion.

Quiet being restored to the forlorn encampment, each one sought repose. Mr. Stuart, however, was so exhausted by the agitation of the past scene acting upon his emaciated frame, that he could scarce crawl to his miserable couch; where, notwithstanding his fatigues, he passed a sleepless night, revolving upon their dreary situation and the desperate prospect before them.

[The following additional extracts are from the *Athenæum*.]

We must return to the *Tinquin*, and relate the sequel of her voyage in Mr. Irving's own words:—

"Steering to the north, Captain Thorn arrived in a few days at Vancouver's island, and anchored in the harbour of Newwete, very much against the advice of his Indian interpreter, who warned him against the perfidious character of the natives of this part of the coast. Numbers of canoes soon came off, bringing sea-otter skins to sell. It was too late in the day to commence a traffic, but Mr. M'Kay, accompanied by a few of the men, went on shore to a large village to visit Wicananish, the chief of the surrounding territory, six of the natives remaining on board as hostages. He was received with great professions of friendship, entertained hospitably, and a couch of sea-otter skins was prepared for him in the dwelling of the chieftain, where he was prevailed upon to pass the night.

"In the morning, before Mr. M'Kay had returned to the ship, great numbers of the natives came off in their canoes to trade, headed by two sons of Wicananish. As they brought abundance of sea-otter skins, and there was every appearance of a brisk trade, Captain Thorn did not wait for the return of Mr. M'Kay, but spread out his wares upon the deck, making a tempting display of blankets, cloths, knives, beads, and fish-hooks, expecting a prompt and profitable sale. The Indians, however, were not so eager and simple as he had supposed, having learned the art of bargaining and the value of merchandise from the casual traders along the coast. They were guided, too, by a shrewd old chief named Nookamis, who had grown gray in traffic with New England skippers, and prided himself upon his acuteness. His opinion seemed to regulate the market. When Captain Thorn made what he considered a liberal offer for an otter skin, the wily old Indian treated it with scorn, and asked more than double. His comrades all took their cue from him, and not an otter skin was to be had at a reasonable rate.

"The old fellow, however, overshot his mark, and mistook the character of the man he was treating with. Thorn was a plain, straightforward sailor, who never had two minds nor two prices in his dealings, was deficient in patience and pliancy, and totally wanting in the chicanery

of traffic. He had a vast deal of stern, but honest pride in his nature, and, moreover, held the whole savage race in sovereign contempt. Abandoning all further attempts, therefore, to bargain with his shuffling customers, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and paced up and down the deck in sullen silence. The cunning old Indian followed him to and fro, holding out a sea-otter skin to him at every turn, and pestering him to trade. Finding other means unavailing, he suddenly changed his tone, and began to jeer and banter him upon the mean prices he offered. This was too much for the patience of the captain, who was never remarkable for relishing a joke, especially when at his own expense. Turning suddenly upon his persecutor, he snatched the proffered otter skin from his hands, rubbed it in his face, and dismissed him over the side of the ship with no very complimentary application to accelerate his exit. He then kicked the peltries to the right and left about the deck, and broke up the market in the most ignominious manner. Old Nookamis made for shore in a furious passion, in which he was joined by Shewish, one of the sons of Wicananish, who went off breathing vengeance, and the ship was soon abandoned by the natives.

"When Mr. McKay returned on board, the interpreter related what had passed, and begged him to prevail upon the captain to make sail, as, from his knowledge of the temper and pride of the people of the place, he was sure they would resent the indignity offered to one of their chiefs. Mr. McKay, who himself possessed some experience of Indian character, went to the captain, who was still pacing the deck in moody humour, represented the danger to which his hasty act had exposed the vessel, and urged him to weigh anchor. The captain made light of his councils, and pointed to his cannon and fire-arms as a sufficient safeguard against naked savages. Further remonstrances only provoked taunting replies and sharp altercations. The day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired as usual to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precautions.

"On the following morning, at daybreak, while the captain and Mr. McKay were yet asleep, a canoe came alongside in which were twenty Indians, commanded by young Shewish. They were unarmed, their aspect and demeanour friendly, and they held up otter skins, and made signs indicative of a wish to trade. The caution enjoined by Mr. Astor, in respect to the admission of Indians on board of the ship, had been neglected for some time past; and the officer of the watch, perceiving those in the canoe to be without weapons, and having received no orders to the contrary, readily permitted them to mount the deck. Another canoe soon succeeded, the crew of which was likewise admitted. In a little while other canoes came off, and Indians were soon clambering into the vessel on all sides.

"The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Captain Thorn and Mr. McKay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. McKay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. McKay urged the captain to clear the ship and get under way. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail.

"The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted, apparently, by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter, were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they

were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

"The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain, in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given: it was echoed on every side, knives and war-clubs were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their marked victims.

"The first that fell was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning, with folded arms, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companionway.

"Mr. McKay, who was seated on the taffrail, sprang on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the canoes.

"In the mean time, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as resolute man, but he came upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a clasp-knife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage dead at his feet. Several of the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously, dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarter-deck with the slain and wounded. His object was to fight his way to the cabin, where there were fire-arms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant he leaned upon the tiller wheel, when a blow from behind, with a war-club, felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives and thrown overboard.

"While this was transacting upon the quarter-deck, a chance medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, handspikes, and whatever weapon they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were, however, soon overpowered by numbers, and mercilessly butchered.

"As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the running rigging, in hopes of getting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantly despatched; another received a death-blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weekes, the armourer, was mortally wounded as he was getting down the hatchway.

"The remaining four made good their retreat into the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis, still alive, though mortally wounded. Barricading the cabin door, they broke holes through the companionway, and, with the muskets and ammunition which were at hand, opened a brisk fire, that soon cleared the deck. * * *

"For the remainder of the day no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the fire-arms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more imboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance on the deck, and was recognised by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen on board, for Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to

board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unburied into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death; while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupefied, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterwards the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach.

"The inhabitants of Newcetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men, brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast.

"The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter gathered from them some of the particulars already related. They told him further, that, after they had beaten off the enemy, and cleared the ship, Lewis advised that they should slip the cable, and endeavour to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved, as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be able to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolution into effect, but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands; thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives, and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide, rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder magazine, and terminate his life by a signal act of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shown. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set off on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in a small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favourable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages. Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis, and shared his heroic death: as it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the manes of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty. Some time after their death, the interpreter, who had remained a kind of prisoner at large, effected his escape, and brought the tragical tidings to Astoria."

From the Athenæum.

Ireland; Picturesque and Romantic. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq., with Twenty Engravings from Drawings by D. McClise, Esq., A.R.A., and T. Creswick, Esq. Longman.

TAKING a course diametrically opposite to that of the much cried up cardinal virtue, who "*begins at home*," the artists and tourist of the "*Picturesque Annual*" have exhausted the lakes of Italy, the rivers of France, and the ruins of "the blue and castled Rhine,"—nay, even gone the unwonted length of venturing an inroad into the very heart of Russia, before remembering that buildings as magnificent, and lakes as lonely, and ruins as picturesque, and glens little less untrodden, lay close at their own doors. It is true that pens, and those belonging to ready writers, had busied themselves in describing the natural beauties of our neighbour-island,—in noting down the peculiarities of character which distinguish its children from the more rational English, and the more cautious Scotch; and it must have been difficult for Mr. Ritchie once again to tread ground which Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan, and the later host of novelists—Banim, Carleton, Griffin, Lover—had made familiar and famous among the domains of romance and reality. On the other hand, the scenes upon which Mr. Creswick entered, have been rifled of but few of their beauties by the landscape painter. The two, in conjunction, have made a magnificent and attractive volume. Mr. Ritchie, though narrowed in the treatment of his subject, by a judicious determination to steer clear of religion and politics,—those causes of heat and heart-soreness, the discussion whereof is at once so painful and interminable,—is graphic and amusing as usual: while the landscapes of Mr. Creswick have a truth, an air, and a delicacy, in the right of which he may challenge most of his more experienced brethren of the easel; they are, moreover, as a whole, beautifully engraved. In thus generally speaking of the illustrations, we must not pass over the two clever female figures by McClise, which relieve the landscapes happily. The Girl playing upon the Jew's Harp is uncommonly arch, natural, and pretty,—in short, a very Irish girl.

It will be impossible, in our notice, to separate the artist and author, as is our wont. Their first scenes are devoted to the magnificent Bay of Dublin; Mr. Creswick gives us a striking vignette of the Howth Lighthouse; Mr. Ritchie describes, accurately enough, the welcome from humour in rags vociferously begging alms, which greets every one who sets foot on the Kingstown Pier. We have next some clever sketches of the principal public buildings in Dublin: but what were Messrs. Creswick and Ritchie doing to let St. Patrick's Cathedral pass without its tribute? It would seem as if the latter was too well amused in receiving the hospitality of those whom he has sketched so smartly, to pay due homage to this venerable shrine, with its monuments and recollections, and its banners, and its choir, so famous among those who love church singing.

To these succeeds a legend of fun and diablerie tolerably well told; but Mr. Ritchie must forgive us for saying, that none but an Irishman can manage

an Irish tale,—can mix the humorous and the pathetic and the credulous, in the magic proportions, which make a genuine story from the other side of the channel as incomparable in its way, as the “little drop of whisky which has never smelt the gauger.”

We now leave Dublin behind us; the Waterfall of Powerscourt, the picturesque Village of Enniskerry, and the sweet Lake of Luggelaw, are, in turn, presented to us by Mr. Creswick. After this we come, of course, to—

—that lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er.

Mr. Ritchie seems to prefer the valley of the Seven Churches to most other scenes he has visited in Ireland—throws in a passing word about those cylindrical puzzles, the Round Towers—takes an exception at Moore, (with whom, by-the-by, he shows somewhat too prevailing a disposition to cavil,) and with some speculations upon Irish beggary and Irish population, pushes gaily on for the “Meeting of the Waters.” Here he is disposed to demur to the assertion of the song, that—

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet.

Mr. Creswick, however, has made a most enticing sketch of its beauties; though we must call him to account for thrusting the pic-nic party, with their parasols, into the centre of his foreground. We will forgive him this fault of taste, for the sake of his next illustration—Arklow, in which, as Mr. Ritchie justly remarks of another landscape, he gives not only the buildings and trees, but also the very atmosphere of Ireland, with great truth and freshness. We pass Enniscorthy, Waterford, the lovely domain of Lismore, the Blackwater, with its traditions—among others of Saint Lateerin and her handsome legs, and of the Pooka, who, as all the world knows, is the most tricky and nimble of the sprites that torment benighted wayfarers. We pass, too, the very lovely drawings of Youghal Church and Cork Harbour, stopping once again to compliment their artist upon his castle of Kilkenny, richly lit up, but not *flaring* with the brightness of the noonday sun. Lest, however, Mr. Ritchie should be jealous of the handsome things it is our bounden duty to say to his companion, we will make our last halt with him, and draw upon his pages for one of those dark and striking tales, which he tells better than almost any other living romancer.

“According to this story, two young men, of respectable families in Dublin, were under the necessity, like many others, of seeking safety and freedom among the mountains. It was, at first, their purpose to dive into the recesses of Glenmalur by the Donard pass; but, learning that they were beset, they determined, as soon as they had fairly entered the chain of hills at the *Ees* waterfall, to turn away to the right by the base of Lugnaquilla, and seek for protection in the lower part of the county, where one of them had some powerful kinsmen. The two young men, although as yet firm friends, were rivals in love; and they had remained so long firm friends, the rather that their mistress, with an art well known to the Irish girls, had hitherto kept the balance with a steady hand, allowing neither party to fear that he was slighted because of the other. In an emergency like this, however, the wiles of female policy were forgotten; she selected

openly him whom she had secretly preferred from the first; and, with a generous devotion, determined to accompany him in his flight.

“The rejected lover was prevented, by a certain reserve in his character, from betraying any unmanly emotion at a blow so sudden and unexpected. His cheek blanched, his eyes grew dim, a blight fell upon his heart, and, had he not caught the arm of his friend, he must have fallen to the ground. In another moment, however, his self-possession returned. He did not blame, as he said, a predilection honourable to the lady herself; and he would strive to build up the ruins of his love into enduring friendship.

“The three fled together. After reaching Donard, and striking into the wild mountain road, the perils of the journey commenced; and the successful lover cursed the selfish feelings which had induced him to expose so fair and fragile a being to the difficulties of such a journey. They were all three on horseback; but, owing probably to unskilful management, the young lady's steed began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue when as yet the other two were fresh. On this a noble proof of disinterestedness was given by the Discarded. He offered to surrender the fine animal on which he rode to his quondam mistress; and, as hers was too light for the weight of a man, to find his way alone, and on foot, through the fastnesses of Lugnaquilla. This offer was firmly rejected; and he repeated it again and again with solemn earnestness. He reminded them that his boyhood had been spent among these wilds, that he knew every inch of the ground, and that, in all probability, even on foot he should be able to rival their speed in a country so uneven. All was in vain; and the horseman, with a deep sigh, pursued his way, leading the march as before.

“When they at length reached the end of the mountain road, which winds like one of the passes of the Alps, and arrived at the deep chasm between the Table Mountain and Carnavally, where the *Ees* waterfall plunges down the steep, it became no longer doubtful that the lady's horse must be abandoned. The roar of the Waterfall was already in their ear. The sun had set, and a dusky hue had settled over the whole scene, exaggerating the dangers of the cliffs, and throwing

— a browner horror o'er the woods.

They halted; and the Discarded, after urging in vain his former generous offer, entreated his rival at least to change horses, his being by far the stronger animal of the two. This was agreed to; and the terrified girl mounted behind her lover; and they then recommenced their dangerous flight.

“The deeper they descended into the chasm, or ravine, the darker it became; till at length it might have seemed that they had plunged at once from daylight into night. The dim form of the cliffs above, as they were seen traced against the sky, acquired a character of unearthly mystery; the wind seemed to shriek as it rushed through the pass; and the hoarse voice of the waterfall fell like a sound of terrible omen upon the ear of the travellers. The young lady clung to her lover in an agony of fear, burying her face in his cloak; yet refraining from adding to his perplexities by giving utterance to the feelings which agitated her woman's heart. At this period, the Discarded proved himself to be their true friend. He assured them that the moon would speedily rise, and dispel all the seeming horrors of their situation; he even spoke cheerfully, or attempted to do so, although ever and anon his voice sunk to that calm monotony which indicates that the speaker is indifferent, as regards himself, to the feelings of hope or joy he would inspire in others.

“They were now skirting by the side of the Avonbeg river, of which Glenmalur is the valley; when the report

of a musket on the opposite bank convinced them that their information had been correct, and that the rebels were even now hunted in their mountain fastnesses. It had been their intention before to turn speedily to the right, in order to skirt along the side of Lugnaquilla, but on this alarm they determined to press farther up the brow of the mountain, taking the upper side of that singular glen I have mentioned. This part of the route was unknown to the lover except by description; but he perceived at once that it would be the safest course to pursue; and even the young lady derived new strength from the idea, that they should soon have between them and danger so dreadful a barrier. They continued, therefore, to follow steadily the calm horseman, who led the way as before.

"It was necessary at first, in order to prevent the sound of their horses' hoofs from being heard, to choose a soft part of the sward which covers the greater portion of Lugnaquilla. Near the side of the glen, this is occasionally diversified by smooth flat rocks, laid like a pavement along the precipice; and standing on one of them, the traveller, whose head is steady enough, may look perpendicularly down to the very bottom of the abyss. It was not, however, to avoid the danger of approaching too near, that the leader made a detour, but solely for the purpose above-mentioned. He was so nicely acquainted with the path that even the trees which at this place cover here and there the side of the mountain, and sometimes hang their branches over the gulf, could not deceive his eye. He was able, as his friend knew by report, to ride at full gallop along the precipice; and therefore the lovers, when they found themselves fairly on the mountain's brow, with the glen—they knew not, and cared not at what distance—between them and the Avonbeg, enjoyed a feeling of security which they had not been able to indulge since leaving Dublin, and all the greater now from the real danger, and fantastic terrors, of their late situation.

"More than once the gloomy horseman was compelled to turn round, and desire them to quicken their pace. They obeyed for the moment; but soon, forgetting the injunction, they lingered unconsciously to indulge in the soft whispers, and harmless endearments, of avowed and natural love. Once the voice of the monitor startled them by its stern and wild expression; but as he turned away, riding calmly and slowly on, they thought that they must have been deceived. The moon, however, was now up; they could proceed with confidence, even without a guide; and their spirits rose with that beautiful orb, which, in all times, has been considered the star of lovers. They were now in a little wilderness of low trees, which concealed the figure of their friend, although the near tramp of his horse was distinctly enough heard on the greensward to serve for a guide.

"The Discarded in the mean time rode on, in a tumult of feelings which it is impossible to describe. Hitherto he had been the protector of his mistress. He had led her on through darkness and danger, which her chosen one, from his ignorance of the localities, must have been unable to face; and, in the exercise of this magnanimity he had enjoyed a species of painful consolation. When he saw her placed on the same horse; when he saw her arms wound round his rival's waist, and her face hidden in his cloak, a sickness had fallen upon his heart, which only the exigence of the danger which followed could have overcome. There was at that time a wildness in his voice, and a bitterness in his heart, while he spoke to exhort and cheer them, which shocked even himself; but by and by, all this was at an end, and in ascending the mountains, he felt as if he enjoyed the tranquillity of death.

"But this was not to continue long. His soul was stung, even through its gloom, by the sight of their mutual endearments; which added fearful bitterness to his feelings of despised love, and wounded pride. Had they obey-

ed his first warning, he could even then have deadened, in some measure, the agony of his spirit; nay, as if his second had been heard, he could have crushed down, as if by physical force, the tumult of passions that arose within him; but when, for the third time he met the withering spectacle, and the sanctity of his despair had been profaned and outraged by the light gay voices of happy love, the wretched man dashed the rowels into his steed, and only reined him in when the animal himself started back agast on finding that he was on the brink of the awful precipice.

"With a powerful wrench, he threw the horse back upon his haunches when on the very brink, but did not permit him to retreat till he had looked down for some moments into the abyss below. God knows what ideas passed through his mind at that moment—what shapes he saw, or what sounds he heard, issuing from the gulf! His brain began to turn; he imagined he felt the approach of insanity; and at length, with a desperate effort, he closed his eyes against the fascination which had seized upon them, and permitted his terrified steed to retire a few paces into the trees which here skirted the glen.

"The lovers were not in sight, but he could hear the sound of their horse's hoofs, as they slowly approached the place where he stood; and he remained there for some moments trembling in every limb, and wiping the cold perspiration from his brow. At length they appeared; and the Discarded leaped in his saddle, as if struck by a bullet. The youth had turned half round, so as to embrace the neck and waist of his mistress; her head lay back; her dishevelled hair hung upon his knee; and leaning passionately over her he pressed his lips again and again to hers. On this picture the moon shone with the light almost of day; and their horse ambled softly along, as if fearing to disturb so agreeable a position.

"They started in confusion, and the young girl shrunk back, as they found their way suddenly barred by the other horseman. His face was deathly pale; his clenched hand was extended either in menace or warning, above his head; and his eyes, shone upon by the moonlight, seemed to be filled with a wild and preternatural lustre.

"Pardon me, my friend," said the lover; "the glen must now be nearly past, and if you will point out our route, we shall lead the way, to convince you that you have no more delay to fear from us." The Discarded attempted to speak; but instead of words, only some specks of white foam came from his lips, accompanied by a sound that resembled a stifled cry.

"Which is the route?" demanded his friend again, moving on; "Point with your hand, if you are too angry to speak." He pointed; and, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, the lover sprang forward.

"As they passed the pale horseman, a low cry broke from the lips of the girl, elicited either by some sudden foreboding, or merely by the wild and despairing expression of one to whose disinterested generosity they owed so much. Her cry was replied to by a laugh, resembling a succession of hoarse screams; and before the sound could be caught up by the echoes of the glen, the unhappy pair were carried headlong over the steep.

"The materials of this narrative, which, I believe, is very little known, were collected by a priest some time after from the lips of him whom I have distinguished as the discarded lover, immediately before his execution for high treason. Instead of proceeding, as he had intended, to the stronghold of a relation in the barony of Shillelagh, he returned, after the catastrophe related above, and crossing the Avonbeg, with no definite purpose that could be ascertained, was taken by the loyalists after a desperate but hopeless resistance. So little traversed was the glen at that time, that it was not till after his confession had directed attention to the spot, that the remains of the lovers were discovered. They were identified by their clothes and va-

lualles; but nothing remained of the bodies, either of them or of their horse, but the skeletons."

And here we close this beautiful volume; to ramble through whose pages,—though ours has been rather a flight than a ramble,—has been a task as much of pleasure as of duty. Mr. Ritchie has not neglected the useful, while he has chiefly devoted himself to the amusing.

From the Examiner.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. Illustrated by six female portraits, from highly-finished drawings by E. T. Parris. By the Countess of Blesington. 1 vol. Longman and Co.

WE have here an Elderly Gentleman's history of his early loves—self-love included, and his confession of the errors into which the last most constant passion betrayed him. After many offers and advances made in vain, his last proposals are to the public, but such an incorrigible old sinner is he, that he has no serious intentions, indeed he unblushingly avows that his purpose is to amuse himself—a phrase which prudent mothers hold in the intensest abhorrence. But we must let the Elderly Gentleman speak for himself, as no one can speak so well for him—

"This is an autobiographical-loving age: why, then, should I not amuse myself, if not my readers, by revealing the experience I have acquired, if it were only for the purpose of establishing two facts, which many young men seem to doubt; namely, that *eternity* is not solely confined to women; and that all old gentlemen, however improbable it may appear, were once young."

We doubt whether any force of evidence will conquer the incredulity of youth as to the last point. Let us say what we may, it will always be believed by the rising generation that old gentlemen always were old gentlemen. This is a pestilential scepticism, for it cuts off from the agreeable resource of bouncing about what fine fellows we were, and the fine things we did in the days of our youth; a great service would therefore be rendered by the British Scientific Association, if it would devote a series of lectures in natural history to prove the truth that the generations which wear wigs and spectacles were not born with them. Old people are very much in the habit of setting off some reproof to indiscretion and giddiness by their own opposite example, commencing with the postulate "I was once young too," but are they ever believed!—never.

When beasts could speak, as Rabelais dates his surprising events, which was a day for two ago, we were young—ay, young enough to ride, not a chamber-horse, but a horse of living flesh and blood, ay, and of mettle; and it happened to us that, being mounted on a roan, a lady expressed her surprise that so aged a horse could carry us (editorially plural) so well, for—without any bounce such as elderly gentlemen are licensed to use—we were a weight for an elephant. In answer to our question, what could possibly have given rise to such an imputation on the age of our steed, the mixed colour of the hair was pointed out, and when we gave the proper explanation, and showed that a roan had never any other look, we were asked with great

naïveté, whether the gentlemen, in whose hair a gray shade was mixed with a darker colour, were roans, and of the same appearance in youth and age. We believe that this opinion prevails to a great extent, and that we are considered by the rising generation as roans who have from birth had variegated locks. We have fallen upon a very doubtful age.

But let us see whether our Elderly Gentleman can make it appear that he was ever young; and it will be observed that he is obliged to call the dead to life to establish his case—

"Change of air having been prescribed for me, I lately proceeded to this country seat of mine, which I have not visited for twenty-five years; and, *pour passer le temps*, as the French say, I have had the drawers of my old escritoire brought to my easy chair, and have sought amusement in examining their contents. What piles of letters, in delicate hand-writing, tied up with ribands of as delicate die, met my pensive gaze; gentle ghosts of departed pleasures and forgotten pains! What miniatures of languishing blue-eyed blondes, and sparkling piquantes brunettes! What long ringlets of hair of every colour, from the lightest shade of auburn (maliciously called red,) to the darkest hue of the raven's wing! What rings, pins, and lockets, were scattered around with mottoes of eternal love and everlasting fidelity! which eternal love and everlasting fidelity had rarely withstood the ordeal of six months' intimacy. What countless pairs of small white gloves! What heaps of purses, the works of delicate fingers! What piles of fans, the half-authorized thefts of ball-rooms, thefts so gently rebuked and so languidly reclaimed! What knots of ribands grasped in the mazy dance! What girdles, yielded with blushing, coy delay! with bouquets of faded flowers enough to stock the *hortus siccus* of half the botanists in England! and a profusion of seals, with devices each more tender than the other?

"The past, with all its long-forgotten pleasures and pains, rose up to my imagination; recalled into life by these *gages d'amour*, which had survived the passions they were meant to foster; but which now so far fulfilled their original destination as to make their donors suddenly and vividly present to my memory, as though they had been summoned into a brief existence by the magical wand of a necromancer. The loved—the changed—the dead—stood before me in their pristine charms; and I felt towards each, and all, some portion of the long-vanished tenderness revive in my breast."

The idea of the confessions of the old lover is good, and it is worked out with a delightful mixture of pleasantry and sentiment. The account of the first love closes with this passage, in which the elements of the ludicrous and the touching are finely blended—

"On the twelfth of July,—93, she breathed her last that day, which was to have seen our hands joined at the altar; that day, whose tardy approach I had so often impatiently longed for, and impiously blamed for its delay, saw her a corpse. Oh! Louisa, sainted love of my youth, the unwonted tears that fill these aged eyes prove that years, long years, have not banished your cherished image from my heart."

"I have been recalled from the mournful past to the dreary present by the indiscreet entrance of my stupid servant, who had to repeat his usual phrase of 'Did you call, sir?' twice, before I was aware of his presence. The blockhead found me weeping passionately; and it was one of the exclamations wrung from me by grief, that he mistook for a call. His look of surprise and pity angered me. 'Go away, go away, and be — to you!' was the uncour-

teous exclamation which drove him and his pity away; and left me looking very foolish, and feeling not a little ashamed at having been caught weeping like a blubbing schoolboy. Hang the fellow! what will he, what can he think, has occasioned my grief? He'll be sure to imagine that my tears and exclamations were wrung from me by pain. This is too vexatious; I would not have even such a lout suppose that physical suffering could wring a tear from me. And yet, if he knew that his old gouty master has been weeping for a maiden who has been more than forty years in her grave, it would make the rascal laugh. Faith, there is something ludicrous in my weakness, I must confess; yet such was the vividness with which memory brought back old thoughts and feelings, that I forget I am an old man.

"Nevertheless it is a pleasure, though it is a very melancholy one, in remembering the days of our youth, those days when we could feel—mentally, I mean; for, most assuredly, senility is not devoid of its physical sensations, however its intellectual ones may be blunted. My regrets remind me of the old French woman, who said, '*Ah que je regrette ces bons vieux temps lorsque j'étais si malheureuse.*'"

There is a law of fashion even in our griefs, and they may not be worn out of their season. Little thinks the lover that the sorrow for his lost mistress, which is so sacred in youth, will, revived in the memory of age, belong to the ludicrous.

In every part of the book will be found the nice observation, the subtle comprehension of character, the thorough knowledge of the world, and the higher understanding of the heart, possessed by the accomplished authoress; but the story which pleases us beyond all others is "My Fourth Love."

Lady Elmscourt is a coquette and a belle, whose charms have been so long acknowledged that their reputation has a separate establishment from their existence. She has a husband with a bald head (all the husbands of such women have bald heads), and a daughter, with an untoward propensity to grow up. Lady Elmscourt is not happy—it is so interesting in the showy wives of bald husbands not to be happy—and she talks sentiment to Lyster (not then an elderly gentleman); he responds sympathetically, and confesses himself to be the miserable victim of a hopeless passion. Lady Elmscourt smiles on Lyster, as it seems to him, with peculiar sweetness, and is so demonstrative as to ask him where he will pass the autumn. Vanity could only give these things one interpretation—

"Where do you pass the autumn?" asked I, determined to pursue the course our conversation had taken.

"We go to Elmscourt Park in July, and shall be stationary there for some time," replied Lady Elmscourt.

"Is not Elmscourt Park near Alnwick?" demanded I.

"Yes, within a few miles," was the answer.

"Then I shall certainly accept an invitation in your neighbourhood, often pressed on me," said I, "and trust I may hope to see you."

"I threw into my looks and manner as much meaning as I could while making this speech; and she appeared, if not pleased, at least not offended, by its freedom. She wore a bouquet of flowers, which furnished me with an opportunity of addressing to her one of the countless silly compliments for which flowers supply the theme; and which are as *fade* as are generally the objects that suggest them. I declared my envy of the position of hers, and my desire to possess them.

"You are really too bad, Mr. Lyster," said she, "and I must not listen to you."

"Now, when a lady tells a gentleman that 'he is too bad,'

he is apt to construe her assertion into a sort of avowal that he is not bad enough; and, consequently, I was preparing to repeat some of the numberless *platitudes* which fashionable men utter to frivolous women, when she broke from me, in affected alarm, and joined a group who were conversing at a little distance. I followed her, and caught her eyes, which avoided not the encounter of mine; but met and sustained it with an earnest softness which I should be sorry to see my wife, if I had one, exhibit to any man.

"When the *soirée* was over, I conducted her to her carriage: her small hand shrank not from the pressure of mine; nay, I thought, but it might be only fancy, that hers returned it, as she placed in it the coveted bouquet. How slight a circumstance can change the whole current of our thoughts and feelings! As her carriage drove away I raised the flowers to my lips; their odour brought back to memory the dropped bouquet of the lost, the lovely Lady Mary, and all the sensations which I that evening experienced.

"She," thought I, "would not have given me her bouquet. Never could I have presumed to breathe an unhalloed vow in her chaste ear. Her eye would never have met the gaze of mine with answering tenderness. No! no! Mary was a pure, a spotless, as well as a lovely woman!"

And, as these thoughts rushed through my mind, I threw the bouquet from me with disdain; for its late owner had lost so much by a comparison with the sainted Lady Mary, that her power over my imagination was at an end, and I scorned myself for having yielded to her witchery. If women knew how much of their empire they lose by weak or guilty concessions, policy would supply the place of modesty and men would not so frequently be furnished with food for the encouragement of dishonourable hopes, and the gratification of inordinate vanity.

"A gay supper at my club, in the society of some six or eight young *roués*, of fashionable notoriety, dispelled the melancholy which my reminiscences of Lady Mary had excited; and the frequent bumpers of champagne, aided by the libertine compliments lavished by my companions on the personal attractions of Lady Elmscourt, revived my admiration for her. Men are so weak as to be always influenced by the admiration of other men for a woman; and many an embryo passion that might never have been blown into a flame, and many a nearly extinct one, have been rekindled by an accidental commendation of her of whom we have hitherto either thought but slightly, or have ceased to think with pleasure. A sure proof, this, that vanity is, in most cases, the principal fascination in the love affairs of men. Had my passion for Lady Elmscourt been a sincere one, I could not have borne to have listened to the free, the libertine compliments, paid to her person; but, as it was, they gratified my *amour propre*, and piqued me to persevere in my attentions to her."

As he is proceeding the next day to the coquette's house, with the intention of coming to an understanding, he hears the scream of a young lady, troubled with the attentions of a Newfoundland dog. He rushes to the rescue, and is struck by the excessive beauty of the girl. He wonders who the lovely creature can be, but proceeds to his elderly lady and makes a declaration of love, which is very mildly rebuked. While he is pressing his guilty suit, the door flies open, and the lovely incognita appears. Her eyes fall on her deliverer, and a beautiful blush proves the recognition. Lyster thinks no more of the mother; he is from that instant in love with the daughter. Lady Elmscourt seems to him jealous, and he observes that she employs every manoeuvre to keep the fair Emily out of his way, for which he heartily hates

her, and looks upon her as the cruel obstacle to his happiness, and the unnatural tyrant of her daughter. Lord Elmscourt, however, appears plainly to favour him, and for Emily's blushes he has only one interpretation. He is invited to spend the autumn at Elmscourt Park, and now let the hero tell his own story—

"On arriving at Elmscourt Park, my joy at the prospect of again beholding Lady Emily was indescribable. I fancied myself not only a lover, but almost an accepted one; for the kind letter written to me by Lord Elmscourt to renew his invitation, contained a passage that confirmed my vain hopes.

"Pray come to us as soon as you are able," wrote the good-natured Earl; "we are to have some very dear friends here soon, with whom I am anxious to make you acquainted."

"What could this mean, but that I was to be presented to those dear friends as the suitor of his daughter. Yes, it must be so; and my spirits rose in proportion to the expectations this paragraph excited.

"The family had retired to dress for dinner when I arrived, so that my first meeting with them was in the library, where I found half-a-dozen guests assembled, and Lady Emily looked more lovely than ever. Dolt and idiot that I was, I fancied that, in the evident pleasure she evinced in welcoming me to her natal home, there was mingled an embarrassment in her manner, that could only arise from a conscious preference for me.

"I was presented to the Marquis of Ambleside, and his son the Earl of Belmont, the most strikingly handsome young man I had ever seen; and had I not been assured by my vanity, that Lady Emily's reception of me forbade my entertaining a doubt of her partiality, I should have been alarmed by the presence of one who might have proved so dangerous a rival.

"Lady Elmscourt seemed to have quite recovered her former amiability of manner; and was looking so young and handsome, that even near her daughter she must have been admired by the most fastidious connoisseur in beauty.

"When dinner was announced, the Marquis of Ambleside conducted our hostess to the *salle à manger*. I waited, expecting to see Lord Belmont offer his arm to Lady Emily; but, to my surprise, as well as delight, her father seized my hand and desired me to lead her to dinner. This I considered as an open acknowledgment of my position as an accredited suitor; and I looked with something of triumph towards Lord Belmont, expecting to see him overwhelmed with mortification. But no symptom of any such feeling appeared; and I wondered at his insensibility, where such a prize as the Lady Emily was in question.

"Seated next to this lovely creature, and now considering myself in the light of an acknowledged lover, I devoted the whole of my attention to her during dinner. I was in the highest possible spirits, and my gaiety seemed contagious, as all the party partook in it. I saw, or fancied I saw, a malicious smile on the countenance of Lady Elmscourt, as she observed the animation and self-complacency of my manner; and, what a little piqued me, occasionally detected looks of intelligence interchanged by Lady Emily and Lord Belmont, indicative of the existence of a more familiar intercourse between them, than I wished my future bride to have with any other man save me.

"While I was meditating on the decorum, if not prudery, which I should exact from my fair neighbour when I should have a right to dictate to her, I was thunderstruck by hearing the Marquis of Ambleside, in a voice too clear and distinct to admit of a doubt of its correctness, ask Lady Belmont to drink wine with him. I gazed around to discover whether there was not some mistake, or to ascertain to whom this civility was addressed; but, to my utter horror and dismay, saw his Lordship's cold formal eyes fixed

on Lady Emily, who quietly assented to his proposal, totally unconscious of my state of mind!

"I felt the blood recede from my heart, and mount to my temples. I feared I should fall from my chair, so sudden and overpowering was the shock I had received. But a glass of water revived me, and prevented any exhibition of what was passing in my breast.

"Mr. Lyster, permit me to have the pleasure of drinking wine with you," said Lord Belmont; "I know I am your debtor for having rescued Lady Belmont from the boisterous attentions of a dog. Emily wrote me a full account of the affair, and did ample justice, I assure you, to the prowess of her *preux chevalier*, on the occasion."

"How like a fool I felt at this moment! nor did the arch glance, shot from the bright eyes of Lady Elmscourt, assist to re-assure me.

"When the ladies had left the room, and we had drawn our chairs socially together, Lord Elmscourt asked me if I was not surprised when I received his letter, announcing the marriage of his daughter, which had been celebrated a week before. This letter I missed, by having left London the day it must have arrived there.

"The marriage was arranged two years ago," said Lord Elmscourt, "when the young people fell in love. We old folk thought them too young to be married; an opinion to which Belmont was by no means disposed to assent. As, however, we were obstinate, he was obliged to submit; and took the opportunity of his probation to make a long tour on the Continent. He exacted a promise that Emily should not be presented at court, or go into society, until his return; a promise that her mother, as you may remember, rigidly enforced, Belmont only returned to claim his bride three weeks ago; and a happier pair it would be impossible to find."

"Never did a man feel more wretched, or look more like a fool, than I did, through this interminable evening! A thousand nameless little acts of tenderness were mutually exhibited by the bride and bridegroom; and on such occasions Lady Elmscourt looked at me with a smile, which seemed to say—Behold, vain fool, the proof of the error into which your egregious vanity has led you.

"The next day Sir John Belton arrived, to spend a short time at Elmscourt Park, when he renewed his acquaintance with me, with that cordiality common to the now nearly extinct race of country squires. Talking of our host and the family, he observed—

"They are capital people; I know few such; and now, that my lady is nearly cured of the only fault she ever had—"

"And what may that be?" interrupted I, expecting to hear something not creditable to her reputation.

"Why, Lord bless you, have you not found it out? I thought you Londoners had been sharper. Well, then, if the truth must be told, my lady's only fault was a desire to remain, or at least to be considered, young and to be admired. This led her to be rather too civil to every coxcomb who fancied himself her admirer, and obtained the reputation of a coquette for a woman who, in fact, never had an evil intention. A more affectionate wife or mother does not exist; though she was addicted to sentimentality, and to a love of exciting admiration."

"I felt the blush of shame rise to my brow, at finding how totally duped I had been by my vanity.

"All the romance I had created in my imagination, of a jealous mother and a persecuted daughter, enamoured of me, fell to the ground. Neither of them had ever possessed one particle of affection for me; the first only encouraging my attentions, out of love of admiration; and the second only blushing and smiling, because blushes and smiles were as natural to her as perfume is to the rose."

The turn in the story is quite unexpected, and com-

pletes it with the happiest effect. The illustration of the illusions of vanity is perfect.

The Fifth Love is also very good. Mr. Lyster next falls in love with a beautiful sylph, affianced to a rich man, Sir Henry Moreton, who wears shoes that creak, and a wig. He had overheard her wishing that Sir Henry were like a handsome gentlemanly man whom she had just happened to meet, and with his usual mistake, supposing himself to be the handsome man so mentioned, he instantly sees a thousand graces in the being who has found perfection in him. This is reflective self-love—the love for another, which is the second-hand love of one's self.

Caroline is doomed to marry the rich man with the wig and creaking shoes, and Lyster is wretched, not only selfishly on his own account, but also on hers, as he thinks how great and incurable her wretchedness must be without him—

"I spent a solitary evening, miserable at the thought of what the charming Caroline was undergoing; for, independent of her original girlish dislike to the creaking shoes and wig, I was morally certain she had now to contend with an affection for 'the handsome, gentlemanly man,' whose attentions must have completed the conquest which his appearance had awakened. Yes, if she wished, and I had heard the soft wish flow from her rosy lips, that Sir Henry Moreton resembled me, then surely my attentions, which had been unremitting ever since the hour I was presented to her, must have won her affections. I was miserable, and I felt she must be miserable also; for, never would her young and sensitive heart lose the impression I had made on it. Of the enduring character of my own attachment I felt not quite so certain; for I had more experience in love. But no man doubts the depth or the durability of a passion he inspires; though all men are sceptical as to the extent or the sincerity of the attachments inspired by others of his own sex.

"I presented myself at the usual dinner hour next day, and was introduced in due form to Sir Henry Moreton. He was a tall good-looking man, of about fifty; and I was not in his company five minutes before the creaking shoes and wig proved the accuracy of Caroline's description; though the latter was one of the most skilful imitations of what the newspaper puff advertisements style 'the greatest ornament, a fine head of hair.' I have remarked that people who wear creaking shoes or boots are precisely those who are most addicted to locomotion. Sir Henry walked up and down the room perpetually; to lower the blind, to open a door, to close one, or to place a chair. In short, he was ever in a state of ceaseless restlessness, except when at table or at chess."

A wig alone would greatly exasperate one's hatred to a successful rival, but add creaking shoes, and irresistible must be the impulse to drive a cobbler's awl into his heart. Thank heaven, in the law of the land it is justifiable homicide to slay a man who wears creaking shoes. But every one of proper sentiments feels that the appropriate weapon for the destruction of the monster is a cobbler's awl. So mean and small an instrument exactly fits such a soul. But to proceed with our story. Caroline marries Sir Henry, who for ten years made the earth groan under the abominations of his feet, and at the end of that time creaked his last. Lyster, full of tender recollections, with the sylph's form in his mind's eye, flies from the Continent to present himself to his never forgotten love—

"I ascertained that she was in town, and immediately

called at her house, a stately mansion in Hanover square. On being shown to the library, I found my old acquaintance, Miss Percy, wearing the same demure aspect, but not placid countenance, that I remembered at Cheltenham. Alas! time had dealt rudely with her complexion, and taken away all the roundness of her figure, which now presented angles little in harmony with feminine grace. Encircling her eyes were certain marks, known by the vulgar appellation of crow's feet; and, descending from her nostrils to her thin lips, were two muscles in such *alto relievo*, as to display the anatomy of the movements of her mouth. I was startled at beholding this change.

"What!" thought I, "if Caroline should be as wofully altered as is her friend: if she, who was disposed to be rather too sylph-like, should, from the unhappiness of an ill-assorted union, have faded to a shadow, like the creature before me! But no; I will not allow myself to think such a cruel metamorphosis possible. She cannot have lost her beauty, and must be still the lovely, the fascinating Caroline."

"All this passed in my mind while Miss Percy was relating to me, that not only Sir Henry Moreton, but Sir Thomas Villiers, had 'sought that bourne whence no traveller returns,' having preceded his friend and son-in-law by a year. Miss Percy put on what the French call a *figure d'occasion*, a most lugubrious countenance, while announcing these sad events.

"Lady Moreton has suffered severely," continued she; 'for never was there a happier wife.'

"I could have beaten her for saying so, though I wholly doubted the fact; for, how could such a girl as Caroline be happy with the elderly gentleman with creaking boots and a wig?

"Her ladyship is only now beginning to receive her friends," added Miss Percy, 'and is at this moment engaged with her lawyer; but she will be here in a short time.'

"Almost while she uttered these words, a large good-looking woman entered the room, with a high colour, and cheeks whose plumpness encroaching considerably on the precincts of her eyes, caused them to appear much smaller than suited the proportion accorded to the lines of beauty. Her figure harmonized perfectly with her face; and was one of those to whom the epithet, 'a stout lady,' is always applied. She approached me, while I stood in silent wonder, and in accents never forgotten, exclaimed, 'Ah! I see, Mr. Lyster, you do not recognise me.'

"Ye gods! it was Caroline that now stood before me, the once beautiful Caroline! But never had such a transformation taken place in mortal. I was almost petrified by the sight, and could scarcely command sufficient presence of mind to go through the common forms of politeness, by maintaining a conversation.

"Come, Mr. Lyster," said Lady Moreton (again to call the stout lady before me, 'Caroline,' would be mockery), 'come with me, that I may show you what you, I am sure, as an old friend, will have pleasure in seeing.'

"What can she mean?" thought I, as I followed her through the anteroom; 'but, after seeing herself, nothing can shock or surprise me.'

"She opened the door of a large room, in the middle of which stood two rocking horses, mounted by a boy and girl, two chubby, rose-faced children, bearing a strong resemblance to her ladyship; not as she formerly looked, but as she at present appeared. Two other, and younger children were toddling about the room with their nurses, making no little noise; and at a table in the recess of the window sat the two other scions of the family stock, engaged at chess.

"There, Mr. Lyster, are my two elder sons," said Lady Moreton. 'This is Sir Henry Moreton, and the other is Sir Thomas Villiers, to whom my poor father's baronetcy

devolved. Are they not strikingly like their father and grandfather, Mr. Lyster?

"Never were seen two more extraordinary resemblances! and the gravity of their countenances, and the strict attention they paid their game, completed all the features of this wonderful similarity.

"They will play for whole hours together," continued Lady Moreton, pensively; "and are never so happy as when thus employed. Nothing affords me a greater gratification than to watch them at such moments, Mr. Lyster; for their occupation brings back to me the memory of those dear, and lost to me for ever—" and she wiped a tear, yes, positively, a real tear, from her eye.

"Come, Henry, my dear, come and speak to this gentleman," resumed his mother, with a tremulous voice.

"The boy approached me with measured steps, and a formal air; and his shoes creaked so exactly as those of his father used to do, that for a moment I looked at his hair, expecting to see that he also wore a wig, so precisely did he appear a miniature copy of the defunct Baronet.

"It is strange," said Lady Moreton, "to what a degree he has all the little personal peculiarities of his poor dear father. I do not know, Mr. Lyster, whether you ever observed that my dear Sir Henry's shoes always creaked? At first I had a distaste to the sound; for I was, as you may remember, a giddy, and perhaps an over fastidious girl, about trifles. But one soon learns to approve all the peculiarities of the father of one's children; and I now have a pleasure, though it is not devoid of melancholy, in hearing my boy's shoes creak like those of his father."

"The good-natured mother was so perfectly in earnest that, hang me, if I could smile at the pathos of this sentimentality; though, I confess, I lamented that the young Sir Henry did not wear a wig, which would have perfected the almost irresistibly ludicrous resemblance.

"The mother kissed each and all of her progeny, with true maternal tenderness; and I left her, perfectly cured of my old flame, and smiling at the illusion I had for ten years nourished, at the cost of sundry sighs and regrets."

After these specimens, we need not recommend our friends to read the book—they must do so. The playful talents of Lady Blessington are very delightfully exercised in it, and all is governed with a refined taste and correct moral sentiment.

[From the Athenæum we now copy an opinion.]

"Who cares, or thinks, about Elderly Gentlemen," me-thinks I hear a young lady exclaim, as throwing down this book with a disdainful air, she demands of the shopman at the library, 'If there is not something new?'

"You mistake, fair lady; many are they who think of little else than of Elderly Gentlemen; but, alas! these are young wits impatient to enact the part of young widows; heirs in a hurry to come into possession; holders of post obits; expectant legatees; and faithful servants anxious to render the last duties to their masters, and to receive the meed of their disinterested services."

We might put together fifty lines of our subtlest criticism, and fail in giving the reader so correct an idea of the *key* in which this pleasant volume is written, as will be conveyed to him by the simple passage we have just quoted. The Elderly Gentleman, from the first to the last page of his 'Confessions,' is shrewd, selfish, and amusing. Age and the gout have not taken from him his power of slyly lifting the mask of society, and chuckling as he discloses the foolish and mean features so fairly enamelled over; nor has sorrow purged his mind of the self-indulged and pampered vanity, to which all "the lame and im-

potent conclusions" of his six love-fits are to be ascribed. We see the lonely old gourmand seated in his elbow chair, turning over the treasures of his escritoir, with a complacency which assures us that his pride, in exhibiting the trophies of the days when, as the song says,

—were hopes that chased his sleep,
And fears that made him thin,—

outweighs, for the moment, the painful reflection that these days ebbed away from him for ever; and that he is now left in the unhonoured condition, to borrow a simile from Franklin, of "the half of a pair of scissors, which is good for nothing but to scrape a trencher!"

The pervading merit of this volume then lies in the truth and humour with which its authoress has identified herself with its imaginary chronicler. It has the consistency of an autobiography; and the reader will therefore listen with interest and curiosity till the Elderly Gentleman has nothing more to confess. The tales which this well-executed frame-work encloses are well varied, without once passing the bounds of probability,—each being devoted to a Cynthia totally different from her predecessors. They contain, too, not a few sound and searching truths, insinuated rather than thrust forth—not a few touches of pathos; the whole woven together with a hand careless, but graceful: in short, this is much the best of Lady Blessington's fictions.

MAJOR SKINNER'S ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

We have rarely met with a more agreeable book of travels than this. It has no want of depth, and it has infinite freshness and vivacity. Everything that is described is felt as a likeness. We recognise it by its strong marks of reality, as we recognise the portrait of a person whom we have not seen, when painted by a master-hand. The charm of truth and nature runs through the volumes. The most careless passages are characteristic: and whether fresh and lively pictures of external objects are given, or remarkable persons and actions are described, we find in both a singular simplicity and directness of colouring, and not the least affectation of trouble or concern about producing a particular effect. A better, plainer, or more straightforward style could not be imagined. Everything is written down just as it struck the eye of a shrewd and faithful observer; and with all the clearness, vigour, and tact, of a practised pen. There is not a particle of assumption, or of "got up" profundity, in any portion of the book. Major Skinner passes through Alexandria without cross-examining the Pacha, and gives a most instructive and interesting account of Babylon, without the assistance of a single discussion from the pages of Rich or Rennell.

The impression which is left with the reader from Major Skinner's account of what he saw in Alexandria, as he wandered through the streets and "noted the qualities of people," is anything but favourable. It would seem that if civilization is indeed spreading among the subjects of the Egyptian Pacha, it has at present only reached that point where it offers no equivalent for the old state of things, whose customs

and comforts it has displaced. The poor fellow appears to be worse off than ever, and it is to be feared, on the whole, that the Pacha innovates for the sake of occupation rather than with any definite aim. It is indeed always much to defy prejudices, and there is something grand in the overset of the apparently changeless and imperishable customs of the East, but to do this is not to do all. The grander achievement, so far as the actual condition of the people is concerned, is reserved for the successors of Mehemet Ali, or for the results of that increased knowledge among the people themselves, which, with the course of time, must follow their present misery.

Cleopatra's age never witnessed more motley groups from various nations in the streets of Alexandria, than are collected in the present day. Major Skinner gives some pleasant sketches of the European society he met with at the house of a French family—

"The men were generally in Frank costumes, but among the ladies there were some of the gayer fashions of the Levant; and several of the elder ones stumped across the room in the high wooden shoes of Aleppo, made like clogs of sandal-wood, prettily inlaid with mother of pearl, which raised their wearers a foot at least above their natural height, while the younger ones had their black tresses braided round a scarlet cap similar to that worn by the men, like the folds of a turban, and tastily interwisted with the threads of the silk tassel that hung from it. There appeared a struggle between Eastern and Western manners, which should gain the ascendancy. The old ladies without scruple, as they sat on the couches round the room, screwed up their legs à la Turque; and I thought I sometimes detected, by the absence of a pretty little foot that had been stolen up to a position it was accustomed to, that the young ones also would have preferred such an attitude."

The description of the ball which follows this is a little startling—

"Most of the dancers, who seemed mere girls, were young mothers who could not for any time be separated from their babes; instead, however, of remaining at home, they determined to combine their pleasure and their duty, and a procession of nurses, after a little while, filed through the dancing-room to an adjoining chamber. I did not quite understand the meaning of this interesting group at first; but a gentle whine from one of the infants caught the ears of an old lady, who clumped upon her pattens up to the seeming girl with whom I was dancing, and in very plain terms scolded her for suffering her child to starve. 'I know its voice,' said the old lady, 'from a thousand.'—'It is not mine, mamma, I am sure,' said my partner, and I thought a sharp argument would arise between them upon the subject; when suddenly the note was taken up by all the infants, and the old ladies, jumping off their seats, bustled about to drive in the young ones, who to do them justice, showed no unwillingness, and in an instant the dance was abandoned, until, the office being performed, the mothers returned, and apologising prettily for what could not be neglected, gave their hands once more to their partners, and resumed the dance until the lambs should again call them away by their bleating."

In his voyage from Alexandria to the coast of Palestine, Major Skinner narrowly escaped the famous fate of St. Louis; and his travels in Syria begin with a characteristic share of most pilgrim-like distress and suffering. He gets upon the shore of Caifa, after wading up to his waist in surf; and taking off his trousers and shoes, for comfort, strides up in search

of the town. Then he meets two Hebrew merchants who, during the night, had been wrecked in the gulf, and on inquiring from them where the houses of Caifa are, is told that they had all, within the last three days, been washed away by the rain! Undaunted by this pleasant welcome our traveller, *sans culottes*, sets forth in pursuit of new adventures, and ultimately finds one house still standing, and himself suddenly, as he is, in the presence of two very pretty girls, an old lady, and the owner of the house, the European Consul. The girls interrupt a delicate office of skinning a wild boar to laugh at the intruder's comical figure, but afterwards console him with a portion of the boar's flesh fried, and a flask of Cyprus wine. The Major, we should observe, is quite at home in all these disasters, and makes his toilet on the green banks of an Eastern stream as well as in a more convenient place.

His residence at Caifa, and in the neighbouring convent of Mount Carmel, is told with much interest; and most picturesque is his issuing forth with his attendants in search of Nazareth and the sacred localities. A characteristic scene in an Arab cottage of the village of Hasafia, may be extracted from an account which is all equally interesting and well told:—

"In the centre of the floor was seated a very pretty woman, nearly lost in the smoke which rose from a fire by her side. Had she been old and ugly, I should have started from her, as from a witch engaged in her unholy incantations. All about her had the aspect of 'a deed without a name.' A large caldron was simmering upon the hissing wet logs, into which she was throwing the ingredients of some not ill-omened smelling mess. A naked child was lying asleep at her feet, as if ready to be popped into the pot. When we disturbed her she rose hastily, and brushing her dark locks from a really fine countenance, welcomed us with a good deal of grace to her fireside. It was just dusk, and rain had begun to fall. There was but one room, I perceived; and no outlet for the smoke, which grew thicker and thicker. The husband soon came in, followed by a herd of cattle, and goats and sheep that bleated most emulously. Our chamber was elevated about four feet above the ground, and at the edge of it was scooped a manger, where the provision for the night was thrown; and in the passage below it, within the door, all the beasts were huddled. The kids and the lambs, however, were suffered, as a special indulgence, to frisk all over the place. The master was happy to see us, and ordered a kid to be slain for the occasion. The party now began to increase. More children ran in; and a solemn Turk, on his journey, arrived to partake of the hospitality. In about an hour the dinner was prepared, and to work we all went, eighteen in number. The host, being a Christian, had a large bottle of wine in the house that he had lately brought from the convent of Nazareth, this was uncorked to do honour to the feast. The smoke, however, had nearly blinded me; and I sat with a bandage round my eyes, very much to the amusement of the more practised ones about me. I peeped from beneath it every now and then to dip my hand into the dish, and caught a misty glimpse of my companions. The Turk thought it proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood of the wine-vessel, which was a most capacious one, and sat aloof."

After coffee and conversation, each person spreads his carpet and throws himself upon it, till they are all stretched in a row, the lady included. Major Skinner finds himself next the children, with a calf tied to a pillar between, and a few kids lying at his feet. Cows munch audibly and very near to him all night,

and goats hiecough without interruption. A reasonable desire on the part of the cows to sniff the morning air, which is expressed by constant and loud butting at the cottage door, brings his vain efforts to try and sleep to an appropriate conclusion.

Major Skinner has many adventures with the Arabs, both friendly and hostile, and his final estimate of their character is decidedly favourable. We are strongly inclined to believe it just, for the plainly told incidents which give rise to it are better guides to a proper conclusion on such a point, than the more favourite process with travellers of covering the exact truth under general results and deductions. Nothing is so dangerous as the habit of generalizing, when speaking of semi-civilized men. And Major Skinner observes most justly:—

"As it is not fair to judge of the Arabs by the rules of civilized life, they should not be so generally condemned for their marauding propensities as they sometimes are. They possess many amiable qualities,—hospitality in the highest degree, and generosity, and a sense of honour that is rarely to be met with in enlightened countries. It seems a sort of right in them to levy taxes upon all that pass through their territories; and I would as soon think of refusing the dues at a custom-house, as of resisting the payment of a reasonable demand from them."

After traversing the various localities of the now sombre and melancholy Nazareth, Major Skinner returns to his friends on the sea-coast, but soon quits them again for a journey to Jerusalem. This journey is full of adventure; but we can only make room for one of our traveller's notes on the Arab mode of churning, which he sees during a short stay among an encampment of black Arab tents:—

"There is little of the cleanliness of the dairy in the process of making butter. Close to the milking-ground is a triangle of wood, in which hangs an ox-hide, having at each end of it two small sticks for handles. When the milk is put into this skin, two women draw it backward and forward between them, and in this simple manner make the sweetest butter I ever tasted. When it is ready, they dash their long arms into the skin, and scoop it out, occasionally sweeping their ragged locks from their brows as they pass the butter to the destined bowls. Although prepared by no 'neat-handed Phillis,' I breakfasted upon such a mess before I set out with great satisfaction. The youngest woman even that I saw looked more like a witch than a milkmaid. I should never be tempted to lead a pastoral life among these nut-brown maids. The men are generally handsome; but the women, after they have grown up, become exceedingly ugly. Those about fourteen or fifteen years of age are round-faced, plump little things, full of smiles and good-humour. They have reached maturity at that age, and discretion too, I fancy, as much as they are ever likely to require."

Through Jaffa we are carried on, through many exciting interruptions from Arabs and banditti, to Jerusalem. A melancholy solitude struck the traveller as, after winding up a long and barren hill out of the Valley of Jeremiah, he arrived at the edge of a dreary plain covered with stone. His horse fell twice, but he continued to urge him on—

"In half an hour I saw the mosque upon the Mount of Olives. On turning to the right hand a little, the holy city burst so suddenly upon me, that I could scarcely believe it real. How little did it fulfil my expectations! Tired and lonely as I then felt, I could have set down and

wept with disappointment! I was standing, I conceive, on the spot whence the pilgrims commence their barefooted approach to the sepulchre. In my eyes, all appeared to be dressed in mourning. The gray walls, surrounding a few minarets and graceless domes; the ruins of the Mussulman burial-ground, with crumbling tombs on every hand; the bleak aspect of the country around; a sprinkling of olive-trees over the mount; and the wild hills in the distance beyond Jordan, at the foot of which lies the Dead Sea,—made in the hues of sunset the most sombre picture that can be fancied. Jerusalem itself, standing on the brow of the hill, looked as if a portion of it had fallen down the steep."

Nothing can be more vivid than Major Skinner's descriptions of the places of interest in Jerusalem and its vicinity, and of the scenes he witnesses there. We feel the full force of a remark he has occasion to make:—

"It is no wonder that the Mahometans, who are naturally of a contemplative turn of mind, should have their hatred and contempt of Christianity confirmed by the mummery that they are every day witnesses to in Jerusalem."

From Jerusalem we proceed to Damascus, where the Major sees a fair enchantress—

"In a house near the convent I caught an occasional glimpse of so beautiful a face, that I was tempted to seek its light oftener, perhaps, than would be wise to acknowledge. I thought I had never seen so perfectly lovely a countenance. A grated window, which looked into the centre area of the house, concealed the figure from me, and prevented my seeing in what occupation so graceful a creature was engaged. As she cast her eyes upwards through the bars—and they were the most expressive eyes in the world,—I was so fascinated, that she must have been duller than Eastern ladies generally are had she not perceived it. It happened, therefore, whenever I walked upon the terrace, that accident brought the beautiful Helena, for that was her name, to the grated window, and I grew impatient to liberate her from what seemed to me a most barbarous imprisonment."

"The happy moment at length arrived; I had bought a large bunch of violets in my ramble through the bazaar, and, armed with so infallible an interpreter, I appeared at my post; she was busily engaged, but suspended her work a while on perceiving me, and leaning her cheek upon her hand like Juliet, made behind her prison bars the prettiest picture imaginable. A bright instrument was in the left hand, and I thought she might have been passing her seclusion in some elegant embroidery. Now, however, I resolved to tempt her from the window, and kissing my violets, threw them over the wall. She rose, and clattering on a high pair of wooden shoes, came forth, a knife in one hand, and a fish that she was scraping in the other."

The genuine lover of romance must guess the result. He must not forget that he is on the classical ground of the "Arabian Nights."

The reader encounters a series of agreeable surprises in crossing the Great Desert with Major Skinner on his way to Bagdad. There turns out to be nothing, after all, appalling in the Desert, but the name. In two or three days the fatigue from the camel's motion passes away; and then, reposing on a Persian carpet spread over a lawn of flowers, with rice and milk, or fresh baked cakes, before him, justly may the traveller ask, where is the hardship, and what the privation? This is to take it, it is true, at its best time,—after the winter, and before the withering summer,—but its dangers have no doubt been exaggerated; and it

is of the greatest importance, with a view to our European speculations of improvement in the East, to find Major Skinner's account, together with his testimonies of the Arab good faith, so extremely favourable.

We must quote an account of a very ingenious fall performed by the Major, during this journey across the Desert, to the great delight of the Arabs—

"I was in the act of drinking water with the flask applied to my lips, when my camel, receiving a blow for going where he should not, turned suddenly round, and I came in a sitting posture to the ground, amid the laughter of the whole of my part of the caravan. I contrived to bear the fall, and, without having moved my flask, continued to drink. I received an Arab cheer for this feat, and when I had remounted, several came to congratulate me on the ingenious manner of my fall. One Arab, who had travelled a great deal in Syria, and had seen many Franks, assured me that I was more fit to be an Arab than any he had ever met, for Franks were all excessively awkward and disconcerted when they fell. I do not mean either to take much merit to myself for this act of agility, or to recommend it to the practice of travellers; but it has positively gained me more good-will from my wild companions than the most sedate demeanour could have done."

Bagdad opens upon us next, the celebrated seat of the magnificent Caliphs, and of the hero of all kings, Haroun-al-Raschid,—but all the poetry with which we approach it, fades before its real squalor and misery. The Bagdad of the Arabian Nights has gone, and left no trace. Major Skinner saw the once famous city under the accumulated wretchedness of a pestilence and a siege, and pronounces its decay to be now insurmountable.

After a crowd of striking incidents which occur in Major Skinner's travels to Babylon, and back from Babylon to Bagdad, he arrives in Bombay. We regret that we cannot find room to do more than allude in this way to the latter portion of his journal, but we shall occasionally enrich the miscellaneous part of our paper with abundant extracts. They will more than justify the high opinion we have expressed.

From the Examiner.

ADVENTURES OF BILBERRY THURLAND.

The last two volumes of this book ought not to have been written. The first volume, which is of considerable merit, has reminded us very much, in manner, of the novel of the *Spanish Rogue*, and somewhat also of *Lazarillo de Tormes*. As with both these old and excellent productions the adventures of the hero are not a little dry and unconnected, but they have, after the same pattern, a very sarcastic commentary, and are relieved here and there with a good sketch of character, and an incident which is admirably told. Mr. Bilberry Thurland is in his own person a compound of the two heroes we have named. He is something between a rogue and a beggar.

The author repeatedly warns those readers from his book who cannot relish, as he says, "human nature rough hewn and fresh from the quarry with all its native burs and roughnesses." But such nature as this, coarse as it is, is not necessarily gross or vulgar, and this is a distinction which our author does

not always observe. He is apt also to wear out a common joke to its last shred, and somewhat below its coarsest grain. His style, moreover, is very deficient in fancy and relief, and it is clear that he cannot carry on any given subject of interest beyond twenty pages.

If we take him, however, in some of his incidents and sketches within that space, we find him the master of certain characteristics in thinking and writing which are precisely those that would work the surest and continue the longest in vigour, if he had that sufficient power over the materials of his story which is the greatest instrument of the novelist's art. He has powerful sense, and a very nice moral perception, with a talent for showing the web and texture of life as it really is. In the richness of combination and artful contrast with which he sometimes enforces a moral, he can even remind us of Fielding.

Take, for instance, the following passage out of young Thurland's adventures. Shortly after some grievous accidents have befallen him, and he is left particularly destitute, he meets with a village curate, the Rev. Mr. Jagger, from whom,—after having told his story, enlarged upon his helpless condition, and expressed a strong desire to be put to work honestly for his bread instead of begging for it,—he receives advice which would have done honour to the spiritual adviser of Jonathan Wild:

"The curate admired his candour, and commended his very praiseworthy desire of quitting what he termed the high road to damnation, and betaking himself instead to the narrow path of a Christian. He observed that his looks did not go against him; and, as he felt it to be his duty as a minister of religion to assist as far as lay in his power the unfortunate and helpless in extricating themselves from the evil of their ways, he considered himself bound to use all his endeavours to put the boy's honest desires into effect. 'In the first place,' said he, 'you want better garments. These I will provide you with; but let me see good conduct in return. There is no telling what you may do for yourself in the course of a few years, if you conduct yourself throughout in a proper and obliging manner. Make your master's commands your law; at least, until you are arrived at years capable of discrimination and judgment. But, above all things, keep a watchful and continual eye over the welfare of your immortal soul. Attend the church regularly and with sincerity, for without that you attempt to sail without wind and tide. For the present, as you are not particular in your lodging, you may sleep in my stable; it is clean and sweet, and such as I could myself put up with on occasion, for nothing appertaining to a horse from head to tail has been in it these many months. Caleb shall put a fresh wisp of straw in the manger, and you will sleep there like a bishop. In the morning betimes he shall bring you some better clothing; and as for these,' said he, seizing hold of a remnant of Bilberry's coat-sleeve, 'they will make a mop for the maid.'"

Akin to this, in shrewdness of observation and nicety of expression, is the shading of the character of Mr. Zachary Blunt, the Derbyshire Farmer—

"Blunt was a regular English churchman of the right old farmerish religion; that is, he held the Sabbath as a kind of weekly scraper, on which to free the soul from the dirt of the last six days' sin. He went to church with his men in the morning; he had the Bible read to both men and maids for the exact space of an hour in the afternoon; and after that they were free to gossip, sleep, or

go a-courting, as best suited their inclinations, till six o'clock. Evening service he made them all tend together; while he himself either rambled about his home-stead to look after things a little, putting a flake into the gap of a broken fence, or giving the neglected wagon-wheels an occasional lick of grease; or else he smoked a pipe, and drank his own ale,—always out of a silver tankard,—until his nose grew ripe, and he slid into a nap to conclude with. In doing thus, he believed he fulfilled the main scope of religion; *he put it like his best coat, on and off with the day*; and for the rest of the week he violated some half-dozen of the ten commandments with the most Christian confidence and indifference."

The treatment of this character, we may observe, with those of all the sketches that arise out of it, form some of the best portions of the book. There is better keeping about them than in any of the other persons we are introduced to. The old deaf mother, and the warm-hearted brother, are particularly good; the death-bed scene of Zachary is described with a rough and genuine pathos; and it is all well wound up with the description of the conduct of the superannuated old woman on the afternoon of the burial, who, as the body of her son is carried past, "Just crept from her seat to the door to see it go by, repeated three or four times an exclamation of 'Poor thing!' and directly after, as usual with her in an afternoon, composed herself quietly in her chair, and went to sleep."

In a natural and homely mixture of humour and pathos, our author is indeed rarely at fault:—his best effort at the purely pathetic is in the episode of the Italian Boy. The first meeting of the latter with Master Thurland takes place in a vagabond lodging-house, where, during a drunken row, the poor little fellow has his burdy-gurdy broken to shivers, one of the legs of his red-jacket monkey broken, and himself dreadfully beaten. Some days after, Bilberry himself, having been turned adrift and alone into the streets, sees the Italian begging, and with the instinctive sympathies of adversity, goes up and speaks to him, "as though on a sudden he had become his brother." The monkey was dead and its little master helpless. The varying resolutions of the boys are given in a very natural and touching way, but at last they resolve to leave the town. Bilberry, as they leave it, casts longing looks on the roof of the house of correction which covers his vagrant mother, but the Italian has different thoughts—

"There was but one thing which gave him much uneasiness, and that was the death of his monkey, the corpse of which he still carried under his arm. He extolled it as such a good one, as so fond of him! and he dwelt upon its excellences, and on the struggles and the whining it made when dying, until both himself and his auditor cried over the poor animal very sincerely, and that was perhaps as good an epitaph as it could have had. It was with great reluctance its owner persuaded himself to bury it. They dug a hole with their hands in a bank; and when the dead monkey was laid in it, dressed as usual in its red jacket and cap, the Italian boy sat down beside the diminutive grave, and kept his eye upon it a long time in a very serious mood before he would scatter the dust upon its comical face for ever. He took a pleasure in laying it nicely out, and straightening the broken limb, which in great part caused its death. A piece of bread, of which it had last eaten and at length refused, he took out of his pocket, and with pathetic simplicity buried along with it."

Schemes for getting their living are now discussed between them. They decide upon making match a, but after a vast deal of labour, discover that they have no brimstone. They then resolve upon purchasing a box of white mice, but they have no money, and in their haste to get at the next town to lay in their stock-in-trade by begging, they weary themselves out of this project. Heated and fatigued they come to a nice and cool-looking narrow river, and determine to have a bathe—

"The young Italian, who boasted he could swim, dashed at once into the sullen blackness of the farther side, and in a moment was gone. The undermined bank, and the tangled roots laid bare, seemed to tell of a deep bed and a treacherous current. Bilberry instinctively got back on to the grass, and, helpless himself, shouted in vain for help. The grazing cattle held up their heads a moment at the noise; but neither man nor dwelling could be seen across the silent meadows. He turned again to the stream; there was no cry,—no bubbling on the water,—no struggling against death. Only once, at a long distance down the river, did he see the wavy black hair of the boy come up above the surface a moment, as the body apparently was interrupted in its course by the boughs of a fallen tree. Yet Bilberry stood a long time watching in miserable hope. He could scarcely believe what during the last few minutes had passed before his eyes; and, once or twice, he involuntarily called to his companion by name. But he had heard the call of a GREATER VOICE, bidding him come away for ever from a world too unkind. Those who had broken his music and beaten him the other night had done him but little harm. He had no more need of begging; for he had gone to where, for such as him, mercy unasked bestows abundantly. Bilberry felt to have lost one who would have made the new world more pleasant to him; and for a while he sat down upon the bank, as though he might be waiting some one's coming. When he turned his eye upon the scanty remnant of clothes which lay on the bank beside him, to be wanted no more, Bilberry could not but think, if his little companion was now gone to heaven, instead of being clothed in that wretchedness, the exchange was a happy one. It was towards sunset before he recollected himself, and thought of leaving the place,—there was such a pitiful tale told in twenty-four hours,—the broken music, the dead monkey, and the drowned boy. Picking up his clothes, for an instant a thought crossed Bilberry's mind of taking back the share of his own money which he had given the boy. But in reality he could not do it,—the fate of the owner forbade him; he could not find in his heart the feeling which should prompt him to put his hand into the pocket. To be sure, his mother would have taught him differently; and to do it he needed her instructions, for of himself he could not."

This is true pathos. And with what a deep tragical effect the following coarse scene succeeds! Bilberry, walking hopelessly off to a village in the distance, sees a crowd of men and boys at the head of a mill-dam fishing something out of the water. He runs towards them shouting out "He was drowned!" and as he gets near, the body of his comrade is brought to land—

"Three or four in one breath bawled out to those who carried the body to hold it heels upwards, that it might drain like an inverted bottle; some swore, on the contrary, that would run all the blood into his head, and give him a fit of apoplexy; while a third wanted to know how in the world that could happen when his blood was set like tallow? These last stirred their own bloods up in the dispute

concerning which was wisest, and which knew most about it, until a regular quarrel, and ultimately a battle with fists, ensued. The sexton was for having him carried into the church until the curate should come; but this was overruled by the old women, who vowed he was cold enough already, and had more need of hot flannels and a sup of warm spirits than of a church-pew. Another recommended that he should be terribly basted with bunches of nettles, to stimulate him into life again; but the gravedigger declared he was already as dead as a nit. In short, whatever was proposed for restoring him had some considerable authority to oppose it again; so that in fact nothing could be finally agreed upon, and the last sparks of life, if there were any left, were allowed to go out altogether, while the debate about blowing them in again puffed itself into the most furious flames."

A story of two murderers is also powerfully told in this book; though the telling of it is out of keeping with the character of Bilberry's mother. The inability of the wretches to get drunk after the murder, and the "finishing up" of the day of the execution with a good supper, are genuine strokes; and most whimsical is the narrator's concluding regret for the loss of Bill Spowage's leg—"It has run him all up into the body, and thickened him like a porridge pot." The old blind beggars are also powerfully drawn, with their "wicked varieties of swearing, such as could only have been picked out of such eternal darkness as theirs;"—and there is an exquisite touch in the character of Bilberry, when, experiencing for the first time in his life the difference between real and assumed distress, he feels "that a single kind word from any Christian heart would be far more welcome to him than money."

All these passages, we may add, as well as the extracts we have made, are to be found in the first volume. The two last volumes are utterly worthless. Sam Pogson (notwithstanding some good points in the story of *Ar Cock*, and more especially that *Figure of Fame* at its close, where we have the bones of the hero in the boiling pot and his picture on the sign-post) is an especial bore, and the *Gruel and Flunks* affair is as stupid as can well be imagined. It is not till towards the close of the third volume that a glimmering of talent again appears; and it was only the recollection of the great merit of the first volume, which we have thought worthy of the present notice, that could possibly have kept up our attention so far.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Von Bruder Rauschen, und was Wunders er getriben hat in einem Closter, u. s. w. (Of Brother Rush, and the Wonders he performed in a Monastery, &c.) Edited by Ferdinand Wolf and Stephen Endlicher. 8vo. Vienna. 1835. Only 50 copies printed.

THE character and form of the unpremeditated creations of man's imagination depend as much upon external circumstances, and upon impressions from without, as upon the variation of character in man himself. The ferocity of Scandinavian or Gothic heroes could admit into its mystic creed no beings but those which inspired awe and terror, because it was unaccustomed to the quiet enjoyments of peace, to pleasant meadows or laughing glens; it contem-

plated only steel, and wounds, and blood. The wild hunter, who tracked his prey over the barren mountains which were as much his home as that of the beasts he pursued, to whom nature presented herself in her most gigantic and awful forms, himself acquainted only with danger, must have a creed which partook of the character of everything around him—the supernatural world was to him peopled with fierce and malignant demons. Just so the solitary hermit, who in the earlier ages of western Christianity fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude and inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but devils. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in her most joyous mood, she was peopled by gay and harmless spirits, who like himself loved to play and laugh—the beings he feared were restricted to the mountains whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined within the darkness of night.

Thus, the only beings with whom a *Beowulf* would claim acquaintance were those against whom he might signalize his valour, the nickers who set upon him in the sea amidst the fury of the tempest, the *grendel*, the nightly devourer of royal thanes, and the *fire-drake* whose vengeance carried destruction amongst his subjects. The literature which the darker ages have left us is not of that kind which would indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, partook in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils, and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them all indiscriminately into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by which the evil one sought to allure the simple countryman into his power, to lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the older popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were generally successful in these encounters, they became more bold, and resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that,

in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the puck and robin-goodfellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappear, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief which had hitherto been preserved orally were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract whose title heads our paper, a Friar Rush. The sudden appearance of these stories and collections of stories gives rise to problems relating to their formation, which the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the stories in their earlier form renders it sometimes difficult to resolve; and it is only by an historical comparison of our scanty data that we can arrive at any satisfactory knowledge of the nature and sources of the materials of which they are composed.

In this research, we must not reject even the legends of the monks, for they sometimes illustrate the lighter superstitions of our peasantry, as we may easily enough suppose, because, so long as the monks believed the imaginary pranks of the hobgoblins to be so many temptations of the evil one, there was no reason why, though they were generally subjected to severer trials, he should not at times practise upon them the same jokes, by way of diversifying his attacks. When the great Luther could believe a girl to be possessed by "a jovial spirit,"* we may easily pardon the monks if we sometimes find them in their legends subjected to temptations of the evil one which are very equivocal in their nature, and in which he shows himself in a no less equivocal form. Indeed

in some of these temptations it is difficult to say what was the harm intended, and we can only explain the monkish story by translating it into the language and creed of the peasantry, and by introducing Robin Goodfellow upon the stage. As an example we will take a saint of a somewhat later period, of the twelfth century, because we have abundant authorities to prove that the frolicsome elves then held their place in the popular mythology. Every one must have heard of St. Godric and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not to be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once, however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christianlike act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterised him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, while he was at work, came a man whose stature and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.*

If we look upon the two foregoing stories as mere saints' legends, they are out of their place, and appear to us to have no object—the whole amount of the evil done or intended by the devil was but a merry frolic; but when we look upon them in another light, when we consider that Godric himself was but a peasant, and that naturally enough he partook in the superstitions of his fellows, we recognise in the first a treasure legend, one which may be compared with any of those in our excellent friend Crofton Croker's Irish Tales, and in the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury; who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found anything undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivably short space of time (si

* See Michelet's interesting work, the *Memoires de Luther*, 1836, tom. 3, p. 170. The alchemists and the rosicrucians even in the seventeenth century reproduced all the superstitions of the monks and peasantry of an earlier period. In the MS. Harl. 6482 (17th century), a most extensive collection of the doctrines of these people, we have the following account of the hobgoblins. "Of spirits called Hobgoblins or Robin-good-fellows. These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical than the others, and, for some causes to us unknown, abide in one place more than in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumours, mockeries, gawds, and gasts, without doing any harme at all, and some have heard them play on gitterns and jews harps, and ring bells, and make answer to those that call them, and speak with certain signes, laughers, and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all." The writer goes on to say that, though they seem harmless, they would do harm if they could, and that everybody ought to be on their guard against them.

* The life of Godric is given in Capgrave, *Legenda Nova Angl.*—but there exists in MS. a life much longer and very interesting, written by a person who conversed with the hermit, MS. Harl. No. 2277. The digging story is found in the MS. at fol. 48, v^o, in Capgrave, fol. clx. v^o, Ed. Wynk. de Worde. The treasure legend occurs at fol. 60, v^o, of the MS. (Capg. fol. clxiiij, v^o). The elves mentioned in the latter were very small and black, which was their general colour in their monkish stories. Godric often saw such elves, see the MS. fol. 62.

quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt, citius humana facilitate expediunt.) Godric was frequently a witness of the playful rogueries of the demon, as well when performed upon others as upon himself, (MS. Harl. fol. 47, v^o.) and on one occasion the evil one amused himself, and no doubt the saint also, by dancing before him most ludicrously in the form of a distended sack (f. 69, v^o.)

Another story which is told of Godric is equally pertinent to our subject. One day in autumn, the saint was gathering his apples. Suddenly there appeared on the other side of his hedge a great rough-looking fellow, whose outer garment, open from his neck to his thighs, resembled green bark, beneath which he seemed to be clad in a rough bullock's hide. "Give me some apples, hermit!" shouted the stranger, and he shouted more than once, for at first Godric paid little attention to him. At last the hermit, turning towards him, said that if he would have any he must ask for them in the name of charity. "I ask for them in the name of charity, then," was the answer, in a gruff and rather embarrassed tone. "Take them," said Godric, "in the name of charity, and give God thanks." But the stranger threw them down, and, turning about, after saluting Godric by certain gestures which were none of the most becoming, marched slowly away, leaving however a testimony of his fiendlike nature in the odour which followed him, at which the poor saint was so horrified that "every hair of his body stood stiff like the bristles of a boar." It may, we think, be true, as it is told by one who conversed with the hermit, but it must be true just as long afterwards that another person took the keeper of a forest for Robin Goodfellow: such bores as Godric's devil were not confined to the twelfth century. Godric judged of the nature of his visitor by the smell which he left behind him, but to us the colour of his coat tells what class of beings the saint was thinking of.

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian William of Newbury relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the wagon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence, for he did not tell these things to every body, that there were some hobgoblins (demones) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the road-side on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or

their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well, after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity. A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as our own, is that of the elf who in the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of his cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf (*puerulum nigrum mirandæ parvitatatis*) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people;—we will only point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's *Irish Fairy Legends*, with the premisal that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

We could easily multiply our examples of fairy stories inserted among the monkish legends, particularly those of a less ludicrous nature. Godric and Ketel having been both rustics, their lives abound more with legends founded upon those of the peasantry than the life of any other saint, and they thus show us more distinctly the connexion between the superstitions of the two classes. We have at the same time a few independent allusions (or nearly independent, inasmuch as though related by monks they are given as popular legends) to these stories in their original form. We will give two examples of such allusions, which are quoted by the Grimms in the introduction to the *Irische Elfenmärchen*. The first is of the ninth century, and is told by the monk of San Gallen, whose work is printed in the fifth volume of Dom Bouquet. It is a story of the laborious playful goblin (*demon qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare*.) and the latter part of it may be compared with the foregoing story of the elf who haunted the abbot's cellar. Our goblin fre-

quented the forge of a smith, where he played all night with the anvil and hammers, to the no small annoyance of their proprietor, who resolved to drive him away by the signing of the cross. But the elf had formed an attachment to the place, and was not willing to go: "Gossip," said he to the smith, "let me play in thy forge, and if thou wilt place here thy pitcher thou shalt find it every day full of wine." The terms were readily accepted, and every night the elf repaired to the cellar of the bishop, filled his pitcher with wine, and, clumsily enough, left the cask open so that all the rest of the wine ran out upon the floor. The bishop soon perceived what was going on in his cellar, and supposing that the mischief must be the work of some spiritual adversary, he sprinkled the cellar with holy water, and fortified it by the sign of the cross. The night following the elf entered as usual with his pitcher, but he could neither touch the wine nor escape from the place, and in the morning they took him and bound him to a stake, where he was condemned to undergo the punishment due to a thief. Amidst his stripes he never ceased to cry, "Alas! alas! I have lost my gossip's pitcher!" Our other extract is from a very old Penitential which is preserved in a manuscript at Vienna; it alludes evidently to the same class of stories, and to a practice which had arisen out of them, and points out the necessary penitence for those who "had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come thither to play with them, and might in return bring them other people's goods."

From some cause or other, with which we are not well acquainted, our chronicles of the twelfth century are full of fairy legends. The Cambrian Giraldus, Gervase of Tilbury, William of Newbury, and a host of others, give us so much curious information on the popular mythology of their time, that we can, without much difficulty, sketch the outlines of the vulgar creed. We are there made acquainted with the mischievous elf in all his different shapes, and Gervase even is doubtful whether, on account of the harmlessness of his jokes, he ought to call him a *demon* or not—"Ecce enim Anglia dæmones quosdam habet, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim an secretas et ignotæ generationis effigies."

The familiar goblin of Gervase of Tilbury, like the *fir-darrig* of the Irish, and Milton's "lubber fiend," loved to seat himself before the remains of the fire after the family had retired to their slumbers; he then appeared as a very little man, with an aged countenance, his face all covered with wrinkles. He was very harmless, and his great characteristic was simplicity, in which he resembled the rustics, whose houses he commonly frequented. One of his names, indeed, (*folletus*, Gerv. T., the modern French *follet*, which is a diminutive of the old French *fol*, *fou*), signifies the little madcap, and may refer both to his simplicity and to his pranks. The *follets* of Gervase haunted generally the houses of country-people, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could expel them. They were invisible, and made known their arrival by throwing about stones, and wood, and even the pots and kettles. They also talked with great freedom. Giraldus tells us many stories of the domestic and playful elves of his native county of Pem-

broke, where they were common, and plagued people by throwing dirt at them, and by cutting and tearing their garments. They took great delight also in telling people's secrets, and they paid no heed to the priests or their conjurations. Sometimes they entered into people, who thus became possessed, and they there continued their tricks and their conversation. An elf of this kind, in human form, entered the house of one Elidore Stakepole, in that county, where he hired himself as a servant, and proved himself extremely faithful and diligent. As in every instance where an elf, whether puck, or brownie, or troll, has formed an attachment to a place, he has brought good luck along with him, so the family of Elidore Stakepole prospered exceedingly—everything went well with them. But Elidore, like many another in his situation, ruined himself by his curiosity. The elf was accustomed, during the night, to resort to the river, which shows his connexion with the whole family of the Teutonic alfen. One night he was watched, and the next day he quitted for ever the house of Elidore Stakepole, after telling the family who he was, and how he had been begotten by an incubus on a woman of the parish.

Before leaving the familiar elf of the twelfth century, we will present to our readers an inedited legend from a work of that century, the manuscript chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshale, which is particularly curious, from its singular resemblance to the more modern story of the German Hinzelmänn. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighbouring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaming; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This was the German *tarn-kappe*. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer, from whom this

story is quoted, asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it.

Another story has been pointed out to us in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which at once introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action. It occurs amongst a collection of short stories, moralized after the manner of the time, and, as a specimen of the whole, we give both the tale and its moral. "Once Robinet was in a certain house in which certain soldiers were resting for the night, and, after having made a great clamour during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout the louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, that we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards.... The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body, Robin is the devil or the sinner," &c.

This last story, if it be of the thirteenth century, is an almost solitary allusion to the pranks of the familiar elf in England for a long period after the century preceding. During the latter part of the twelfth century, and the whole of the thirteenth, a vast struggle and a vast revolution of feelings and notions were going forward in our island. With the change came in gradually a new and more refined literature; the saints' legends were thrown aside to make way for the romances; and the gross and mischievous elves lost their reputation before that of the more airy and genteel race who were denominated by the newly introduced names of fairies. It is worthy indeed of remark, that the manuscripts of the lives and miracles of the English saints are by far the best and the most numerous during the twelfth and the earlier half of the thirteenth centuries. We must therefore pass over the centuries which follow, and come immediately to the period of the formation of those histories, of which we shall at present consider the adventures of Friar Rush to be the representative, the more so as his was a story popular throughout the whole of Teutonic Europe.

It had long been supposed that the original of the history of Friar Rush must have existed in Germany; and at last our excellent friend, Mr. Thoms, (who had previously reprinted in his *Early Prose Romances* the English story) accidentally discovered an early poem on the same hero in the German tongue. He communicated the discovery to his friend Dr. Wolf, who afterwards found several copies of different editions in the German libraries, all of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and from his researches has been produced the curious and elegant volume which we have now before us. This German poem is the earliest version of the story of which we have any knowledge; and, as might be expected, is the simplest in its details. Its hero is introduced to us as a *bonâ fide* devil; but there are too many traits in his actions and character to allow us to be mistaken in identifying him with the elves of whom we have been speaking. There was once, as the legend tells us, a fair abbey—

"In distant land beside a wood,
Well known to fame an abbey stood;
A numerous brotherhood within;
But ill did abbey discipline
Sort with the joyous warmth of youth,
And oftener dwelt their thoughts, in sooth,
On gentle damsel's charms and beauty,
Than on their gospels or their duty."

The German legend places the abbey in Denmark—

"In Denmark bey Helsinghore genant,
Do ym das kloster was wol bekannt :"

The Danish poem, on the contrary, fixes it in Germany, in "Saxon-land;" and the English, leaving the question entirely unresolved, tells us simply that it was "beyond the sea." Be this as it may, our worthy friend, Friar Rush, saw that there was a noble occasion of doing mischief, and he repaired to the abbey in the garb of a youth who sought employment. He was well received by the abbot, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. But he soon made it manifest that he was fitted for higher and more confidential service. Before night he performed the part of a skilful envoy, and procured for the father abbot the company of the dame whom he had long desired. The fame of Rush was soon spread amongst the community, and every brother of the abbey was fitted with a bedfellow after his liking. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favour, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the "Master Cook," who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and the friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast-days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and he was made a friar in reward for his services.

One day the friars found brother Rush sitting in the gateway cutting wooden staves, and they asked him what he was doing, and he told them that he was making for them weapons, with which, in case of danger, they might defend their abbey. And about the same time there arose great dissension between the abbot and the prior, and between the monks, and all for the sake of a woman; and each party went secretly to Friar Rush and provided themselves with stout staves. The same night, at matins, there was a great fray; the abbot struck the prior, and the prior struck the abbot again, and every monk drew forth his staff, and there were given plenty of hard blows. Rush, to increase the confusion, blew out the lights, so that none knew his friend from his foe; and then, seizing the great bench, he threw it amidst the combatants, whereby not a few had broken bones, so that they all lay together in the chapel in a most dismal state. When the fray was ended, Rush came with a light, pretended to feel great concern for what had happened, aided them to rise, and counselled them to seek repose in their beds.

The devils of the legends, like the elves whose place they had usurped, were very simple, and were

often cheated or disconcerted by a trifle. So it happened in the end with Friar Rush. One day, when he was returning late to his cloister, reflecting that there was nothing in the kitchen for dinner, he tore in two pieces a cow which was grazing in the fields where he passed, and carried the one half home with him to the abbey. Next day the owner was dismayed at finding but the half of his cow. As night drew on suddenly while he was still in the fields, he took shelter in a hollow tree. Now it so happened that this identical night had been appointed by Lucifer, the prince of the devils, to meet his emissaries on earth, and to hear from them an account of their proceedings; and they came flocking like so many birds to the very tree in which the countryman had concealed himself. Without perceiving that they were overlooked and overheard, they began each to give an account of himself, until it came at last to the turn of Rush, who told how he had been admitted as cook in the abbey, how he had set the monks by the ears, and had given them staves wherewith to break each other's heads—all of which they had done to his entire satisfaction—and how he hoped in the end to make them kill one another, and so to bring them all to hell. Next morning the countryman left his hiding-place, repaired straight to the abbot, and gave him a faithful account of all that he had seen and heard. The abbot called Rush before him, conjured him into the form of a horse, drove him from the place, and forbade him ever to return thither.

Rush, driven away in spite of himself by the ban of the abbot, hied over the sea to England, where he entered the body of the king's daughter, and caused her many a day of torment. The king, her father, sent to Paris for the most skilful "masters," who at last forced Rush to tell his name, and to confess that none had power to dispossess him except the abbot of "Kloster Esron," for such was the name of the abbey where he had dwelt. The abbot came, called Rush out of the maiden, forced him into his former shape of a horse, which he condemned him henceforth to retain, and made him carry over the sea to Denmark himself and the reward which the king of England had given him.

Such is the outline of the German legend of Friar Rush. Its learned editors, in their interesting preface, coincide entirely in our views of the character of its hero, and their notion of the process by which the present legend was formed is in the main the same as our own, namely, that the fundamental legend of Friar Rush was perhaps originally a Latin monkish legend, now unknown, which took its birth in Denmark, and which was soon spread orally among the people, thus taking a more popular form—that at a later period the original legend, the popular form which it had thus taken, and the well-known legend of St. Zeno, had all been combined together in forming a larger poem, still confined to Denmark, and that either orally or in writing it was thence carried into Germany, (see Pref. p. xxvii.) The proposition, however, as thus put, gives rise to one or two questions, that may at least be stated, if not discussed. First, are we authorized to infer, from the circumstances of the locality of Friar Rush's abbey being placed by the German poem in Denmark, and of the existence of the legend itself in that country, that that legend was originally Danish? After a fair consider-

ation of the question, it appears to us that the probability at least is for the opinion of Drs. Wolf and Endlicher. But we are inclined also to think that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and perhaps later, it was very common, when people would tell a legend supposed to have happened in another land, to place its locality in Denmark; we have thus in Giraldus the story of a household spirit who served a bishop in Denmark (perhaps the oldest form of the story of Hudekin;) we have several stories among our saints' legends whose scene is Denmark; and the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shakspeare's Shylock is in an Anglo-Latin manuscript, where it is said to have occurred in Denmark. Had the name of Denmark been thus accidentally introduced, the story might have been adventitious to that country, and yet might at a later period have localized itself there.

Laying aside, however, the question of locality, there arises another of much greater importance to the history of the legend—did the character of Friar Rush exist among the people independently of the legend which is now inseparable from his name? or, in other words, was Friar Rush a general or a particular name in the popular mythology? The preface of our friends, Drs. Wolf and Endlicher, furnishes us with a passage which we think sets aside all doubt on this question, because it alludes to a tale that with little variation occurs constantly in the popular mythology;—we mean the "mira historia" which Pontoppidan relates on the faith of Resenius,—how a nobleman in Denmark one day threatened jokingly his children that Friar Rush should come and take them, and, how the friar was instantly present, and by force invisible held the nobleman's carriage fast to the spot. We are inclined to think that at an early period there came into the popular mythology of our western lands a personage in the character of a monk or Friar. In Germany the monk was sometimes Rubezahl, and the story which we quote for our authority affords us another instance how the writers on witchcraft and spirits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like the monks who preceded them, confounded elves with devils, which naturally arose from their belief in the existence of the former, and their own peculiar sentiments with regard to the latter. In the popular superstitions of England there certainly existed such a friar, who was not less mischievous than Brother Rush. Every body knows the "friar's lantern" in Milton which led people astray from their path. Harsnet alludes to the practice of laying a bowl of cream to propitiate "Robin Goodfellow, the Friar, and Sisse (i. e. Cicely.) the dairy-maid," in which three personages we suspect that we see three others, the Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and maid Marian of the old popular morrice-dance. Denmark, therefore, and Germany also, may have had their Friar Rush, and we suspect that such a personage under the same name was well known to our English peasantry, for, the first time we meet with him in England, which is early in the latter half of the sixteenth century, he is by no means introduced as a foreigner. We are inclined therefore to think that the sojourn of Rush in the abbey was originally a legend of Friar Rush, and not the legend of Friar Rush, but that this particular legend became so popular that it either absorbed or eclipsed all the others, so as by degrees to leave its

hero identified only with itself. The groundwork was a simple story of the visit of the mischievous elf to a monastery, a legend common enough if we may judge by the German stories in Wierus.

A legend, like a ball of snow, is enlarged by rolling, and so soon as Friar Rush became the acknowledged hero of a history, that history increased rapidly in its passage from one hand to another. In the old version, which was published in England, we have many circumstances that are not found in the German, and these additions show us very distinctly in what light those from whom they came must have looked upon the personage of the friar. The English story of Friar Rush is in prose, is extremely amusing, and is easy of access in the curious collection of Mr. Thoms. During his stay in the abbey, after the battle of the staves, Rush continues here his tricks upon the abbot and monks, at one time covering the abbot's wagon with tar when he was told to grease it, at another drinking wine at the abbot's expense, and saying that he had given it to the horses, and lastly breaking down the stairs of the dormitory, so that when the monks at night would descend to their matins, they all fall down and break their bones. Such stories also have been told of Robin Goodfellow. After having been driven from the monastery, Friar Rush enters into service, and becomes on the whole a very honest and harmless fellow, still retaining one characteristic of the old industrious elf, that of doing much work in a short space of time. He hires himself to a countryman, whose wife is a terrible scold, and will not permit her husband to keep a servant, in order that he may be obliged to go to the fields, and thus give her an opportunity of receiving the visits of her paramour, the priest. Rush becomes very jealous of the interests of his master. At supper, the first day,

"As they sate at meate, Rush demanded of his master what he should doe the next day? his master answered, thou must rise early and goe to the field, and make an end of that which I was about this day, (which was a great dayes worke); so when they had sapt they went to bed. Early in the morning Rush arose and went to the field, and wrought so lustily, that he had done his work betimes; for when his master came to bring him his breakfast, all his worke was finished, whereat his master had great marvaile; then they sate down to breakfast, which being ended they went home, and did such things as were there to bee done; when his dame sawe that he had so soone ended his busines, she thought that he was a profitable servant, and said little, but let him alone. In the evening Rush demanded of his master what hee should doe the next morrow? his master appointed him twice so much as he did the day before, which Rush refused not, but got up early in the morning, and went to the field, about his worke; so soone as his master was ready, he tooke his man's breakfast and came to the field, thinking to helpe Rush; (but he was no sooner come from his house but the priest came to see his wife, and presently she made ready some good meate for them to be merry withall, and while it was a dressing, they sate sportng together,—who had beene there should have scene many loving touches.) And when the goodman came to the field, he found Rush that had done all that which he appointed, whereof he had great marvaile; then they sate down to breakfast, and as they sate together, Rush beheld his master's shoone, and perceived that for fault of greasing they were very hard: then said Rush to his master, why are not your shoes better greased, I marvaile that you can goe in them, they be so hard? have you no more at home?

Yes, said his master, I have another payre lying under a great chest at home in my chamber. Then said Rush, I will goe home and grease them that you may put them on to-morrow; and so he walked home merrily and sung by the way. And when he approached near the house he sang out very loude; with that his dame looked out at the window, and perceived that it was her servant, shee said unto the priest, alas, what shall we doe? our servant has come home, and my husband will not be long after, and with that she thrust the meate into the oven, and all that was upon the table. Where shall I hide me, said the priest? Goe into the chamber, and creepe under the great chest, among the old shoone, and I shall cover you, and so he did. And when Rush was come into the house, his dame asked him why he came home so soone. Rush answered and said, I have done all my busines, and master commanded me to come home and greace his shoone. Then he went into the chamber and looked under the chest, hee found the priest, and tooke him by the heeles and drew him out, and said, thou whoreson priest, what doost thou here? With that the priest held up his hands and cried him mercy, and desired him to save his honesty, and hee would never more come there; and so Rush let him goe for that once."

We give the foregoing extract as a specimen of the style of the English Friar Rush. The priest broke his word, returned, and was again surprised by Rush, who found him hidden under the straw in the stable. A second time he was permitted to escape, though not till after he had received "three or foure good dry stripes," and had promised solemnly never to return. Yet the priest ventured to break his word again, and in a visit to the farmer's wife their merriment was a third time interrupted by the well-known song of Rush, who was returning from his labours.

"Then wringing her hands s'e said unto the priest, goe hyde you, or else you be but dead. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest? Goe up into the chamber and leape into the basket that hangeth out of the window, and I shall call you when he is gone againe. Then anon came Rush, and she asked him why he came home so soone. Then said Rush, I have done all my busines in the field, and my master has sent me home to wash your cheese-basket, for it is full of haire, and so he went into the chamber, and with his knife he cut the rope that the basket hung by, and downe fell priest and all into a great poole of water that was under the window: then went he into the stable for a horse and rode into the poole, and tooke the rope that hung at the basket, and tying it to the horses taylor, rode through the poole three or four tymes. Then he rode through the towne to cause the people to wonder at him, and so came home againe. All this while he made as though he had knowne nothing, but looking behinde him, espyed the priest. Then he alighted downe, and said unto him: thou shalt never more escape me, thy life is lost. With that the priest held up his hands and said, heere is a hundred peeces of gold, take them and let me goe. So Rush tooke the golde and let the priest goe. And when his master came home, he gave him the halfe of his money, and bade him farewell, for he would goe see the world."

After leaving the Farmer, Rush went into the service of a gentleman whose daughter was possessed, and persuaded him to send for the abbot of the monastery where he had resided, who cured the maiden, conjured Rush into his own likeness of a horse, made him carry him home as well as a quantity of lead which the gentleman had given him, and then confined him to "an olde castle that stood farre within

the forrest," and the story ends with the pious exclamation, "from which devill and all other devills defend us, good Lord! Amen."

We have spoken of the collections of tales, which, at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, were formed in England under the title of the adventures and Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, as closely resembling in their shape and character the legend of Friar Rush, and as thus affording a new proof of the identity of those two personages of the popular mythology. Few of these collections have been preserved, but we have good reason for believing that at one time they were extremely popular. There was in the Stafford library, and we believe that it still exists in the library of the Lord Francis Egerton, a unique prose tract, in black letter, of the date 1628, entitled "Robin Goodfellow his mad Pranks and merry Jestes," and we believe that there exists also a second part on the adventures of Hobgoblin. Neither of these have we seen, but, before leaving the subject, we will give an analysis of a small tract in ballad verse on the adventures of the former of these heroes, which is supposed to have been printed about the year 1600, and of which a very limited reprint was privately made two or three years ago. Robin Goodfellow, like the familiar elves of the twelfth century, is represented as the offspring of an incubus; whilst he was yet a child his tricks were the plague of the neighbours, whose complaints so grieved his mother, that at last he ran away to escape punishment, and after wandering some time hired himself to a taylor, in whose service he played a joke not unlike that of Rush on the abbot's wagon.

"He had a gowne which must be made
even with all haste and speed;
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.

The taylor he did labour hard
till twelve a clock at night;
Betweene him and his servant then
they finished aright

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves:
quoth he unto his man,
I'll go to bed: whip on the sleeves
as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne,
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne;
till day he nere did lin.

His master rising in the morne,
and seeing what he did,
Begun to chide; quoth Robin then,
I doe as I was bid.

His master then the gowne did take
and to his worke did fall:
By that time he had done the same,
the maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither
That yesterday we left; said he,
we'll breake our fasts together,

Then Robin hies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gowne.

The taylor he was vext at this,
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfaste eate."

Robin afterwards runs away, and falling asleep in a forest, is there visited by his father, who according to the fashion of the time is called Oberon, and who makes known to him his origin and his power of transforming himself to what shape he will, a power which he delays not to put in practice, and

"— turns himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon, or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he
sometimes a grunting hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog."

Straight he hies to a wedding, in the shape of a fiddler, and there he puts out the candles, frightens the guests, drinks the posset and runs away "laughing, hoe! hoe! hoe!" But the last story of our tract is the most curious, with regard to the history of our legends. We have seen that in the English legend Friar Rush took delight in disconcerting and punishing the adulterous priest. In the same manner the German Hudekin hinders a fair dame from being faithless to her husband. Precisely a similar story is told here of Robin Goodfellow. An old man seeks to seduce his niece, who, it seems, was his ward, and he hinders her from marrying a young man whom she loves. In the midst of her distress, Robin makes his appearance.

"He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her unkle's eyes;

And there he plyes his worke amaine,
doing more in one houre,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could do in foure.

The old man wonder'd for to see
the worke goe on so fast,
And therewithall more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.

Then Robin said to his old man,
good unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.

Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
sweet neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.

Then let me a writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweetheart
when I have done this deed."

Robin obtains the money and the writing, and immediately seizes the old man, carries him to the chamber where are the niece and her husband, and himself quickly eludes the old fellow's vengeance, and goes to play his pranks elsewhere.

"Thus Robin lived a merry life
as any could enjoy,
'Mong country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy;

But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
he'd laugh out hoe! hoe! hoe!

He oft would beg and crave an almes,
but take nought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
thus madly did he live.

Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave;
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seem to be,
sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometime a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog:

Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin-Goodfellow,
hob-goblin, or mad crisp;
And some againe doe terme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe:

But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good Fellow."

We feel that we are already trespassing beyond the limits which we ought to assign to our paper, or it would be easy for us to trace the familiar and mischievous elf in England, in a hundred different shapes, up to the present day. But we have done enough for our purpose—we have shown the existence of this personage of the popular mythology from an extremely early period up to the time of the formation of the adventures of Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow; we have also, we think, adduced sufficient reasons for supposing that the one, as well as the other, was a general and not a particular name; or, to use again an expression which we have already employed, that the foundations of these tale-books were legends, but not the legends of the personages whose names they bear. There is no stronger distinguishing characteristic of the different families of people than that afforded by their popular superstitions, and, were it but on this account, they are well worthy of our attention. Our language, our manners, our institutions, our political position, through ten centuries, have been undergoing a continual and important change; yet during this long period our popular mythology, deeply imprinted in the minds of the peasantry, has remained the same, and, where it has not been driven away by schoolmasters and steam-engines, it still exists unaltered. It has not only existed during this period, but it has from time to time stepped forth from its obscurity and exerted a powerful influence on the world around. First, it was received or retained unwittingly by the Christian missionaries and converts, and created in their hands a race of beings, designated by the name of demons, which never existed in the pure Christian creed. Afterwards its influence was felt by philosophy, and it had no little share in the strange vagaries of alchemy and magic. Next, it appeared in a more terrible form than all; singularly enough,

as our forefathers became more enlightened, the popular superstitions seized more forcibly than ever upon their minds; and the destruction of many thousands of persons in the space of a few years for the imaginary crime of witchcraft will bear a permanent and substantial testimony to what superstition can do. The Puritans, who succeeded the Papists, were by no means less superstitious than their predecessors—their devils were but a repetition of those of the monks of earlier times. The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so often in popular stories been given to the demons, their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To these devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.

Of these tales we will give the following as a specimen—it is one that we have ourselves heard told in the Welsh marches,—it is the story of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Those who would have another may look into any Welsh guide for that of the Devil's Bridge in Carmarthenshire. Doubtless the Devil's Hole in the Peak had a similar legend connected with it, whose original may also have had some connexion with the elf-story told by Gervase of Tilbury as having occurred at this spot. But let us return to our story. Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of the country the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of Wales. Those counties were and are very full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day of the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy careless rollicking sort of fellow, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living somehow or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact, everybody was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse-stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion, but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the natural conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round white deal table, in the clean parlour of a very neat little alehouse, as all village alehouses are in that part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one

another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honour for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself! But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honour, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you, now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'D—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we wish heartily some one well qualified for the task would give us a good work on the popular mythology of England, and we wish still more that those who have it in their power would collect the popular legends and the traces of the popular creed as they still exist amongst our peasantry. In Germany, the reprint of the adventures of Friar Rush is but one book amongst a thousand which have appeared upon their popular superstitions—much has been done also in Sweden, in Denmark, and almost every where except in England, where we have scarcely anything on a subject which is so really interesting.

From the Forget-me-Not.

THE SORCERESS.

The picture-gallery of the Duke of Modena is well known as one of the finest beyond the Alps. But in the private apartments of the palace are some per-

formances, which, whether to escape the eye of French pillage, or from the somewhat jealous spirit of Italian connoisseurship, are kept almost sacredly from the public eye. Circumstances gave me some opportunities of penetrating those Bluebeard chambers, and I was rewarded better than the heroine of the tale, by the discovery of some of the most exquisite works of the native pencil. But among them was one which had a higher interest than its mere beauty of execution. The view of this picture lay under an ultra-prohibition, for it was enclosed in a solid bronze case, for which the key was to be sought through as long a file of court guardians, as if it had contained the jewels of the crown.

Italy is, like the Apostle's characters of the Athenians, to speak in the gentlest terms, "too superstitious;" and the name which the picture has somehow or other obtained among the people, may account for the extreme reluctance with which it is shown. The "Sorceress" is a formidable appellation in any land of the Continent. But in Italy, it involves fears and horrors, of which it would be equally dangerous to tempt the revival, or ridicule the folly. The original of the picture was unquestionably an extraordinary personage; and it would be an herculean task to divest the multitude, or perhaps many of their superiors, even to this hour, of the impression that the fame and final success of this personage were connected with aids from sources, whose name startles human nature.—The picture, however, may yet be shown to strangers by the operation of that spell which acted in my own instance—that magic, at least as powerful as any that ever obeyed the calls of modern necromancy—that little glittering talisman, which, emerging from the Englishman's pocket, no sooner touches the foreigner's hand, than he feels an instant impossibility of keeping any secret whatever; and, even before "Open, Sesame!" can be pronounced, expands the inmost recesses of his household and his soul.

The picture is certainly a very noble one. Italy scarcely supplies a more striking example of that power of portraiture which once made the Italian school pre-eminent in this admirable province of the art. The countenance lives. The character lives in the countenance. Without the slightest labour for effect, without contortion, without study of action, feature, or attitude; in short, without that profound and perilous determination to enrapture, which makes all French portraits the fac-simile of some figurante of the opera, or solemn hero of the *Français*; or that heavy homeliness which makes the majority of English as tranquil as so many plaster-casts; a woman is before us, as we might have seen her in the pride of genius and beauty—with a slight touch of the austere, or perhaps rather the bold—but still the magnificent Italian, such as the land sometimes sends forth, to vindicate her fame for female loveliness, among the thousands and ten thousands of those harsh, stunted, abrupt, and burnt-up physiognomies with which Italy abounds, perhaps more than any other region of the earth—her neighbour, Africa, scarcely excepted.

For some days after I had seen this *chef-d'œuvre*, I was full of the topic, which happened to be a harmless one, as it was wholly among my own countrymen. But to obtain anything like elucidation on the subject, I soon found hopeless. Few had heard of it; fewer, of course, had seen it; and none, whatever their curi-

osity, could extract anything from the old Cicerone of the palace, but that the whole affair was a prodigious secret—a matter of state, on which a whisper or a shrug might put all parties in the hands of the police. Unhappy news for him and all other Ciceroni, if a shrug could endanger his liberty, for it is the only employment of their shoulders through life! But let no man despair who loves state secrets in Italy. There is always to be found, even in the very crashing of those jaws with which the Austrian wolf or the Russian bear masticates the infant speculations of the imaginative of Europe, some panting champion of colloquial confidence, some depository of the facts of the prison-house, some gay or grave interpreter of those hieroglyphics which are written on the tombs of the dead, or the dungeons of fettered cabinets; who is only longing to be disburthened of this tale, and who, over a cup of coffee, or a glass of Marachino, divulges histories, which, dropped into any ears but English, would consign the voluble communicant to touch his guitar in the cells of Laybach for life, or carry his hod and pick-axe in the fortifications of Odessa, until they are required to inhume his own luckless mortality.

One evening, at a large party, in which an Italian marchioness, foolish enough to emulate the most foolish of all our customs, crowded about a thousand well-dressed and unfortunate people into apartments, large and handsome, it is true, but still, on a hot Italian evening, giving the strongest conceivable resemblance of the Black Hole at Calcutta; half carbonized with the heat, tired to death with abortive attempts to find or make conversation; for which a conversazione is of all earthly contrivances the most incapable; and, if I must stoop to humbler matters—half-starved, for at foreign *soirees* all the food is so strictly intellectual, that a biscuit and a glass of lemonade is a piece of profusion, and even the “cup of cold water” rises into the rank of a genuine act of hospitality—I had worked my way out of the vortex of Counts and Countesses, with and without moustaches, into the only quiet corner of the huge hotel, a little dismantled room, from which I could just see the garden and partially catch the breeze. But I was not the only candidate for solitude. I found already planted there an old officer of the court, who, after having paid his obeissances to the marchesa in the shape of being half suffocated, had fled for breath to the little cool chamber; and was now hanging out of the casement to seize on all the vitality that was to be extracted from the last lingering air of a sultry twilight. On the table lay a volume of drawings, sketched with considerable force; but what struck me peculiarly in them was that they had the portrait of the “Sorceress” prominent in all their groupings, and were evidently constructed with some reference to her history. The old officer and I gradually fell into communication; and one of my inquiries was, whether the drawings were imaginary or authentic. I found my companion a man of taste and of the world; he had seen a good deal of that perilous service to which Napoleon compelled the Italian chivalry. Half-a-dozen orders and as many wounds reminded him and the world that he had done and suffered at Jena, Austerlitz, and Moscow. Returning in command of a division, satisfied with marches and massacres, a little stricken in years, and perfectly saturated with the glory of feathers and aiguillettes, the general had hung up his banner in his

native state, and now enjoyed one of those quiet dependencies on the sovereign, which in the continental courts give the dignity of office without the trouble of responsibility.

I had pounced upon the right man at last. “These drawings,” said he, “the thousand deficiencies of which you have the kindness to overlook, are mine. They were the work of the winter when I returned frost-nipt from the Russian campaign. During six months of rheumatism and all other tortures, I amused myself with making a few sketches founded on all that I could learn of the mystery of the portrait. The mystery, I still call it, for the chief circumstances of the transaction were wrapt in silence, partly from the reigning family’s reluctance to have the matter talked of; partly from the wish of the principal herself that her elevation in society should not be attributed to means hazardous to her fame among the people; and partly from the public disturbances of a time in which the fate of Europe was in the balance, and in every country the great were beginning to dread the inroads of the multitude.”

The drawings were each illustrative of some peculiar period of the story of this singular personage. And as the general took them up successively, he explained their purport, sometimes by simple reference to the events, sometimes by giving it in that species of half dramatic character and improvised dialogue which is an instinctive Italian talent, and which is at once so graphic and so novel to strangers.

The first sketch was a fine broad representation of the principal church of Modena. An altar decorated for high mass stood in the centre. The scene wound away in ranges of clustered pillars, behind one of which a figure was half seen, muffled in a cloak. The porch of the cathedral was filled with the mitred and robed clergy, receiving the Duke.

“This was the crisis of the prince and his people,” said my interpreter. “He had received undoubted information that Illuminatism, then prevalent in Germany, and revolutionary wherever it prevailed, was favoured by a powerful party in the Duchy. His was a gallant, intelligent, and honourable mind, and it is the serious fault of such minds oftener to despise obscure danger than to guard against it. He had, too, an additional obstacle, in his being somewhat of an Illumine himself. Ardent, certainly, in most things, remarkably fond of the secrets of science, and perhaps, too, visionary in the pursuit of its imaginations, his was not the temper for times that dealt so much in the realities of rebellion. I knew him intimately, and once ventured to hint that, if he had lived in the age of the alchemists, he would have spent his days and nights in hunting for the philosopher’s stone. ‘And what nobler employment of days and nights could there be?’ was his answer, ‘what higher honour than that of mastering the powers of nature, to become the wonder of the living generation, and the benefactor of all that are to follow!’ I was, of course, silent thenceforth. But the mystery, which in the hands of Schœffer, and perhaps even of Weishaupt, was a harmless juggle, became a different and rather darker business when it fell into the hands of our Italian propagandists. Our national vanity perpetually reminds us that, as we tread the soil of empire, we are the natural inheritors of the universal sceptre. Our national ignorance forgets that we are northern barbarians.”

Against this sweeping sentence I protested, and pronounced a sort of palliative, from the known character of Italian genius. But the general had made up his mind.

"You speak with the generosity of your great country," said he. "But rely upon it, that the true test of national greatness is the facility of winning and wearing freedom. Let truth be told in all things. Tartar robbers, Greek runaways, Norman savages, a mixture of all strange populations—filtered through some slight strainers of traditional taste, a lovely climate, and the influence of classic memorials in every hill, valley, city, and shore—those were our parentage, and we keep the likeness in every feature, soul, and body, at this moment. But to the portfolio."

He pointed out the figure of the assassin. "There," said he, "was one of our political regenerators. On this day, he had been placed in the church for the express purpose of murder. The Prince had just reached his seat, within a few feet of the assassin, when a form, dressed as a Dominican friar, passed him hastily, muttering some words, of which he could distinguish nothing in the general hum of the crowd but 'Beware!' This warning was not enough to retard a man of courage from sitting down when he was tired. The Prince advanced to his seat, and remained there during the ceremony. At its close, a sudden tumult behind him was followed by a mortal cry, and the Count Santa Valle, one of the officers of his staff, fell dying at his feet. Of course the tumult was prodigious. Conjectures were as numerous as they were idle; until the Count recovered his speech sufficiently to say that, in the act of throwing himself forward to save the Prince from a dagger which he saw drawn against him, he had received the deadly blow. Of the giver of the blow he could tell nothing, but from the fragment of a Dominican's cowl, which he tore off as he fell. The wound was truly described: it was deadly. The Count expired that night. Large rewards were offered for the discovery of the murderer. All the Dominican convents were searched, through a circuit of miles, and all in vain; the only approach to discovery was made about ten days afterwards, when a dagger, wrapped in a paper, was thrown into the balcony of the Duke's bedchamber. The paper contained these words: 'You seek for the hand that put Santa Valle to death. You seek in the Dominican convents. Seek in your own palace! He died justly. He died by this hand, and by this dagger.' The letter and the dagger were alike inscribed, 'Carmolini.'"

The next subject was a beautiful sketch of the palace gardens. They were prepared for a magnificent fete. Orchestras with coloured lights, and the profuse ornaments of the Italian pageants, were seen planted at various distances through the arbors. Fireworks were throwing rainbow lights on the flower-beds, the statues, and the fountains. In the remoter view, the palace was in its full pomp, brilliantly illuminated, and exhibiting, in the rich perspective of its marble and gilded saloons, a crowd of the native nobles, promenading, banqueting, and dancing. Two leading figures near the eye, were a female and a gallant masquer, in the dress of a minstrel; his lute evidently just dropped on the ground, and his hand pointing to a pair of prancing horses in the shade of the grove. His gesture was one of the most ardent entreaty, and the expression of his countenance, from which the mask had

fallen off, that of the most glowing passion. The lady's glance at the palace was much more that of fear of being followed, than of reluctance to fly; and it might be easily conjectured that the gentle violence of the lover was fully seconded by the inclinations of the fair one.

"This," said the general, "depicts one of the most singular circumstances of the Prince's history, and one of which I happened to be an eye-witness. The marriages of sovereigns are, as we all know, seldom matters of the heart. The politics of the Duchy had long pointed to an alliance with the house of Savoy. Amadeus was powerful, rich, and held the keys of the Alps in his hand. The Modenese, exposed on one side to Austria, and on the other to France, required a native protector. The negotiation began, was speedily brought to a conclusion, and the Princess, a showy, but stern-looking figure, was received with due honours by the Court. Still all was not well. While the preparations were making for the nuptials, rumours were heard that neither party much cared if the other had gone on a voyage to the antipodes. It was even said, that the Duke had some uneasy recollections of a former flame, and that the Princess had made a still more distinct discovery of the state of her feelings, since her arrival. But matters of this kind must not be suffered to disturb marriages of state, and the preparatives were only urged on the faster. The bridal day at length came. All was pomp and gaiety. I was then a page in the Ducal service. Proud of my first aiguillettes and sword, I was just in the frame to look upon all the world with delight. Yet, even at the magnificent table to which the Prince led his future bride, I could see that all was not rapture. The open countenance of the Duke was clouded; the handsome, yet rather Juno-like features of the Princess were almost cold. But those are no miracles within palace walls. All went on undisturbed, and the marriage was to be solemnized by the Papal nuncio at night. It was preceded by a masked ball. All the noble birth of the Duchy, with many of the Piedmontese visitors, made it brilliant.

"After dancing till I was weary even of the brilliancy, I strolled into the garden, as now, to breathe a little longer. There, lounging on one of the seats, and half sinking into sleep from the drowsy sweetness of everything round me, I heard a voice of such remarkable elegance, accompanied by some instrument touched with equal taste, that I at first conceived it to be one of those fairy performances which haunt dreams. But a rustling through the branches behind me soon proved that I was still in the waking world; and I heard, what was to me, in those days, a novelty, a regular declaration of love. Doubtful whether I ought to listen, I left the spot, and soon after saw, rushing from the shade, a female, evidently in great disturbance, and as evidently glittering with jewels, though wrapped in a large cloak; she was followed by the minstrel, who, whether her perturbation were fear or love, contrived, after some further entreaty, to lead her where the horses stood, to induce her to mount one, and then to fly at full speed, over hill and dale, in the old romantic style. It was not within my province to interfere, and, even if it had, all passed so rapidly, and I was in such a mood of fancy, that I half regarded it as only a more pleasing scene of a drama. I was soon roused to a more active use of my senses

by the general tumult, which rolled on me from the palace. The Princess was no where to be found. She had retired from the dance to change her dress for the ceremony. From that moment no eye had seen her, unless it were mine. She had vanished. But by what means, through the doors of a palace, crowded with attendants, guests, and guards, baffled all conjecture.

"Within a week this wonder became more wonderful by a despatch from the Court of Savoy, announcing that the Princess had arrived, and to this intelligence adding the implacable indignation of the Court of Turin. The perplexity of the whole affair was certainly beyond mortal brains to fathom. The only fact of which there could be no doubt was, that the Princess had decamped with a lover, and that the Duke had lost a bride. The Turinese version of the story was, that the Duke, bent upon breaking off the negotiation, had actually involved the Princess in an *affaire* of which, harmless as it was, he had taken advantage to drive her away. The Modenese version was, that the Princess, having had a lover before she set foot in Modena, and determining to elope with him to some remote corner of the Continent, had assented to the match, merely with the idea of gaining her object and eloping with impunity. Decision, among those conflicting authorities, was impossible. The sentimental complained, the politicians predicted a war, the people laughed, and the Duke sat in full council three days, and despatched letters to all the courts of Italy, exculpating his conduct. At the end of another week, all was more perplexed still. A letter was thrown into the Duke's chamber, as the dagger had been, to the following purport: 'The Princess of Savoy has found a lover and not a lover, has fled with a husband and not a husband, is a wife and not a wife. She will never return to Modena: signed by me, Carmolina.'

"Nothing could exceed the Prince's surprise but his indignation. The next intelligence that came from Turin was, that the Princess had retired into a convent. This put an end to the threat of hostilities. But who was the lover who had lured an ambitious woman from a throne and rivalled a Duke? Carmolini. And who, in all the names of wonder, was Carmolini?"

The third sketch was a Casino, showily fitted up, and yet with the look of a place which had been suddenly adapted for concealment. The gilded door was shut with a large iron bar. The silken curtain of the central window showed behind its crimson draperies a rude shutter, which seemed to have been placed, on the spur of the moment, to exclude all external eyes. On a table of the most superb mosaic a solitary lamp was burning, while four or five glittering candelabra stood lightless in various corners of the apartment. The figures which tenanted the singular place were equally characteristic. They were evidently Italians, and of the highest ranks of Italy; yet they were wrapped in rough cloaks, more suited for mariners or banditti; large hats were slouched over their foreheads; and on the table lay, mingled with papers, two or three pistols and daggers, as if prepared either for combat or against a surprise. They were rising in evident alarm, and all eyes were anxiously turned on a figure fantastically equipped, which was advancing from the door of a recess in the remoter part of the

room; where a strong gleam of the moon within showed that it was night.

"The scene," said the general, "is partly true, and partly fanciful. The Casino exists, and I have sketched the room from reality: the group existed too. But I must acknowledge, that I was not admitted to the honours of a sitting. This was a memorable night, for on it depended the fate of Modena. If those men had succeeded in their object, rapine and republicanism, and they are seldom far asunder, would have been masters of the state. A conspiracy of discontented nobles had long been formed in connexion with France. They were all Illumines, and had adopted the extraordinary notions of the German impostors on all matters of politics and religion; in fact, the pistol and the dagger were to settle the difficulty on all subjects, and Modena was to be the perfection of that theory, in which every virtue under heaven is to be obtained by a comprehensive cutting of throats and purses. Several of the officers of the palace who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the people had been led to join their party. But the death of Count Santa Valle had awoke them to a particular sense of their peril. But he had been deep in their designs. His intimate connexion with the Prince gave them access to all the private movements of the palace, and on the very day in which he fell, he was to have led them to the Duke's apartment, and put his life into their hands. His unaccountable death checked the conspiracy for the time. But his possession of some of their principal papers, on the other hand, again urged them to anticipate seizure by striking the blow. Execution was to be done on the evening of the Prince's bridal. The Duke was to be seized, and put to death without noise; the Princess, to prevent the hostility of the Court of Turin, was to be placed on the throne; while a council of state, formed for the conspirators, was to hold the actual government.

"The plan was capitally conceived, and nothing was wanting but the performance. As the night advanced, the whole party were in arms, in the various characters of the masquerade. The Prince was closely watched; and in five minutes more he would have been either thrown into one of the wells of the gardens, where no one would have dreamed of looking for him, or spirited away to the coast, and there sent to finish his career where no eye could follow. Suicide, lunacy, or any other pretext, would account for his disappearance, where contradiction was out of the question. And, in the mean time, the possession of power would quickly make men scrupulous of being sceptical upon the subject.

"That plan, too, failed. The sudden flight of the Princess, the instant breaking up of the masquerade, and, still more, the appearance of the Duke at the head of the palace-guard setting off to scour the country for the fugitives, put a summary end to the project for the hour.

"On this night it was to be renewed. Despatches from the various affiliated provinces of the peninsula had been received, reproaching the Modenese with tardiness, and insisting that they should instantly proceed to action. Measures had been diligently taken to ensure success. The palace was again to be the first object. A thousand banditti, disguised as peasants, were to be at the gates of the city by midnight. The guard were to be attacked, and, when all resist-

ance in the city was at an end, the palace was to be entered, set on fire, and the new constitution of Italian liberty and eternal republics proclaimed.

"The tolling of the bell at midnight from the monastery of the Santa Croce was to be the signal. All promised success. The conspirators had assembled in force. An officer of the palace had just reported that the Duke was about to retire to rest; that the guards had been set for the night; and that, from the particular care used in selecting them, all were sworn friends of the cause. The only point still incomplete was the arrival of the banditti, whose delay had begun to make some of the boldest hearts of the party palpitate rather anxiously. It was at length resolved to send one of the leaders, Count Salvandi, to expedite this essential movement.

"The Count, however, had scarcely reached the door, when, from the recess, which had probably been unknown to them all, the captain of the banditti abruptly made his appearance. He wore the dress of a Slavonian gipsy, and seemed advanced in life, and singularly repulsive in his aspect. The whole assembly rose in surprise, and swords and daggers were laid hold of. But the gipsy advanced fearlessly towards them, and glancing at their preparations, asked them, with a contemptuous laugh, 'of what they were afraid.' The words and the tone were equally new to the haughty nobles, and the word 'Afraid!' was repeated on all sides in the most varied sounds of scorn.

"But the Zingaro was not to be thus baffled of his rough jest. 'Afraid!' said he; 'yes, and afraid of me! Ha ha!—Gallant conspirators you are!—fine uprooters of governments!—showy rebels, if you tremble before a single Zingaro!'

"The general indignation now grew so strong that pistols were cocked, and many a brace of balls was ready to be sent through his brains, to teach manners to this fierce ally. But the Count Salvandi pointed out, in a few rapid words, the hazard to the cause, in the extinction of one of its essential aids: and the pistols were restored to the folds of the cloaks from which they came.

"The bandit looked on at this operation, with folded arms and a glance of the most arrogant defiance from under a pair of barbaric brows. When all was quiet, he burst out once more into a loud laugh. 'Ha ha! Cavaliers,' he exclaimed, 'waste none of your powder on me. You will soon have enough to do with it—fighting for your own lives, or saving yourselves from the scaffold, by adding lead to lead in your skulls already.'

"All gazed on the speaker with astonishment. His insolence was so utterly unexpected and inconceivable, that for the time the whole circle seemed paralyzed.

"At this moment, the bell of the Santa Croce began to toll midnight, and the signal recalled the angry assembly to a sense of their situation. 'Cavaliers,' said Salvandi, 'the captain has a hasty tongue. But we must make allowance for friends. Matters may have chafed him on his way. The grand question to-night is, how we are to compass the public liberty. We may talk of etiquette to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow!' murmured the bandit, in a voice that sounded like a voice from the sepulchre.

"'Ay, to-morrow,' added Salvandi, appearing de-

termined to disregard all interruption. 'But now the time is short.'

"'Ay the time is short!' murmured the bandit with the same hollowness of tone.

"'And, therefore, gentlemen,' pursued the anxious Count, 'our first inquiry is, how many men the captain brings with him.'

"'A thousand,' quickly exclaimed the Zingaro: 'are they not the number! Enough to carry a Duke to his grave—or a roomful of traitors to the scaffold!'

"The indignation now grew boundless. Cries of 'Treason!—seize him! down with him!' rose on all sides. The Zingaro stood, with his arms folded, his hat stricken down deeper on his brow, and his whole attitude expressing secure defiance.

"'Traitor!' he at length said. 'Fools, have you had the sense to ask me for any proof that I was not the thing you call me! Here! and, if your eyes are not blinded by terror, see my credentials.'

"He took a succession of papers from his bosom, and threw them one by one on the floor. 'Here is the count Salvandi's own letter to the committee of Pavia. Here is the answer. Here is the compact signed by the Secret Council of Florence. Here is the despatch of the Liberatori of Parma. Here twenty others. And now that you have shown yourselves fools, I wait only till you show yourselves poltroons!'

"The circle shrank from around him, as a madman. But one, more wily than the rest, had stolen behind with a dagger. The band was already raised, to put an end to this arrogant defier of nobility, when the Zingaro, coolly turning round, drew his hand from his cloak, and fired a pistol full in the face of his intended assassin. The ball took full effect, and he fell writhing on the ground. 'Zerobin Arcaldi,' said the Zingaro, as he gazed on his hideous contortions, 'thou diest, and diest justly! Living a villain, thou meetest a villain's end!—He is gone!'

"The Zingaro then turned to the conspirators, who all stood awed by this sudden act of vengeance. 'Cavaliers,' said he, 'I promised you a thousand men. I can bring you ten times the number. But business must be done like men of the world. What is to be my recompence? As he spoke the words, he looked round the circle, who, bold as they were, were hushed into silence. 'I repeat my question,' said the Zingaro, in a still more authoritative voice. 'Count Salvandi, I demand it of you, as the head of this desperate treason.' The emphatic manner in which he pronounced the last word threw even the frigid ferocity of the chief off its guard.

"'Bandit,' was the angry answer, 'you shall have your hire—the thousand zechins for yourself, the thousand for your followers.'

"The Zingaro's face assumed a still more contemptuous expression. 'So, Signori,' he exclaimed, 'this, then, is your justice. Two thousand zechins! about half what any one of you would throw away on the canzone of a singer; not the tenth part of your opera-dancers' establishment; nor the hundredth part of what every man of you has long since flung away at the hazard-table. *Mille Diavoli!* is this all!' He stamped his iron sandal on the ground. 'Now, hear me, my fellow-conspirators. Hear me, my brethren in iniquity. This is not an affair of gold or jewels, it is an affair of men's lives. This hour settles the point, whether you shall gain all you desire, or whether you

shall be in the hands of the Duke's guards, to be by them transmitted to the public executioner. And this depends on me, and yet to me you talk of a thousand zechins, and bargain like a beggarly merchant. Now hear me. I demand a hundred thousand; on the spot, too; you may not live to pay me to-morrow. I demand the last coin on your persons; I demand every man's credit on his banker. Make it up as you will, the money must be paid down this moment, or you must be undone.'

"Never were consternation and rage stronger in the countenances of men. They with one voice refused. 'Remember,' was the Zingaro's single answer to wrath and remonstrance alike, 'it is the price of your lives.'

"At length, Salvandi, taking some of them aside, appeased the tumult. The means by which this was accomplished transpired in the whisper: 'Pay him, and—poniard him.' The Zingaro gave no sign of its having reached his ear, but by a haughty smile and his ordering the circle, instead of putting their purses into his hand, to throw them in a heap on the table. The money was then counted out; the conspirators had made unusually large preparation, from the necessities to which the night of enterprise might expose them. The sum amounted to thirty thousand zechins. The remainder was made up, after much cavilling, by orders on the bankers of Modena.

"Now," said Salvandi, 'captain, your part of the business begins. We must delay no longer. Our friends in the palace will be impatient.' He took out a plan of the city. 'Here,' said he, pointing to one of the avenues to the gardens, 'your men, to the number of at least a hundred and fifty, will move in all possible silence, and wait till a rocket is thrown up from the roof of the Count Palliagini's hotel. Three hundred more will seize the grand gate of the palace. A hundred, with faggots and torches ready for lighting, will follow at the distance of fifty yards in their rear, waiting until the palace is in complete possession, and the Duke seized or put to death. The conflagration then will—'

"Hold," said the Zingaro, sternly, and placing his hand upon the plan as it lay on the table. 'We must have some more words on the subject. My money was to be earned by attacking the guards at the gates. But, cavaliers, you have added to the task, and you must in conscience pay in proportion. We, who live by the sword, cannot afford to lower our terms.'

"A general cry of surprise again rose from the irritated nobles. But the firm gesture of the bandit never changed. 'Fools,' said he, 'leave these matters to men who understand them. Do you think I want more of your money? Make yourselves easy on that point. But, here is a prince to be murdered, a palace set on fire, a whole city to be attacked, robbed, and butchered: in fact, a complete revolution to be effected. Now, in common honesty, do you think any man can afford to be a patriot on such beggarly terms? One hundred thousand zechins! Why, they would not pay for a month's cigars of my troop.—Silence,' said he, observing an attempt to rush upon him. 'The first man, the first ten men, who raise a sword's point against me, die by this hand! Ask the Count Zerobin, there—if he will condescend to answer such a troop of opera-dancers!'

"A universal gnashing of teeth, and darting of

fiery glances round him, showed how the title stung. 'The night wears,' said Salvandi, furiously.

"What monk have we got among us?" cried Count Patrizio, a tall and broad-built Hercules, who evidently longed to crush the taunter.

"A spy!" exclaimed the Marchese Morini, the proudest noble of the state.

"Conspirators," said the Zingaro, 'listen to me. I may be stabbed. No man can resist numbers. But this I tell you, that if I do not return to my men within one quarter of an hour after midnight, I have given them strict orders, instead of moving on the palazzo, to surround this house, and send their daggers into the bosom of every man they find here. It wants but five minutes to the time. So, you see, all violence would be only to prepare a sudden death for you to night, and a gibbet for your bones to-morrow.'

"Your terms, your terms, then!" was the general outcry. And, 'May the blackest of the fiends take the hour when we had any thing to do with you!' was the half-muttered malediction of the indignant Salvandi.

"My terms, then," said the Zingaro, with a calmness which strongly contrasted with the feverish looks and nervous gestures of the impatient crowd, 'are these. My noble friends, of course, you cannot suppose that, after having led the way in achieving the deliverance of the country. I intend to retire into the mountains again. By no means. I mean to settle among you. Let others desert the commonwealth. I honour liberty too much not to enjoy, like other patriots, what I get by it. But, to settle without house or lands, wife or equipage, is out of the question.' Turning to the herculean Count, who stood open-mouthed listening to him, 'You, Count Patrizio, have a handsome sister. She must be my wife. I shall take her with double the dowery that falls to her by inheritance.' The Hercules was so astonished that he could only clench his hands, and try to utter an oath of scorn.

"You, Marchese Morini," said the Zingaro, turning carelessly from the thunder-struck clown, 'have the Casino della Rosa, on the top of the prettiest rising ground within view from the city. It is small for my household, but it will answer the purpose for the present. The Casino you must make over to me. But an unfurnished Casino would, of course, be worth nothing to a man of taste. You, Duca de Testa Grande,' said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of a little, stiff noble, who darted from him at the touch, as if it had been the fang of a serpent, 'you must supply that deficiency. Your picture-gallery is able to spare quite as many *chefs d'œuvre* as are necessary to line the walls of the Casino. You must give me an order on the spot to the custode of your collection. I shall not require more than fifty.'

"The Duca was, like his brethren, dumb with absolute wonder. But the Barone Jeronimo Caraffa, notorious as a successful gamester, and, as such, accustomed to scenes of bold extortion, roared with laughter, and bade the bandit ask for the Duca's famous Hungarian stud, which he had just purchased of one of the Archdukes, the Viceroy of Milan.

"Signor Barone," said the Zingaro, fixing a gaze of supreme scorn on him, 'one can ask nothing from a bravo but his dagger, or from a sharper but his loaded dice. I have no use for either, therefore I have demanded nothing from you.'

"The Barone's hand was instantly thrust into his pocket, where a pistol was heard cocking. The Zingaro's quick ear caught the sound. He was unmoved. 'Keep that folly for children,' said he, with a sudden spurn of the heel, which, striking the pistol, made it go off, setting the Barone's embroidered skirts on fire, and sending the ball through his foot into the floor. All this was transacted with such rapidity, that interruption could scarcely be offered. There was something, too, of a fierce humour, a lofty impudence, mingled with the scene, that, big as it was with the general fate, caught the native taste of the Italian for extravagance of all kinds.

"At length, Salvandi, laying his watch glittering with diamonds on the table, said, with a sneer, 'Signor Capitano, you have yet asked nothing from me. I suppose I must pay my share to the profession of the road, like the rest. It now wants just two minutes of the quarter. The watch is at your service.'

"'Signor,' was the cool reply, 'that watch may serve you still. It is convenient to count the hours between arrest and execution. Hush! no threatening looks for me. Cavaliers, do you severally accede to my reasonable requests?'

"The ill-suppressed wrath of all now rose into rage. They argued, reviled, swore. Still the demand was reiterated under threat of giving up the whole plot to the Duke. At length, Salvandi, by remonstrating with them on the folly of refusing personal sacrifices, when a few hours might place them in unlimited power, partly persuaded, partly forced, them to comply. With bitter indignation they severally signed their names to the donations required by the imperious Zingaro. When all was complete, putting the papers in the breast of his robe, he said to Salvandi: 'Count, I have yet made no demand on you. But, to show you that this was not out of any disrespect to the chief of this gallant band, I only require that you give me, on the spot, the list in your possession of the names of all who have joined you in this city, of your associates in the provinces, and of the arms and other munitions of war provided for the breaking out of the general insurrection.'

"Salvandi himself was now wild with fury. He sprang backward, and gazed upon the Zingaro, as the tiger glares before he falls on his victim. 'Villain! traitor! spy! who and what are you?' were the only words that he could utter. They were echoed round the room.

"'Carmolini!' was the answer. The name was well known and terrible.

"'Crush him, stab him, trample him! he must not escape alive!' were the universal yell. The Zingaro made a single step to the wall, and drew out a pistol. 'Remember,' said he, 'if Carmolini dies, he dies not unrevenged.'

"'Shoot him! poniard him!' was again the cry. The uproar grew wilder and wilder still. The whole crowd rushed on the solitary bandit. In this extremity, he gave a glance round, and fired the pistol; yet not in the face of the conspirators, but at what seemed the solid wall. At the moment, a smoke arose; a low, hissing noise was heard; the ground shook under their feet; and, with a burst of flame, the wall rent, heaved, and fell in huge fragments into the garden of the mansion. When the smoke had partially cleared away, and the conspirators could recover their senses, they

saw above them the moon and the sky; but before them, a regiment of the Duke's guards drawn up, who, rushing into the room, seized and disarmed them one by one, before either escape or resistance could be attempted. All were conveyed to the dungeon. What became of the Zingaro was unknown. Whether he fell by the point of some dagger in the tumult, was blown up by the explosion, or went downwards, to that place where Italian imagination sends everything of which it happens to disapprove, seems to have furnished an unwearied topic for the idle and ingenious of the classic peninsula."

Half a dozen sketches, chiefly incomplete, and varying in all shapes and shades of time and place, still lay between the General and myself. "These," said he, "are the records of some very curious circumstances at that troubled period. But, that we, too, may not be taken for conspirators, at least against the hospitalities of the palazzo, I shall spare you them all but this—it is the last."

The sketch exhibited a saloon fitted up in the most exquisite style of Italian luxury; busts, pictures, antiques, embroidered draperies, a superb harp; an organ, of which the fabric seemed entirely gold and ivory; guitars and lutes richly inlaid; in short, all the magic of wealth, lavishing all its powers on the equipment of this more than princely saloon. At the remotest end, a broad purple curtain hung.

"What see you there?" said the General.

"The bower of Alcina," said I, "or the boudoir of a *Déesse de l'Opera*!"

"Why, I must acknowledge," was the reply, with a grave smile, "that pirouettes and coupés are sometimes paid rather high, and that many a fieldmarshal might envy the exchequer of a prosperous *Ballerina*. But for once you have been deceived. This was the cavern of a sibyl, the den of a modern witch of Endor; the cell of a sorceress of the eighteenth century—no solemn, seowling, subterranean hovel, as magic used to demand; but such an apartment as a Parisian sou-brette living on the purse of an Italian principality need not be ashamed of. But to explain.

"The detection of the conspiracy had left all Modena in the vapours; and nothing was talked of for a month, but chains, dungeons, and the galleys. Yet even the vapours will grow tiresome, and nothing was ever felt more a relief, than the announcement that 'The most wonderful of all possible wonders, the Signora Scaramanta Escaramanti, was arrived, to take up her abode for a few hours or days in our capital, and lead all the world into all the mysteries of fortune.' The credulous and the idle, of course, flocked to her shrine at once. But, within a short time, even the sceptical began to think that there was something extraordinary in the case. Certainly the Signora was no vulgar charlatan. In the first place, instead of the squalid obscurity in which those people generally make a point of living, she appeared to court publicity, drove on the Corso in a most splendid equipage, lived in a suite of apartments such as you see in this drawing, and lavished her money, however she got it, like a sultana."

"But what," said I, "was her science? She was, I presume a very model of divination—the empress of cups and balls."

"Perfectly astonishing," was the reply. "Like all dealers in the art of settling the fates, she, of course,

pretended to have every body's secret at her mercy, to know everything and every body. But she certainly had some means of knowledge extremely puzzling to those who thought themselves among the wise in court affairs. I am not, I believe, peculiarly disposed to be credulous: but I certainly heard some matters from her which I thought totally unknown to any living being but myself. So much so, that there were actually times when, on returning from her displays, I began to consider whether there might not be some secrets of nature, or even some means of intercourse with things above or beneath the world, which had escaped our philosophers."

"The question is not quite settled yet," I observed. "But, I presume, the enchantress had the candour to take the senses first by surprise, and then bewilder the understanding. The gipsies owe half their power to a pair of black eyes."

"Not exactly," said the old man. "I was once, I suppose, as likely to be fooled by looks and lips as any idler about this land of ours. But her beauty, though I think I never saw its superior, had in it something too much of the preternatural for my taste. It was exquisite, and yet scarcely human. In its moments of softness, it was that of a syren; in its sterner aspects, that of a sorceress. There was a brilliant subtlety about it at one time, and a mysterious wildness at another, that, to me, shook all the down from Cupid's wings."

"At length, the Duke himself was tempted to follow the general course, and see the wonder. I had the honour to be on his staff, and I alone attended him on the occasion. One or two appointments for the purpose had been made, but they were postponed; the Signora being indisposed, or requiring to consult her star, or any one of the hundred reasons which the sex, in all cases, are entitled to have at their mercy. But, after a week, during which all access was denied to the world, and the Signora was completely invisible, she condescended to intimate her pleasure to receive the Prince. We went, were ushered into the saloon, which you see, and there left rather longer than was consistent with etiquette, to think upon the future. But at last, music was heard; the curtain which hangs across the end of the apartment slowly rose, as in the opera; and I prepared for some showy *tour de scène*, with the fair necromancer waving a wand, and calling up her imps in caps and feathers. Quite the contrary. All was haze and confusion at first; but, when the light grew clearer, we saw through an avenue of oaks and chestnuts, a simple landscape, by the rising sun. A cottage was at a distance, and two figures came forward, one wrapped in a horseman's cloak, the other a beautiful girl, hat in hand, and evidently anxious to avoid being seen. It was equally evident that she was solicited by a lover to leave her home with him. The girl resisted, but the solicitation was ardent; and, coming forward, they both knelt on the ground, and pledged their faith to each other in the sight of heaven. The face of the female was turned towards me for a moment, and I had some idea of having seen it before; but it was so soft, so fresh, and so joyous, that I certainly could not task my recollection with having seen it in the city of Modena."

"And what said the Duke to the phantasmagoria?" was my question. "The virtue of silence is perfectly understood among us here," answered my cicerone;

"and his Highness exercised it remarkably on the occasion. He did not utter a syllable. But, if countenance is anything, he certainly did not regard it without interest. And when that beautiful peasant came forward, with that step as light as air, and that lovely face looking like a picture of hope in the first feeling of delight, I thought he gave a start, and even a sigh."

"The scene sank into clouds, and another followed. The sounds of an anthem preceded it. The clouds rose, and behold, the Cathedral. There were the Duke and his guards, the monks, the high mass, the whole ceremony to the life. There, too, was the Dominican, and there fell Santa Valle. That catastrophe must evidently have been transacted in the presence of the personage, perhaps by the hand, that now displayed it with such fearful accuracy. 'What think you of this?' whispered the Duke to me. 'Astonishing!' was my only answer. 'It must be looked to,' said the Prince; 'Santa Valle's murder cannot be passed over. He died in the cause of loyalty.' 'He died in the cause of treason,' was echoed in a voice that seemed to come from under our feet. 'Sorceress,' said the Prince, greatly moved, 'that must be false. But name his assassin, and you shall have a thousand crowns at the instant of his discovery.' 'Now then be it,' said the voice. Before it died away, a small table with pen and paper rose from the floor, and the Prince wrote the order on his treasurer. The table sank suddenly with it. 'Listen,' said the voice. 'Santa Valle had pledged himself to poniard his sovereign. He was the agent of conspirators. His secret was known. He was watched. At the moment when he would have done the deed, vengeance was by his side: he fell. Carmolini's was the hand, and it saved the principality. Take the proof?' A hand descended from above our heads, and dropped down a letter. It was the Count's promise to commit the assassination! 'Is this the work of human powers!' was the Prince's cry, as he perused the fatally convincing document."

"The cloud again filled the scene, and, on its passing away, a view of the palace gardens opened before us. They were exactly as I had seen them on the night of the Prince's disappointed marriage. There, too, was repeated the curious incident which I had happened to witness, the meeting, the entreaty, and, finally, the flight of the Princess and her minstrel adventurer. The Prince looked on with curiosity, but with the natural chagrin of a sovereign who has been jilted and, on his wedding-day, too. But, trying to put the best face on the matter, he said, half-laughingly, 'Well, Sibyl, since I see you deal in love affairs, do me the honour to say who it was that supplanted me!' A light voice replied 'Carmolini.' 'What!' said the Prince, 'is that knave every where? Yet he must have succeeded by treachery.' The voice was heard again, but it had lost its lightness. 'No: he succeeded, to prevent treachery. A false lord was saved from an inconstant bride. A Prince was rescued from a sense of injustice that would have embittered a throne.'—The true chord was evidently struck. I was still ignorant of the cause, but the effect was clear. The Prince asked no more questions of the Sibyl."

"I was now prepared for anything," said the General; "and, if the magician had proposed to show me the regions of the moon, or the centre of the earth, I should have waited the fulfilment in perfect faith. I

still expected some reference to the affair of the conspirators, of which little more had then transpired than that it was an extraordinary display of daring and defiance on the part of one of the assemblage, and that they had been baffled chiefly by that strange individual. I took it for granted that the Signora could give a complete insight into this mysterious transaction, merely from her seeming to have the command of every secret of Europe. The Duke had evidently come to the same conclusion, for I heard him utter the name of Salvandi. Scarcely had the word been thus involuntarily pronounced, when, as if by a spell, the chamber of the meeting was before us. All the details were perfect, as I had seen them on the day of the arrest. We then saw the whole process of the dispute, the purchase, the quarrel, and the discovery, gone through, and with such remarkable distinctness, that I was fully convinced of its being the true version. The Prince's feelings were wrought upon so strongly by the showy gallantry of the Zingaro, that, while the mimic explosion was scarcely cleared away, he repeatedly demanded of the Signora what had become of the captain. 'Had he perished in the explosion, or fallen in the conflict?' 'Neither,' was the answer. 'If he lives, then,' said the Prince, 'and will return to his country, let him be told that his Prince is not insensible to the courage which saved the state from a rebellion. He shall have a commission in my guards.' 'He will never draw sword again,' was the solemn reply. The Prince now urged the matter more strongly: no answer was returned. 'At least, let me know his name,' he asked. A low voice pronounced, 'Carmolini.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Carmolini all, and every where! monk, minstrel, and Zingaro! thrice my preserver! I must see him.'

"It is impossible," was the reply.

"The Prince, unaccustomed to non-compliance of any kind, was indignant at the abruptness of the refusal, and would have issued his commands upon the spot. But I advised gentler counsels, and remarked to him that the necromancer who had done so much could probably do more; at least, to the extent of keeping her secret as long as she wished it. The Prince's nature was manly, and he felt his haste at once. 'True,' said he, 'force is not in our compact. We came here only to see, and we have seen. But money may have its effect. Signora,' said he, addressing the invisible mistress of this extraordinary display, 'name your demand for bringing before me this Carmolini.'

"It is beyond the power of the stars," said the voice. 'He is past away for ever.'

"The Prince's determination seemed to be but the more fixed by this denial. 'Signora,' said he, 'I must not be trifled with; you know my power. We are alone. You have nothing to fear for the bandit, Zingaro, conspirator, or whatever he may be. I give him a free pardon. But he must appear.'

"The Zingaro will never appear on earth again," said the voice.

"The Prince, wound up to the height of feverish interest, eagerly exclaimed, 'Sorceress! if he cannot appear in the body, I command you to summon him in the spirit.'

"The saloon was instantly involved in darkness so total, that I began to have some alarms lest the Prince had been actually betrayed into danger, and lest the

fair magician was an instrument of some new conspiracy. I half drew my sword, and laid hold of the Duke's arm to draw him away. He was immovable. At length, a slight glimmer stole on the darkness. Sounds of a hymn, singularly sweet, but distant, came on the ear. The light increased, and what had seemed shadows shaped themselves into the pillars and arches of a cloister. A tomb was next visible, with a beautiful female figure in marble reclining on it. The letters of an inscription now began to grow clear, and I read aloud the name, Emilia Galotti. The Prince repeated it, with an intensity of gaze, and a remorseful bitterness of tone, that told me, the necromancer had fathomed some of the deepest secrets of his heart. He stood evidently attempting to give his feelings utterance, but without the power to speak. It was now my time to interpose, and, agitated as I, too, was by the scene, I addressed the Signora to forbear a display which so painfully affected the Prince. 'Since it is his will,' said I, 'produce Carmolini, and be done.' But even I was confounded by what followed. The tomb actually opened; and from it moved what, if I had ever dreamed of a shape of the future world, realized all my conceptions. A form, shadowy and solemn, yet apparently as light as air, advanced from the tomb; a gleam of moonlight, from the stained casement of the cloister, threw a pale glory round the vision, and I gazed, I must confess, in awe, though without any painful sense of fear. The phantom approached where we stood motionless. Its veil seemed to dissolve away, and I saw a face strongly resembling that of the lovely girl whom I had observed in the flight from the cottage. 'Carlo Rosalba,' sighed the phantom. 'Emilia Galotti!' exclaimed the Prince; and bounding across the slight enclosure that separated us from the scene, followed the retreating phantom a few headlong steps, and fell insensible. Then I saw the whole phenomenon revealed; the phantom was turned into a living, breathing, lovely woman; weeping, upbraiding herself, rejoicing, forgiving, and happy.

"That night closed the long series of anxieties which had haunted the Duke with a sense of violated faith. Feelings of that order may not occasion much uneasiness in the world in general, but his was an honourable heart, however fettered by the habits of his condition. The story was never suffered to come formally before the country; for the marriage which took place soon after rendered all inquiry a breach of etiquette. But thus much could be ascertained—that the Duke, when under the care of his tutors at the college of Milan, had been captivated by the remarkable beauty of a peasant girl in the vicinity of the college. Known to her but by the assumed name of Rosalba, he had induced her to fly with him to a neighbouring church, where they were married. This transpired. His tutors were in alarm; Signor Rosalba was sent off at night under a guard to Modena; and Signora Galotti in the opposite direction, under a similar guard to a convent. It was said that she soon died there of a pestilential fever, which was making great ravages in the province. All further inquiry was unavailing.

"But woman's love, perseverance, and genius, are not to be easily baffled; and the Signora Emilia wound her way out of her dungeon. Learning the rank of her lover, and loftily determining to make her value

felt before she claimed her rights, she watched over his safety in a time which was beginning to be anxious. Her zeal defied danger; and, under the various characters which she could incomparably assume, she contrived to become acquainted with the most secret proceedings of our revolutionists. The handsomest woman of Italy was transformed by love into the name of terror, Carmolai!

"The picture which you have seen in the cabinet of the palazzo gives a strong likeness of this remarkable being in her more solemn mood. But the pencil was never made to do full justice to woman in her loveliness, and you lose, even in this fine performance, the true witchery of her beauty. Her design was bold; but what is too daring for passion, and, of all passions, that of an Italian! The enterprise was difficult, but when does woman calculate difficulty! But the success was triumphant, and in this world of ours the end is everything. She triumphed, and Semiramis or Caesar could do no more."

A flourish from the orchestra interrupted the narrative. "Midnight," said the General. "The trumpets are announcing the opening of the supper-rooms. No man can live on romance, and we must seize time by the wing, if we are to sup to-night. *Andiamo.*"

CRESCENBINI.

From the Forget-me-not.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND."

When Earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its hue,
And, Paradise, unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew;
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song;
And, ah! that ever hearts could roam,
Could quit for sin that scrapp's throng!

But, there the Spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our vision fall;
And, flowers, that seem with dew-drops wet,
Weep angel-tears for human thrall;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine:
All hearts that ever bowed to love,
First found it by the Flower's sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power—
Language that hath no life in sound—
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The Wanderer gives it Memory's tear,
Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful, as brief.

'Tis not the bloom—though wild or rare—
It is the spirit-power within
Which melts and moves our souls to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For Heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, nor yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel eyes,
With hope and faith still fond!

I will believe a Spirit dwells
Within the flower!—least change of all
That of the passed Immortals tells
The glorious meeds before man's fall!—
Yet, still!—though I may never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine!

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all,

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours:
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requreth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All died in Rainbow-light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys, green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore have they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

THE YOUNG COTTAGERS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

When yellow leaves were falling
From every trembling spray,
I met three cottage children,
One bleak autumnal day.

They'd all day long been roaming,
Among the purple heath;
And plaited many a ferny crown,
And many a harebell wreath.

They'd sung to every merry bird
That gaily flitted by;

And chased, upon his lonely flight,
The year's last butterfly.

They'd drunk the crystal waters
Of many a gushing spring;
And blithely traced, with jocund feet,
The fairies' emerald ring.

To them the bramble yielded
Refreshment by the way,
When they culled its luscious treasure,
And the hawthorn's coral spray.

And, often as they rested
On rustic stile or rail,
They artlessly recounted
Some pretty childish tale.

'Twas pleasant, in my lonely walks,
To meet that loving train;
But now, at morn or eventide,
I look for them in vain.

Stern want has rudely forced them,
With exiled bands, to roam;
To seek, in distant lands, the bread
They could not find at home.

And soon their native England,
And Suffolk's verdant vales,
Will seem like dreamy memories,
Or scenes in fairy tales.

But brighter hopes shall greet them,
Amidst the pathless wild,
Than e'er, on Britian's cultured soil,
For British peasants smiled.

The hands that wove the useless flowers
Are call'd the sheaves to bind;
While golden harvests of their own
The sons of Labour find.

The children's faces brighten
Around the evening blaze,
While industry forgets the toils
Of busy, well spent days.

And when, these toils rewarding,
Broad lands at length they'll claim,
They'll call the new possession
By some familiar name—

The name, beyond all others,
Endeared in grief or mirth,
Of that far distant village
Which gave the exiles birth.

From the Asiatic Magazine.

THE MATE OF THE WILD SWAN.

AFTER the trade with India was thrown open, in the year 1814, a great many small vessels went out, which offered some accommodation for passengers, but of a very inferior kind to that which was to be found on board the great China ships, and other large Indiamen, chartered by the Company. I had always sailed in one of these "floating palaces," as I have heard them called, and did not much relish the notion of going out in anything inferior; but I was over-persuaded to attend upon a lady who had engaged her

passage with Captain Colleton, of the *Wild Swan*, of 350 tons burthen. A gentleman, who sailed in the last ship with me, had recommended me very strongly to Captain Colleton, and he being extremely anxious to procure a steady active female, accustomed to the sea, to wait upon a lady particularly entrusted to his charge, made it so well worth my while to go, that, much against my inclination, I agreed to venture. I would not have undertaken this voyage but for the confidence I placed in the captain, who had the look of a kind-hearted and honest man; and so he was. There was something so open and hearty-like in his countenance, that nobody could be deceived in him; but, though a good seaman, he was unfortunately too easy in his temper, and judged too much of others by himself; at least we found it so afterwards.

Captain Colleton thought it best that the lady and myself should see each other before we went on board ship; and I, therefore, waited upon her in her lodgings in London. She was the wife of a gentleman in Calcutta, and had come to England for her health, which, to judge from her appearance, poor thing, had not been materially benefited. She did not seem to be more than four-and-twenty, with a very delicate look, a complexion transparently fair, but as pale as wax; her features were fine, and her large dark eyes and silken black hair, many must have thought exceedingly beautiful. I was struck at first only by the sickly hue of her skin, and it was not until afterwards that I perceived how very handsome she was. Mrs. Marchmont had two of her husband's maiden sisters with her, two as crabbed women as ever I saw: they were not young, but seemed to wish to be thought so; and their tyranny and bad temper I soon found out had prevented their sister-in-law from reaping any advantage from change of climate. She seemed glad to escape them, even to go on board ship, without much prospect of happiness on her return to India; for Mr. Marchmont was old enough to be her father; and, by all accounts, was an austere, stingy, cross-grained man.

The *Wild Swan* had not very extensive accommodation for passengers; but the cabins, though fewer and smaller than those to which I had been accustomed, were very comfortable. Mrs. Marchmont had engaged the two stern cabins, which opened into the cuddy, because she wished to be quite to herself, and as near as possible to the captain, who occupied one of the awning-cabins on the opposite side of the cuddy; one of them was fitted up for a sleeping-room for her and me, and the other made a very nice little sitting-apartment. We found the ship at Portsmouth, and, the wind being favourable, were down channel and out to sea in a very short time. There were two other female passengers on board, a Mrs. McAlister, who was also going out to rejoin her husband, and a sister many years younger than herself, a Miss Biggs, a fine dashing-looking young woman, quite handsome enough to have some reason to be vain of her beauty. Mr. McAlister was a shopkeeper in Calcutta, and his wife was uneducated, and very vulgar, both in appearance and manners; but the sister had been better brought up,—that is, she had been taught more, and could speak good English, and French too, I believe, and was what is called accomplished, for she played upon the piano, and made all manner of *fal-lal* things in gold paper and

pasteboard. But, with all this, Miss Biggs was not a bit more genteel than Mrs. McAlister; she spoke in a loud and decided tone, and flounced about in a manner very unlike that of a real lady, or one who had been accustomed to the society of well-bred persons. Mrs. Marchmont, who had all the ways and feelings of a gentlewoman, could not be supposed to be much pleased with her fellow-passengers; but she made no remark about them to me, and conducted herself with great politeness to them, inviting them into her cabin, and offering them many little civilities. Mrs. McAlister seemed inclined to be sociable, but her sister held off; she was evidently either jealous or envious of Mrs. Marchmont; she knew that, in Calcutta, they must move in different circles; and she thought, as she had the protection of her sister on board ship, she might keep Mrs. Marchmont from interfering in her plans, by maintaining a very distant civility; for it was not likely that one lady would come much upon deck, or into the cuddy, if she found the other female passengers averse to any intimacy. We had a gentleman on board, whom Miss Biggs thought quite worthy of conquest, showing, from the first, that she was determined to get him; this was a Mr. Luttrell, a civilian, about thirty-two years of age, returning to India after a three years' absence. She no doubt showed her taste in the selection, for I have seldom seen a finer-looking person, or one who was more of the gentleman; he did not, however, make himself more familiar with the party than politeness required, sitting a good deal in his own cabin, or walking about, and playing at chess with the captain. The rest of the passengers consisted of raw young men, very idle, and very foolish, who required to be kept in order by those who knew better, and, it was easy to perceive, would run into all sorts of extravagance when not under control.

We had none of us any reason to be displeased with the captain, for a better kind of man never breathed; he had, however, a strange set of people about him for mates or officers, such as I had never seen before on board the Company's ships, for those had all something of the appearance and dress of gentlemen; while the most that could be said of his officers was, that they were well-behaved men, who looked as if they had served before the mast. The first mate, indeed, formed an exception. I have seen a great many handsome faces, but none so very striking as his; and yet it was not a pleasing kind of beauty either, but one that sometimes made the blood in the veins run cold, for he could give a peculiar look, which seemed more like that of a demon than a man; a dark, ferocious expression, terrifying to behold. He dressed rather fantastically, looking more like such a sailor as one sees in a play, than a real Jack-tar; but that was to show off his figure, for though he sometimes affected the roughness of a thorough-bred seaman, he was vain of his person, and liked to be thought superior to his station, often having a volume of poetry in his hand, and making fine speeches out of plays.

Captain Colleton sat, according to the custom on board India ships, at the middle of the table, with Mrs. Marchmont on his right hand, and Mrs. McAlister on his left. Miss Biggs was placed next her sister, and Hammond, the first mate, took the bottom. Mr. Luttrell had a seat next Mrs. Marchmont, at the

upper end,—the very reason, I do believe, which occasioned Miss Biggs to take so deadly a hatred to my poor mistress; the surgeon was seated at the top, and the second and third mate (for there was only one table for all), and the rest of the passengers, ranged themselves down the other side. This disposition of the party gave Mr. Hammond the opportunity of endeavouring to make himself agreeable to Miss Biggs; but his advances were treated with great disdain by that young lady, who thought of nothing but how she might best captivate Mr. Luttrell, from whom it was a great misery to be so far off. My business did not carry me into the cuddy during meals, but I could see and hear all that was going on, through the Venetian blinds, with which part of our cabins was paneled; and I soon found that Miss Biggs had some very hard work to perform. In the first place, she had to show herself off to as much advantage as she could, without engaging too deeply in conversation with her next neighbour; in the second, she had to keep her sister silent, who often made sad discoveries, without being aware of the secrets she betrayed; and, lastly, there was the constant attempt to attract Mr. Luttrell's attention. This she managed to do by asking him questions, and appealing to him upon all occasions; Mr. Luttrell always answered this too persevering lady as shortly as politeness would allow, for it was the only period in the day in which he could have any conversation with Mrs. Marchmont, a companion much more suited to his taste. In the evening, the ladies walked on the deck, but my mistress never went out of her cabin, unless the captain came to escort her; and then, to be sure, Mr. Luttrell would try to join them as often as he could; for, in spite of all that Miss Biggs could do, he never gave her the least reason to suppose that she would succeed in entangling his affections. She was not very scrupulous respecting the means, coming upon deck in all weathers, and often refusing the assistance of others, throwing herself into his arms at every convenient opportunity, when the rolling of the vessel enabled her to do so, as if by accident. I almost wished that Mr. Luttrell had been more taken with the full-blown beauty of this young lady; but it was of two coarse a character to please a man of his nice ideas; her rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and plump figure, though raising the admiration of the sailors, who thought her quite a divinity, did not suit him, which, as I have said before, I was sorry for, because I feared that he began to admire Mrs. Marchmont rather too much. Not that Mr. Luttrell paid any improper or even particular, attention to my lady, but there was something in his air and manner, when he spoke to or looked at her, which showed that he was deeply interested.—more deeply, I feared, than was good for the happiness of either. He supplied her with books, and was always thinking of something that might amuse her in her cabin, and so prevent her from dwelling too much upon her own distresses. It was, perhaps, unfortunate, that Mrs. Marchmont's history should have been so well known in the ship, for it made people fancy that she might be induced to go wrong. Mr. Luttrell, though well acquainted with all the particulars, would never have mentioned them, I am sure, to her detriment; but Mrs. McAlister told every body how she had been forced to marry one of the worst-

hearted men that ever lived; and that, in all probability, she would not long survive a recurrence of the ill-treatment, which had injured her health so materially before, as to oblige her to go to England. I could have no doubt of the truth of this story, for never did I see any woman so thoroughly wretched as Mrs. Marchmont. She made no complaint,—at least none of her husband,—but seemed always absorbed in the most profound melancholy; and it was heart-rending, at times, to hear her deep-drawn sighs, and to see the tears coursing each other down her pale cheeks. I used to fancy that she revived a little under the soothing influence of Mr. Luttrell's conversation; and that made me fear, poor lady, that she would be the less able to endure the sad contrast which awaited her at Calcutta. Notwithstanding the great propriety of her conduct, there was some little talk in the ship, especially between Mrs. McAlister and the young men, who sneered and jeered together about the "Platonic attachment," I think they called it, of Mr. Luttrell to Mrs. Marchmont. Miss Biggs, at last, seemed to think her case hopeless; so she quite gave up the pursuit, and contented herself with the attentions of the mate, Hammond, who, to all appearance, seemed to be distractedly in love with her.

Though there was a bold, reckless, dare-devil sort of air about this Hammond, which was often almost terrifying, there could be no doubt of his being a good sailor, and a courageous fellow; nor was it at all unlikely that he should succeed with such a person as Miss Biggs, after she had got her other fancy out of her head. Always during a gale of wind he used to be seen on the weather yard-arm, seemingly delighted with the tempest, and enjoying hardships and labours which others would have been very glad to have escaped. I suppose that, when our attention had become directed to him, Miss Biggs saw that he was no common person; for, in a very short time, her devotion to this new flame was so particular, as to bring great scandal upon herself. The captain, I believe, remonstrated more than once, and pointed out the impropriety of her behaviour, but it would not do; and Mrs. McAlister, who never had much control over her sister, lost the little she possessed, by her silly conduct with one of the young cadets, who, for want of something better to do, made a fool both of himself and of her also. Hammond, I observed, had become very distasteful to the captain, who, however, was a quiet man, and desirous to avoid a quarrel at sea: no high words of altercation passed between them, but all the people in the ship could perceive that the captain disapproved exceedingly of the mate's conduct, disliking his intimacy with Miss Biggs, and being, moreover, displeased with his mode of dress, which had become more fanciful every day, and, though setting his own figure off to advantage, making him look more like the captain of a pirate vessel than the mate of a merchantman. He was fond of wearing a pair of short wide breeches, of white linen, very full at the knees, and falling over a pair of scarlet stockings; a scarlet silk waistcoat, richly flowered with gold, and a blue jacket of a peculiar make, which, instead of being round like a sailor's ordinary cut, was pointed in front, and at the back, and adorned with drop buttons; he had a sort of shawl or sash round his waist, and a small cap of gold brocade stuck

on one side of his head. This, he said, was the uniform which he had worn in some South American service; but most people believed that it was a fashion of his own, adopted for the purpose of making himself more conspicuous. I overheard a whisper, that the captain intended to put into the Cape, for the purpose of getting rid of Hammond; and I was not sorry that we were likely to lose him, for there was a bold audacious look about the fellow, which was different from the manliness of an honest sailor, and made one think of the stories one has read of about atrocities committed on the high seas.

We were drawing near to the Cape, and the weather was fine, though somewhat boisterous; the ship lay a good deal over on one side, and the captain, always attentive to the navigation of the vessel, was now more upon deck than usual. I thought I had heard his voice one evening, during the dog-watch, when it was blowing very hard, and, just afterwards, a heavy roll of the ship wrenched out the stanchion on which Mrs. Marchmont was leaning, and she fell with great violence to the ground. I raised her in my arms, and, placing her on the couch, went in search of the captain, who was always our resource in any emergency. On going to the poop-ladder, I met Hammond coming down. "What do you want here?" he asked, with an expression of countenance which made me tremble from head to foot. Not choosing, however, to appear daunted, I replied, that I was seeking for the captain. "He is below," returned the mate; and again there came such a dreadful shadow over him, that I shuddered to my very heart. I went back, however, to the cabin, which, with the assistance of the carpenter, was soon put to rights. The gentlemen of the ship generally assembled in the cuddy, about nine o'clock, to take a glass of grog, before parting for the night, and the usual party came in, with the exception of Captain Colleton. Scarcely knowing why, I felt uneasy at his absence; he was accustomed to visit Mrs. Marchmont's cabin, to ask her if she would like anything for supper, or a glass of wine-and-water, especially if she had not eaten a morsel during the day, which had been the case upon this occasion; and as the vessel was going on steadily before the wind, there seemed to be no cause for his departure from his usual custom. After a little time, the gentlemen began to inquire the reason that Captain Colleton did not join them; the cuddy-servants were asked if they knew the cause of his absence. Nobody could tell; it was supposed that he was asleep in his cabin; at last, the officer of the watch went in to make a report, and then it became rumoured through the ship, that the captain was missing. A general search immediately took place, but without success; he had been last seen standing in the main chains, and it was conjectured, that when the ship gave that heavy lurch, he had gone overboard. Overboard he certainly had gone, but I suspected that a human arm had sent him there: the expression of Hammond's countenance recurred to my mind, and I turned sick, and fainted. When I came to myself again, and had leisure for reflection, I was afraid to mention my suspicions, since they rested upon such slight evidence, and might have been imputed to malice against Hammond, to whom it was well known I owed no good-will. All the rest of the people in the vessel seemed to attribute the affair to accident, and though distressed at the idea of

being under the command of a man whom very few liked, did not go the length of supposing that he had committed murder to attain the object of his ambition.

For a few days, things went on smoothly enough; Mrs. Marchmont kept her cabin, and Hammond, taking the captain's place at table, placed Miss Biggs beside him. The lovers (for so I suppose they must be called) threw off all disguise now that Captain Colleton's eyes were no longer upon them, and conducted themselves in a very absurd and improper manner: it was reported that they were to be married the moment they got ashore, but Hammond, saying that he saw no reason to alter the vessel's course, did not put in at the Cape,—a circumstance which threw a damp upon many of the ship's company, as well as Mr. Luttrell and Mrs. Marchmont, who were by no means pleased with the idea of sailing under a man who, for aught they knew, might turn pirate before the end of the voyage. I believe that several of the sailors entertained this opinion, and I was glad to see a determination upon their part to resist any attempt to make them accomplices in so nefarious a project. The mates, rough and uneducated as they were, appeared to be honest men, and kept a sharp look-out upon Hammond; so that, all things considered, we began to hope that, though we might not have a comfortable voyage, it would be a safe one; and that, although she was acting a very imprudent part, the conduct of Miss Biggs towards her admirer would prevent him from thinking of anything else. Since the death of Captain Colleton, Mr. Luttrell and Mrs. Marchmont had only spoken a few words to each other through the blinds which divided her cabin from the cuddy; she had refused to admit any male visitor, even Hammond, and therefore could not receive him. The ladies kept away; they had, I suppose, the grace to be ashamed of their conduct, and at all times could receive little gratification from the society of a woman so superior to themselves. Notwithstanding his devotion to Miss Biggs, however, Hammond showed an evident desire to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Marchmont; he wrote her long rigmareole letters, expressive of respect, and a desire to become her guardian in the room of Captain Colleton, and was quite fulsome in his attentions, sending something or other into her cabin every hour of the day. These overtures were met with cold civility, for my mistress would neither leave her cabin, or consent to admit a gentleman into it. She felt the extreme delicacy of her situation, and conjured me never to quit her for a single instant, since she had now nobody but myself to vouch for the correctness of her conduct. I, of course, promised all that she desired, and I kept my word, never stirring beyond the cabin, notwithstanding the desire which I sometimes felt to learn what was going on, from the gossips of the steward's pantry, where everything that happens in the ship is talked over. When Hammond found that fair means were of little use, he had recourse to other measures. He now wrote threatening letters to Mrs. Marchmont, insisting upon his right, as master of the vessel, to have an audience, as he called it, with any one of the passengers, and insinuating that it would be better for her to comply. He had either got tired of Miss Biggs, or was actuated by some hidden motive in this conduct; but I perceived, from the first,

that he had an eye upon Mrs. Marchmont, and he was just the sort of person to attack any and every woman who came in his way. At length, this bad man seemed determined to throw off all the restraints of decency. He sent an insolent message, commanding me to wait upon him in his cabin. I declined, upon the plea that Mrs. Marchmont required my attendance, and he came raging and swearing to the cuddy, saying that he was insulted, and would show that he held authority over every body in the ship. He soon knocked open the cabin-door, and burst in. Mrs. Marchmont, pale and trembling, clung to me, while Hammond, as if endeavouring to restrain himself, said that he had reason to complain of the encouragement she gave me in my insolence to him, and my disobedience to his orders, and, therefore, he had come to a determination to take me away, as there were other ladies in the vessel who required my services. Mrs. Marchmont replied, with the utmost mildness, that I was engaged to give my attendance exclusively to her, and that I was only doing my duty in refusing to leave the cabin against her command. She spoke, however, to the wind; Hammond seemed resolved to carry his point; he blustered and swore, and concluded by seizing my arm, and endeavouring to drag me from the cabin. Excessively alarmed, I screamed out for assistance, and Mr. Luttrell, who happened to be within hearing, immediately rushed to the spot, and released me from the ruffian's grasp. Hammond instantly struck a blow at him in the face, and was as instantly felled to the ground by my defender. Several of the ship's crew, whom Hammond had gained over to his interests, now came up, and Mr. Luttrell, being unarmed, was, after a severe struggle, secured by these fellows, who pinioned his arms with ropes, which they brought for the purpose. Hammond then directed them to seize me, which they were about to do, but were prevented by the unexpected appearance of the second mate, who had heard the cause of the uproar. He came into the cabin with a firm step, and told Hammond that, although unexpected circumstances had given him the command of the ship, he would be obeyed only so long as he conducted himself with propriety; and that, the moment he offered any insult to Mrs. Marchmont, there was a party in the vessel who would feel themselves justified in disputing his authority. Hammond now seemed to see the necessity of lowering his tone, and condescended to attempt an explanation; he denied that he intended any violence, and complained loudly of Mr. Luttrell's interference. His myrmidons averred, they believed that his life had been endangered by the assault of my champion, and Godwin, the mate, not appearing to wish to carry matters to extremity, suffered Mr. Luttrell to be put under arrest, to abide the charge against him, and contented himself with an assurance to Mrs. Marchmont, that she should be protected at the hazard of his life. We were then left to ourselves, and though nearly frightened out of our senses, only too happy to have escaped so well. It seemed quite certain, that Hammond had indulged the most abominable designs against Mrs. Marchmont; and though she had been saved by the intrepidity of Godwin, the mate, we knew not whether, in the course of the voyage, our enemy would not be able to gain over a stronger party in his favour: that there was nothing too bad for him to commit was now evi-

dent; and if the crew did not remain staunch, it was quite certain we should never reach Bengal.

Hammond told his own story to the passengers, and, as is usual amongst weak-minded persons, he got a good many to come round to his way of thinking: it is astonishing how few people make use of their own senses in forming a judgment, and how liable the greater number are to be led astray by the representations of others, even where they have been witnesses of the facts, and ought to see clearly the true state of the case. The young men on board were not sorry to be released from the control which Captain Colleton exercised over them; Hammond, of course, in order to gain their favour, allowed them greater licence; they were often up, drinking and singing, half the night; and Mrs. McAlister and Miss Biggs, being completely in the power of the wretch who commanded the ship, were obliged to join these parties, and to use their endeavours to keep the young men in good humour, and induce them to take Hammond's part against Mr. Luttrell. That gentleman was still in confinement in his cabin, having a sentry over him day and night. He was given to understand that, if he would send a written apology to the captain, he might be released; but this he would not condescend to do, and he was the less anxious to regain his liberty, as his regard for Mrs. Marchmont would not have permitted him to offer her attentions, which would be certain to be misinterpreted. She was more secure under the protection of Godwin, whose conduct on this occasion was above all praise; he kept a watchful eye over Hammond, and though he did not farther interfere in Mr. Luttrell's behalf, than to tell all the people that, if he brought an action for false imprisonment, he would be certain to gain it, there could be no doubt that he prevented the skipper, as he called himself, from proceeding to extremities. Hammond laughed, or affected to laugh, at everything that was said against him, and, except with regard to Mrs. Marchmont, whom he did not presume to molest, went on in a very daring manner. It was openly said amongst the crew, that he only waited for an opportunity to turn pirate; but Godwin, who generally came once a day to Mrs. Marchmont's cabin, assured her that, if such were his object, he would not succeed in it, for the men generally were too well-disposed, and there were only a few bad characters who would join him in such an enterprise. These representations comforted us a little; but it was a melancholy thing to be obliged to witness the drunken revels which were going on every night. We set up in the adjoining cabin, for it was useless to think of retiring to bed while there was so much riot and confusion. Everything went on badly in the ship; for the servants, of course, were corrupted; the best of them made too free with the liquor, and the others were, generally, either drunk, or in irons for insolence and disobedience. One black fellow never was sober when out of confinement. Heartily tired were we of the voyage, and by no means pleased at the prospect of detention at Madagascar. We knew, however, that Captain Colleton had received instructions to touch at that island, as he expected to dispose of his cargo there, and we were not surprised at Hammond's determination to fulfil the intentions of the owners. Mrs. Marchmont, at first, entertained a hope of getting away in another ship; but the people of the

island were so averse to the French, that they would not allow them to come into the road; and, in fact, ours was the only vessel to be seen at the time, with the exception of country craft. Hammond, of course, went on shore, and so did the young men; he would not permit either Miss Biggs or her sister to leave the ship, and took measures to prevent Mr. Luttrell from doing so. The cargo was taken out, and on the morning of the evening in which we were to sail, several heavy chests, containing dollars (it was said) were brought on board, and deposited in a place of the greatest safety in the ship. Hammond came with them himself, and all the rest of the passengers, but after everything had been properly disposed of, went on shore again alone. Much to our surprise, before his departure, he came to Mrs. Marchmont's cabin, and asked her to accompany him, bringing, at the same, a letter from an English lady, containing an invitation, and offering to take a solemn oath, that no harm should happen to her during her absence. Of course, Mrs. Marchmont refused to leave the vessel with such a companion, and her determination seemed to affect Hammond a good deal, for he stood before her with tears in his eyes, and at last seemed to tear himself away with the greatest reluctance. On passing the cuddy, he was stopped by Miss Biggs, who had often entreated him to take her on shore with him, and now became very importunate in her demand. I can never forget the manner in which the wretch repulsed her; swearing a horrid oath, he threw her from him, and staggering for a few paces, she lost her footing, and fell on the floor. Without waiting to see if she were hurt or not, he dived down the companion-ladder, and soon afterwards re-appearing through the main-hatch, jumped into a boat, and was off. Catamaran, the black servant before-mentioned, who was so much addicted to drinking, had of late been kept pretty sober, through the vigilance of Godwin, who always maintained discipline in the ship in the absence of Hammond. He was lurking near the spirit-room, and saw that the skipper, in his hurry, had locked the door, without perceiving that it was not sufficiently closed. The opportunity of obtaining a good supply of liquor was too tempting to be withstood, and he hastened to avail himself of it. What, however, was his horror, when he perceived a lighted candle stuck in an open barrel of gunpowder, and already burned nearly down to the edge. He fortunately had presence of mind to scoop it out before it could ignite, and he then rushed upon the deck, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf, and reported what he had done to Godwin. The mate instantly went below, and satisfied himself that every means had been taken to blow up the ship, with all on board; nothing could be more certain, than that, had not Catamaran been so providentially bent upon stealing brandy, another five minutes would have terminated our existence. The news circulated instantaneously throughout the vessel, and it is scarcely possible to describe the state of excitement which it produced, and the horror and rage manifested by the sailors, who were at no loss to guess the object of this dreadful scheme. Godwin instantly released Mr. Luttrell from his confinement, and sent him on shore, with the other mate, to apprehend the incendiary, remaining himself on board to maintain order.

Early on the following morning, the boat returned,

but without a prisoner. Hammond, it appeared, had been seen on shore, anxiously watching for the expected catastrophe, but became uneasy when the time had expired in which the explosion ought to have taken place, and getting into a country boat, in which it was supposed that the dollars he had received for the sale of the cargo were secured, went off before the wind. Had the vessel blown up, he would have pocketed the whole sum, without question from the owners or the underwriters, as no one, except himself, could have told how it happened. It appeared now to be evident, that his plans had been formed from the beginning, the murder of the captain being the first act of the dreadful tragedy. If the consternation of the crew was great, when they saw how reckless this man would have sacrificed all their lives, for the sake of enriching himself with his ill-gotten wealth, how much more terrible was that of Miss Biggs! Her situation was truly pitiable; it seemed impossible to say whether she suffered most from anger or remorse; her disgrace also appeared to affect her deeply, and her hatred against its author, when she could no longer blind herself to the fact, that he had made an attempt to save the life of Mrs. Marchmont, while leaving her to her fate, amounted to fury. For some time, we apprehended that she would lay violent hands upon herself; but such violent emotions exhaust themselves, and after raving for a week or more, she became tolerably composed. All those who had abetted Hammond in his misdoings, hung their heads, and, allowing that they were in the wrong, became quite calm and submissive. Godwin would not permit Mrs. McAlister and Miss Biggs to appear in the cuddy, but Mrs. Marchmont visited them in their own cabins, thus returning good for evil, and did all she could to soothe their minds, and bring them to a proper sense of their duty.

Upon crossing the line, we met a vessel straight from Bengal, which exchanged newspapers with us; and from those of Calcutta we learned intelligence of the death of Mr. Marchmont, an event which had occurred previous to the sailing of the *Wild Swan* from England. My lady did not affect to be distressed at this news, yet, at the same time, she forebore from any manifestations of satisfaction, though she must have felt inwardly rejoiced at so great and so unexpected a release. She put on mourning, but did not keep her cabin more than a week after she had become acquainted with the circumstance. She had been so long confined, that air and exercise were necessary for her health; and, after the severe restraint which she had put upon her feelings, it was easy to see how much she was gratified at being able to converse with Mr. Luttrell, without dread of evil tongues. Miss Biggs, always envious, could not conceal her mortification at the prospect opening before her rival; her old love for Mr. Luttrell either had returned, or she had never wholly ceased to regard him; but he was now lost to her for ever; and determined, if possible, to hide her shame, she persuaded one of the young men into a promise of marriage, which, strange to say, he fulfilled when they got on shore. The remainder of the voyage was peaceful and prosperous, though saddened to those who possessed any feeling, by the recollection of the past, and the unhappy fate of Captain Colleton.

When the vessel was searched, as it might be sup-

posed, there were no dollars found in the chests said to contain them. I do not know whether anything certain was ever learned respecting Hammond; some said that he perished at sea; others, that he was hanged at Gibraltar for piracy; and again, I have been told, that he is walking about the streets of New York at this day. He will, however, be sure to meet with his deserts some time or other. I could not persuade myself to return to England in the *Wild Swan*, but stayed with Mrs. Marchmont until after her marriage, and then engaged with a lady who had taken her passage in one of the Company's ships.

THUBBER-NA-SHIE; OR, THE FAIRY WELL.

AMONGST the many old and fanciful superstitions embodied in the traditions of our peasantry, some of the most poetical are those connected with spring wells, which in Ireland have been invested with something of a sacred character ever since the days of Druidical worship. It is in some parts of the country an article of popular belief, that the desecration of a spring by any unworthy use, is invariably followed by some misfortune to the offender; and that the well itself, which is regarded as the source of fruitfulness and prosperity, moves altogether out of the field in which the violation had been committed. I saw a well which was said to have been the subject of such supernatural influences; and many of the circumstances being of a character almost as mystical as the event itself, they appeared to me worthy of being recorded.

In an excursion, some years since, through the southern counties of Ulster, I found myself, at the close of an autumn day, in the midst of the very interesting scenery which lies westward of the little town of Carrickmacross. I was making the best of my way towards this place, after a weary march through the hilly and bridle roads leading from the confines of the county Cavan, when I was struck by the appearance of what had been a respectable mansion, and evidently of recent erection, standing near the road in almost utter ruin. As I approached I observed a countryman leaning against the opposite ditch, and enjoying the luxury of a *dhudheen*, while he contemplated, with extreme complacency, the desolation before him. There was an evil gladness in his eye; and he seemed for some time unconscious of the presence of a stranger; but at length he turned round, and, taking the pipe from his mouth—

"Well now, God forgive me!" he said, "but it's what I'm thinkin', your honour, that there isn't a pleasanter sight in the five counties, than to see the sun shinin' in among them ould walls, and the gossoon there feedin' his bastes on the wild hearth, and never thinkin' there was one in it afore him."

I was a little surprised at the abruptness of this address, but still more at the tone of bitter exultation in which it was spoken. The scene was certainly picturesque enough; the situation was lonely and singularly beautiful; but there was something melancholy in the sight of the yellow harvest, waving under the fruit-trees, and around the roofless walls: while the ruin itself, gleaming in the golden and chequered

light, and the boy lying beside his goats within, afforded an admirable subject either to moralist or painter. It was in the spirit of the former the peasant viewed the scene; for when I expressed my astonishment at a building of such strength having gone so soon to decay,

"Ay," he said, "it's thrue for your honour; but it's stronger walls nor them the heavy curse can crumble! and do you mind that cabin yonder?" he continued, pointing to a comfortable looking farm-house at a little distance; "there was pleasant days and nights, too, there, many's the long year afore a stone o' them unlucky walls was laid; and the hearth in the cabin's warm still; while the house, that never had the poor body's blessin', is gone—to the Devil, in troth, as its masher went afore it."

I had imagined, from the first, an humble romance connected with the history of this ruin. Having now expressed a desire to be informed of the circumstances, the peasant willingly gratified my curiosity, and the reader shall be made acquainted with the substance of his communication.

From the road where we stood, the ground slopes irregularly down, forming one side of a rich and partially wooded valley, the centre of which is occupied by a lake of considerable extent, constituting the principal feature in the landscape. On the eastern side of Lough Fay are the rocks of Dhuhatti, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water; but being thickly covered with a stunted copsewood (the finest fox-cover, by the way, in the entire country) they interfere very little with the quiet and luxuriant beauty, which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the scenery. The prospect is limited on the south by a semicircular range of blue and distant hills, while on the north it stretches away bleak and desolate to the horizon. The sun had ascended but a little way, and the mist was rising from the valley, and disclosing by degrees the cold dark waters of the lake, when an individual wandered forth from the farm-house we have mentioned, his feelings in sad discordance with the stillness of the scene around him. His appearance was slovenly and disordered—his step was faltering, while his inflamed eyes and pallid cheek gave evidence at once of recent and habitual intoxication. Having sauntered for some time from field to field, he observed a young man coming up with a hasty step from the valley, and annoyed, he knew not why, at any intrusion, he sat down under a thick green hedge, and muttering something like an imprecation, buried his face in his hands.

"Good morning, to you, Mr. M'Cartan," said the youth, whose comely and healthful appearance contrasted strongly with the worn and dissipated looks of the other. The latter raised his head—

"Good morning," he replied, and resumed his former position.

"The whate looks well with you, thank God, sir," said the young man, after a few moments' silence.

"It does, Johnny," was the laconic reply.

This was a little too matter-of-fact for Johnny. He seemed embarrassed and annoyed at the repulsive temper of the farmer, and his chagrin was manifest in the tone in which he said,

"Well, Mr. M'Cartan, I'm come to take my lave o' you."

"Well, God be with you, Johnny," said M'Cartan;

"and wherever you go," he added, "you'll have my blessin', and the blessin' o' them that's betther nor me along with you; for, in truth, the sorra one knows you, Johnny, but wishes you well; I'll say that."

The young man returned a brief but sincere acknowledgment; but there was still something he wished to communicate, and which he evidently wanted courage to introduce.

"Mr. M'Cartan," he said at length, by way of bringing the subject round; "it's what I was thinkin' that when I'm out o' this, you'll be wantin' a neighbour to give you a hand, now and then, at reg'latin' the farm;—though, to be sure," he added, a little emphatically, "it's not just as big as what it was—but I thought I'd tell you afore I go; there's Andy Brennan, and whenever you're hard set, or the like, spake to Andy, and the devil a one of him but would walk to the world's end to sarve you."

"Oh, faix, I'm obleeged to him," said the farmer; "he's a civil boy sure enough; and I am obleeged to you, avich, for it's thrue for you, Johnny, now your goin', I'll feel your loss more ways than one; but I was considherin' with myself, maybe Mr. M'Cullough might be a good friend to us yet—for though, to be sure, he got something of a bargain in the well-field beyant, he came honestly by it, and God forbid I'd ever grudge a neighbour his luck."

"Ay," muttered the other, "it was his luck, sure enough—a sorry luck for you, I doubt, Mr. M'Cartan."

It was evident the Farmer did not wish to dwell on this subject—

"Well, but as I was sayin', Johnny, he's a good man M'Cullough, and when he heard tell of your goin', he came to me very friendly entirely, and he told me, 'M'Cartan,' says he, 'I'm not one that talks a dale about what I do, or what I don't do; but I hope,' says he, 'you'll never want help or council while I can sarve you.'"

The young peasant heard this intelligence with evident uneasiness. "Mr. M'Cullough, I b'lieve's a very honest man," he replied, in a cold and doubtful tone; "but do you think, sir," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "that he's as good a hand about a farm as Andy Brennan?"

"I think, Johnny, he's a wiser and a steadier hand. Andy's just as obleegin' a boy as I know, and I have a regard for him beyant all in the town; but then, Johnny, he hasn't the long head of M'Cullough, and it isn't the likes of him can help me in what I have a notion about doin'."

"And what have you a notion about doin', sir!—if I might make so bould as to ax."

"Why, to be sure, you may ax me, for it consarns your own self more nor it consarns me. I have a notion to see and make Derrylavin what it wanst was, and what it will be again, please God."

"Oh, please God," said Johnny; for though he failed not to observe that this resolution was spoken in a most irresolute tone, and with the sheepish and embarrassed look of one who felt conscious of his own weakness, and of the irreclaimable results of his folly, he did not consider it necessary to express any doubt of its sincerity.

"Ay," said the other, "but not in my time—that's over, now; howsomdever, it'll be all the betther for you and Sally—Glory be to God," he added, "that spared me that child, when her that's gone brought

shame and scorn on her people!—Johnny Fitzpatrick, I mind the day, when four boys stood in Carrick fair;—ooh, it was a proud day for Ferney!—for though they were slim young chaps enough, you'd say; there wasn't four men in Louth, Meath, or Monaghan, would dar to stand afore them. Well, in the coorse o' time, not one o' these brothers, barrin' one, but had a house and place fit for a lord; and though that one was the youngest, and in the poorest way o' doin' of the whole set, sure there was some foolish craters would have it that Paudeen Oge topped the town—and signs by it, by Dad!—Ax the ould man at home, was there e'er a girl at wake or patron—but no matter, no matter!—Any way, the three brothers ran the rig; God be merciful to the poor fellows this blessed mornin'!—and when the last has run the same rig, and lies with them, cowl'd and comfortless, no man nor womankind can say he wronged them, barrin' you, Johnny, avich, and my poor child within; but, in troth, I'm afear'd it will be no lie for you to say that the unlucky ould dhrunkard hardly left more than a house to cover you. God grant," he added, in a tone of bitter self-reproach, "God grant I may lave you that same."

"Now, Mr. M'Cartan," said Johnny, "that's all nonsense you're talkin'. Troth you'll live these twenty years yet, please God; and if you'd only listen to them that never spake but for your good, you might see the day again, when you could thread every inch o' ground from Corrybracken to Lough Fay, and never cross your own mearin'."

Johnny perceived that his friend was now in the mood most favourable for his purpose; so he summoned all his courage—"But, maybe, sir," he continued, "you wouldn't think it hard, for poor Sally's sake, to say agin the dhrink till Lammastwel'month, when, with the help o' God, I'll be back again to yiz; faix, Mr. M'Cartan it would bring a blessin' to your door."

A scowl darkened the face of the unhappy profigate, as he gazed for a moment on his youthful monitor: but conscience was now awake, and he felt how reasonable was the request, and how ruinous the consequences he might still avert. He felt too, however, that should he determine on compliance, it was extremely improbable his present state of mind would continue long enough for its accomplishment; and so he made one magnanimous resolution, and that was to submit calmly to his destiny. "No, no," he said, "I wish for her sake, and for your sake, Johnny, I could have yiz both as well as ye deserve; but if you think hard of me when I'm gone, remember avich, I left you what's better than land or goold; for, in troth, if a good daughter makes a good wife, she'll be a treasure and a blessin' to you, Johnny, the longest day you live."

"Och, troth, I b'lieve it," said Johnny—and though the expression was cold enough, the old man knew that in his heart there was no brighter image than that of his future home—"but it's not that I mane, sir," said he: "when Sally M'Cartan's my wife, it will be little trouble to me what I have forbye; but it's on the 'count of yourself and your character, and that you might live to see better days, I was in hopes you'd give over what the whole town thinks a burnin' shame in one of your sort; and sure,

Mr. M'Cartan, it is a shame and a scandal, there's no saying agin it."

"Well, well, Johnny," said the other, "we'll talk no more about it now; but come," he said, rising with difficulty, and leaning on his staff, "you have a long day's journey afore you, and it's to be hoped you're no ways unwillin' to have a taste of something of Sally's makin' afore you start."

They proceeded towards the cottage, silent and gloomy—the one yielding to the habitual temper of his mind; the other to the dark apprehensions of all that might possibly come to pass, before he should tread those pleasant fields again.

The farmer had entered his humble dwelling, when his companion perceived a girl, with a milk-pail poised on her head, coming in from the meadows, in an opposite direction. The gloom vanished in a moment from his countenance.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, my colleen dhas!" he said, springing forward and removing the burthen from the girl's head, who stood before him with flushed cheek and disordered locks—a model of innocence and rustic beauty.

"So you're goin' to lave us, Johnny," she said, while her cheek grew the least thing in the world paler—none but a lover could have perceived the change; but Johnny perceived it.

"I'm goin' to lave you, Sally—but I'll soon be home again to you," he added, as he marked the melancholy tenderness of her look, though his own words were to the full as melancholy. Some strange misgivings seemed to oppress them both. "Sally," he said at length, drawing her towards him, "to tell you the truth, I don't like the lavin' you; it'll be a long day afore I'm back in Derrylavin; and, God between us and all harm, it's hard to think, achora, what might happen afore then."

"It will be a long day, sure enough," said Sally, "and I doubt, Johnny darlint, it will be a sorrowful day for some; for it's a notion I have, that when friends like us part, they never meet as happy and free-hearted again."

"Troth, I don't know but you're right," said Johnny; "any way, I wisht, if it was the holy will of God, that I was back with you, acashla:" and a most natural wish it was; for as her large hazel eyes were fixed sadly on him, and her rich brown hair scattered about her face, he thought he had never seen such beauty in those eyes, or in that countenance before. They were a happy pair, with all their sorrow, as they stood together on that summer's morning, in the consciousness of an entire and mutual love. But Johnny could not contemplate, without the most painful apprehensions, the situation to which Sally might possibly be reduced, by her father's practices, during his absence; while there was another subject which occasioned him still greater uneasiness, and to which, after much hesitation, he alluded.

"The ould man tells me," he said, "that Mr. M'Cullough's become mighty friendly with him of late."

"Johnny," said the girl, hastily, "God forgive me if I wrong the man! but I never could find it in my heart to trust the smooth way of that same customer."

"Faith, it's my own notion," said the other, with the greater confidence, now that he found his preju-

dices in some degree justified by the opinion of one, for whose good sense he entertained a high and not unmerited respect—"faith, it's what I think myself; and I wish, Sally, you could persuade the ould man to give in to our notion—not that I'd say a bad word of Mr. McCullough—I know nothin' agin the man—but any way, yiz 'll want some one to have an eye to matters from this out, and I axed Andy Brennan to take a look now and then how things were goin' on; and though I say it, there isn't a man in the county Andy 'd go farther to sarve than myself; so if he sees any thing wrong, he 'll warn you; and thrust to him, Sally, as you'd thrust to one that loves you, achora, like the light of heaven."

The maiden promised compliance with all her lover's instructions, and they parted, as their fears too truly foreboded, for many a long and sorrowful day.

Johnny Fitzpatrick was the younger son of a neighbouring farmer; and being a handsome, intelligent young fellow, with a high spirit, and a character universally esteemed, a gentleman of property in the country had requested his father to allow him to accompany him to the Continent. This was a very seducing prospect to one of Johnny's stirring and enterprising temper; but there were circumstances which more than counterbalanced the pleasure it afforded. McCartan, who had been some years before in comparatively affluent circumstances, was now reduced, by habits of dissipation almost to the verge of poverty. His predominant failing, however, was generally regarded with much indulgence by his neighbours; for in other respects his character was very estimable; and though he had been always a free liver, his present unfortunate propensity was confirmed, and, indeed, chiefly occasioned by the great domestic calamity to which he alluded in the foregoing conversation. His eldest daughter had been residing at the house of a relative in Dublin, whence she eloped with her seducer; soon after came the report of her death, and from that day forth, McCartan was a lost man. He soon felt his incompetency to regulate properly the affairs of his farm; but this had latterly been of the less consequence, as young Fitzpatrick grew to man's estate, who, being the accepted lover of the surviving girl, managed all the concerns of his future father-in-law with fidelity and skill. Now, it was to be apprehended, however, that matters would be worse than ever; for though Sally was a fine, sensible girl, she was too young to regulate alone the affairs of an extensive farm. In this state of things it was evident to Johnny, as well as to McCartan himself, that the occasional inspection, at least, of some friend was absolutely necessary to save him from ruin. The reader will recollect that the farm in question was situated in the neighbourhood of Carrickmacross. Amongst the most important residents of this secluded place, was the individual whose lately acquired influence with the old man seems to have excited the apprehension of Sally and her lover. McCullough had been for some years proprietor of a small woollen hosiery establishment; and as he was a frugal, unsocial, and hard-working man, he acquired in time the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, and decidedly the wisest member of the little community of Carrick. He was said, too, to be a man of reading; but though his moral conduct ap-

peared most exemplary, there were some strange suspicions afloat as to the nature of his religious creed. It was even a matter of some controversy to what church he belonged, for he had been known to frequent indifferently all places of worship. A circumstance had occurred some time previous to the opening of our history, which was supposed to affect, in a very important degree, the fortunes of this thrifty trader. Poor McCartan had, by his wonted negligence, become involved in certain difficulties, out of which he could only be extricated by the aid of a friend, or a very considerable sacrifice of property. In this emergency McCullough volunteered his services; the temporary embarrassment was got over; but when the period arrived for the payment of the bond entered into with him, the improvident farmer made over to his creditor a portion of his lands, infinitely above the value of the original debt. From this period it was observed that the hosier prospered most amazingly, while the fortunes of his friend proportionably declined. Many causes, plausible enough, might have been assigned for both these results, were not the true cause sufficiently evident. The field which had been transferred lay below the haunted fort of Corrybracken, and in the field itself was a well, sacred to "the good people," by whom the fort was inhabited. Now there is a tradition in those parts, that luck is ever attendant on the possession of that fairy well, and though McCullough placed but little value on its virtues, it is probable he was well pleased at being considered as the proprietor of such an infallible source of prosperity. The person of this individual was rather attractive—he was apparently about forty years of age—his figure was slender and somewhat bent—his hair gray and thin—and his sallow cheek, and pale blue eyes, would have given him an interesting appearance, but for the habitual sneer which characterized his countenance. Johnny's friend, the blacksmith, was a very different character. He had not, certainly, the "long head" of McCullough, but he had what sometimes proves a truer guide, a right honest heart. He was a younger man than the other, but Andy had early in life taken to himself a gentle helpmate, and at the period of which we are speaking, there was not in the town a happier household than that of the forge at the cross-roads of Magher-Ross.

Some months had elapsed since Johnny's departure, and though Andy faithfully fulfilled his trust, and kept a constant eye on the interests of the family at Derrylavin, it was a subject of no small astonishment to the neighbourhood, that the hosier, hitherto uniformly unsocial and reserved, was now on terms of the closest intimacy at McCartan's cottage. It was imagined by many, that being a man of singular virtue, he was glad of an opportunity for the exercise of a more active morality than had hitherto distinguished him, and this opinion seemed the more probable, as it was observed that some slight improvement had really taken place in the habits of the unfortunate McCartan. Poor Sally could not get rid altogether of her prejudices against her father's friend; but when, for a while, she fancied the possibility of a reformation being accomplished by his influence, she heartily condemned the injustice of her own sentiments.

One evening as Andy Brennan sat with his little

family round the fire, his wife observed that there was something or other which occasioned him much uneasiness. "Andy!" she said, "what's the matter with you, man, that you're so square in yourself to-night? Why, you look as black as if you had buried your wife—and a dale blacker. I'll be bound," she added, with one of those sweet and roguish looks, which first disturbed the quiet of poor Andy's heart.

"Why, then, I'll tell you, Jenny, what's the matter with me," he replied; "troth I don't half like the way things is goin' on out at Paddy McCartan's."

"Why, Andy, dear!" said the wife in some alarm; "is there anything wrong there of late?—forbye the ould man's coorses?"

"Well, I can't say there is," said Andy; "and yet I'm full sure if Johnny Fitzpatrick was in it, he wouldn't be overly well pleased to see what, in troth, myself doesn't like to see for his sake."

"Why, ashore, is it—"

"Whisht, now, Jenny, and I'll tell you all about it;" but just as he was commencing his narration, the latch was raised and a young woman entered. In an instant the children were clinging round her neck.

"Musha, Sally," said the young dame, "it's yourself that's welcome at last; faix it's a wondher you minded there was the likes of us above ground."

"Jenny," said the girl, throwing back the hood of her scarlet mantle, "you mustn't be jealous of me ashore; for sure Andy knows it's the weary time I have at home; but Andy," she added, "I could you the worst was to come, and troth it'll come, soon and sudden, I doubt."

We have seen that Andy himself had some disagreeable apprehensions, but he was unwilling to increase the fears of his gentle protegée.

"Well, now, devil take me," he said, "if ever I met the likes of you, woman-kind. There's that one, and because Shaun Oge's not in it, to be coortin' her by star-light among the rocks, och! all the fat's in the fire by gor! But faix Johnny's worse than her, for the last words he says to me when I was partin' him on the road. 'Andy,' he says, 'it's no wondher my heart's sore to lave her, for it's what I think, there isn't one like her on this blessed earth!' 'Arrah, maybe that!' says I, 'By my sowl,' says I, 'I could find her match;' and the smith cast a knowing look on his own share of earthly excellence. His attempts, however, to cheer the young maiden were ineffectual. At the mention of her lover her colour deepened a little, and turning her fine intelligent eyes on her honest friend—

"Andy," she said, "afore Johnny went, did he tell you anything that was a throuble to him, forbye what he said of the ould man?"

"Oh nothin'," said the other, "barrin' some foolish notions he had; and troth myself doesn't mind what they were now, only that I could him never to listen to what the Devil would put into his mind agin a neighbour." Now it was evident that Andy had a very perfect recollection of the matter; but doubtful whether their fears had the same object, he did not feel at liberty to disclose, till the necessity should be more apparent, the communication of his friend. But Sally presently removed his scruples.

"Did he tell you," she said, "that he didn't much like to see Mr. McCullough gettin' so great with the ould man?"

"Faith I believe it was that, sure enough," said the smith; "but I could him it was only foolishness he was talkin'; for though McCullough had some quare ways with him, the neighbours all allowed there wasn't an honest man any where to be seen."

"And do you think that, Andy?" said the girl, with a look so penetrating and keen that the smith could evade no longer.

"Troth I don't," he said. "He may be an honest man," he added; "but if he is, he's a d—d knowin' one; and I tell you what, Sally; you're a knowin' girl yourself; and if you persave any underhand manuverin', by that iron and steel," said the smith, striking the tongues stoutly against the hob, "it will be the unlucky day for McCullough that he first darkened Paddy McCartan's door."

"Well, then, Andy, I may just tell you at wanst, for it's to spake to you and Jenny I'm come in to-night; and troth, Jenny, it's a shame to be bringin' my throubles to your fire-side; but sure, alanna, I have none but yourselves two I can open my mind with. But it's what I'm goin' to tell you—I'm very unaisy entirely the way Mr. McCullough's gettin' on. In troth I think he manes the ould man no good; and I'm afeard as he hasn't the wit to see the roguery of his ways, he'll persuade him to do something he'll be sorry for. Sure," she continued, "I was tould as much—faix aye, Jenny; I was warned again' him, for that if we didn't mind he'd be the reg'lar ruin of the ould man."

"Musha do you tell me so? and who warned you, Sally," said the young wife, while her countenance evinced the utmost anxiety and alarm.

"Oh! them that has a good right to know."

"Oh! ay," said the other, "I know who you mane."

"Well in troth, Jenny darlint, she tould me that; but ere last night my father came home, in the ould way, and afther talkin' on a head about Mr. McCullough, that you'd think there wasn't his like goin', he says; 'I hope,' says he, 'God'll put it in his way to do me the good turn he manes.'"

"And what good turn does he mane doin' you, father," says I.

"Och no matter," says he; "he manes doin' both you and me a good turn," he says, winkin' at me in a quare kind o'way.

"I'm obleeged to him," says I; "but I'll not be apt to throuble him for a while—and when I do, father," says I, "I'm thinkin' it'll be low days with me." Well, Jenny, I lay awake the whole of that blessed night, debat'in in my own mind what was the wondherful sarvice Ned McCullough was goin' to be afther doin' us; and no matter what dark notions crossed me, but any way I thought it best to come and spake to you and Andy, for it's plain seein' he's on some roguery or other, whatever it is."

Here was important matter for the consideration of the little conclave. The smith and his wife at once, and perhaps too hastily, concurred in Sally's opinion, that there was some foul design entertained by the hosier, and that her father was in the fair way of being duped and probably ruined by his crafty acquaintance. It was difficult, however, to form any satisfactory opinion as to the precise nature of his views, but still more difficult to determine on the means whereby

they were to be counteracted. After much deliberation it was resolved that Andy should have an interview the following day with the farmer, and be guided by circumstances as to how far he should go in making his suspicions known. During their conference, poor M'Cullough's character was rather freely handled.

"Well," said Jenny, "he's a wondrous man that; and sure, bless us all! they say he doesn't give in to either priest or minister!"

"And maybe," said Andy, "they tell God's truth that says it. All I know is, myself seen the grin on him when Father M'Mahon was spakin' the blessed words over Paddy Mooney's corpse; and wanst, I mind, when I told Father Cassidy what a clever man he was, and what a grand scholar intirely, he shook his head, and he says to me: 'Andy,' says he, 'he may know a great deal, but I hope,' says he, 'he hasn't cast away the knowledge that leads to life.'"

"See that now!" said Jenny. "Och I thought there could be little good in one that never had a poor body's prayer for so much as a could praty—barrin' that I'm tould he sometimes gives a lock o' meal or the like to that poor wee fairy crathur—but sure a hathon itself couldn't refuse her, the sowl."

The night was considerably advanced when Sally took leave of her kind and simple-hearted friends. Andy, with native gallantry, escorted her for some distance beyond the precincts of the town; but as the moon was bright, and no danger to be apprehended, she insisted on his returning home, while she proceeded, through an extremely picturesque piece of scenery, to her father's cottage. Sally was a strong-minded girl, but she probably felt some little tingling of preternatural terror, when passing under a ledge of rocks, surmounted by a few old and drooping trees (there are many such crags scattered over the face of this valley) she thought for a moment that she saw a pair of bright eyes peering from the gloom above her. In a moment, however, her fears were dissipated, as she heard a sweet and youthful voice singing one of those uncouth rhymes, which are considered in the country as charms against fairy influence.

The girl stood and listened, for, on the ivy-covered brow of the rocks, only a little distance above her head, there was a beautiful but strange looking child; who, having spoken the words of power, sprung with such reckless haste down the face of the precipice, that Sally, though long acquainted with her habits, screamed with terror as she saw her descend. "You little rogue," she said, affectionately embracing the singular being who clung round her neck; "what's the reason, tell me, you can't live like another, but must be for ever wandherin' about singin' to them cousins o'yours night and nightly?"

"Och my heavy hatched on them," said the child, "and on the whole world in troth; and good right I have to say it; for there isn't one in the world wide, barrin' your ownself, Sally, would ever like to see me darken their door."

"I see, Mealey, you're angered against the neighbours as well as your own people to-night," said the other, smiling at the indignant expression of the child's pale, but very lovely, countenance; "but sure I wonder, alanna, you're not afeared to sing such wicked songs to the good people."

"Sally," she said, in a low voice, and fixing her

wild and brilliant eyes on the countenance of the maiden, "if I didn't keep singin' that or an other they'd destroy me totally."

"Och God help you," said Sally, half betrayed into the fanciful belief to which poor Mealey was a most unhappy victim.

"But they're better nor the Christians for all that, Sally," said the latter—"though maybe they're not in troth. The neighbours was kind to me for a long while; and many's the pleasant day I had with the little childher afore they kem to know I wasn't good." Sally's heart bled as she gazed on the wasted features of this outcast of humanity.

"Well, well," she said, "come home and sleep with me to-night, any way; for troth I doubt you're hungry Mealey!"

"Och a little," said Mealey, while she cast down her eyes to conceal the tears with which they involuntarily overflowed; "but I'll sleep with you to-night," she added; "for it's a long way to Duhatti, and troth I'm afeared sleepin' out among the fields, a wee crathur like me, and who knows what might happen me."

They proceeded some way in silence, when Mealey said, rather abruptly, "Sally, if I was what people thinks me, I'd do you a good turn; but God help me, if I might say it, I can do neither good nor harm to mortal." There was something marked and full of meaning in the manner of this discourse, which struck the girl forcibly. A thought flashed across her mind. "Maybe you can though, obleege me greatly, and if you can achora, you will?"

"I will," said Mealey, laying her hands solemnly on her breast. "If I can sarve you, Sally M'Cartan, I'll do it, no matter if it's to be the death of me two minutes after."

"Och the Lord of Heaven love you, you little darlint!" said Sally, folding the enthusiastic child to her bosom; "the blessed angels guard you this night, Mealey, and every night you lie and rise."

"Whisht!" cried the other; and her cheek grew more ghastly than before, as the recollection of her unholy nature was thus forced upon her. We have said that Sally was not weak-minded; she loved and pitied the little outcast, but the circumstances of the moment, and the unearthly look with which the child herself reproved her, awakened the natural superstition of which she could not be supposed entirely divested, and she felt for a moment that the being before her was not a proper object for such a blessing.

"Well, but you mind what you tould me yesterday," she continued. "Now, Mealey, it's what I want you to do—you'll thry and make Mary-the-Why tell you somethin' more?"

"Do you know who that is?" said Mealey, interrupting her companion, and pointing to a figure moving along at some distance from the path.

"Ay," said the other; "it's Mr. M'Cullough, I think."

"And do you know where's he's a comin' from, Sally?"

"Why, it's like he's comin' from a *kalie* with the coud man."

"And do you know what it was, him and the coud man was collogin' about, as there?"

"Why, I suppose they were collogin' about many's the thing."

"Musha but that's cute o' you! and do you know what he's thinkin' about now, Sally, darlint?"

"Och, Mealey, what do you mean?" cried the girl. "Sure how could I know what he's thinkin' about?—barrin' I was as knowin' as yourself."

"Well, and if I'd tell you now a lanna! He's just thinkin' of thrownin' you and Johnny Fitzpatrick, and the ould man, in Thubber-na-Shie beyant. Ay, the whole kit o' yiz, in troth!"

"Mealey!" cried the girl, grasping the arm of the little sorceress who stood gazing in her face with an expression most mischievously arch.

"Well, Sally," she cried, bursting into a loud and hearty laugh, "you're a darlint! Now how could I know no more than yourself what he's thinkin' about? but if it isn't that," she continued, assuming at once a more serious tone; "maybe its something nigh hand as bad, for in troth between you and I, Ned McCullough's the Devil's jewel."

"My oh! but you're a droll wee sow!" said Sally, careful how she would again excite the mirth of her little fairy friend. "Sure what do you know about Mr. McCullough—and you're talkin'!"

"Well, maybe I don't," said the child; "but faix I'm thinkin' there'll be wigs in the green when Johnny comes home!"

Sally pondered on these words; for, as we shall afterwards see, it was not a superstitious feeling alone which induced her to attach importance to the communications of this mysterious child. She understood, too, on reflection, what she had not at first perceived, the force of the allusion to Thubber-na-Shie; for she believed—but this we must admit was pure superstition—that all good fortune had passed away from her and her's, with the possession of the mystic spring.

McCartan was sitting at the fire when his daughter and her companion entered the cottage. He was as usual somewhat under the influence of liberal potations, but it was curious to observe the mingled expression of his countenance, indicative at the same time of anxious thought, and an incapacity to keep any subject steadily before his mind's eye, which, like the eye of the outer man, was, no doubt, a little wild and wandering. He had, indeed, matter enough for the exercise of his sober and entire judgment. During Sally's absence, brief as it was, the indefatigable hosiery had considerably advanced his views, or, as McCartan believed, had given powerful and most flattering proofs of his sincerity and friendship. He had not been quite so explicit on all points as the farmer might have desired; but his communications, though delicately obscure, were sufficiently intelligible to justify the most sanguine expectation. The truth is, McCartan had, for some time past, fancied he perceived an inclination, on the part of his friend, to form an alliance with his house; but hitherto his hopes had been founded on the most vague and distant allusions—to-night the matter had been more freely approached.

While Sally sat admiring the energy with which her little guest devoured a hearty supper, the ould man carefully avoiding his daughter's look, said—

"I doubt young Fitzpatrick doesn't mane to come back to us, Sally."

"Bless us, all, Father!" cried the other; "why do you say that o' the boy? Sure you know he

wasn't to be home till Lammas twelvemonth, any way."

"Och that's thrue," he replied; "but Mr. McCullough, that knows betther nor me, allows that wanst he has got the loose foot, he'll be in no hurry back. Faith he does, Sally! he thinks we have seen the last of him."

A glance of intelligence passed between Sally and her friend.

"And what does Mr. McCullough know about him?" said the former, with somewhat of scorn in her lip and eye.

"Certainly, Sally, he does. He knows more of the ways of people than you or me;" and fearing that he would be regularly beaten from his ground of attack, he stoutly added, "he thinks, in troth, Johnny's an idle blackguard, and will never do any good."

"And father," said the girl, colouring as she spoke, "did you hear that word said of Johnny Fitzpatrick?"

"Now Sally, dear, don't be angrin' yourself! Sure what could I do alanna. I tell you he's a wonderful scholar, that McCullough, and a fine man intirely; and a friendly man, Sally; och its him that is," said the poor farmer with enthusiasm, "and God will reward him for it, if my prayers be's heard."

"Och to be sure he is; he's a wonderful good man, Mealey," and the girl laughed bitterly, while Mealey shook her little wise head at the absurd idea.

"Now, father, mind what I tell you; that man's makin' a fool o' you—in troth he is, and you'll know it sooner nor you think. Will you tell us now if he wasn't a bad man, and had bad thoughts in his head, why would he be comin' here with his ould croakin' stories, to wrong the boy that never had a hard word from man or mankind afore?"

"Because he means to marry you himself, Sally," said the other, with a mingled look of fear and triumph.

"Whil-a-loo!" shouted the fairy; but whether in admiration of this announcement, or of her own prowess, we cannot pretend to determine; for she had, at this moment, succeeded in rending asunder the tendrils, by means of which the flesh clung firmly round an enormous marrowbone; and holding up the naked trophy—

"That's the way to peel the clothes off it!" she cried; "a'n't it, Paddy, my ould boy! Och murder, but he'd be a wondherful scholar would humbug me out of my supper, and sit laughin' at me like pussy, there, when I'd have nothin' but a bare bone to pick! There, you crathur, never say I kep it from you;" and, in the exuberance of her spirits, she flung the bone at the head of the poor animal, which, however, with admirable adroitness, escaped the blow.

"In troth," said Sally, laughing, "if Mr. McCullough was here he'd be for given' you a helpin' hand at your supper, Mealey—he's so friendly in himself!"

"Ay, in troth!" said Mealey; "and the sorra betther ever you met at lavin' little ather him."

McCartan saw that it could answer no good end to pursue any further the present controversy on McCullough's merits or designs. So bidding the two girls good night, he toddled off to his bed, poorly satisfied with the result of his experiment.

We may now say a few words of the last character we have introduced to our readers. There was a mystery round the origin and early fortunes of this

unhappy being, which, together with her own singular appearance, and a certain wild enthusiasm, heightened no doubt by the circumstances of her life, had given rise to the superstitious opinion universally entertained regarding her. About eight years prior to the period of which we speak, an infant, apparently about two years of age, was discovered one bright morning near the fairy well. On being asked her name the child evinced considerable agitation and alarm; and to every solicitation to declare something of herself and her appearance there, her only reply was, "I darn't!" in a tone so fearful and subdued, that it was evident her fears had been most powerfully acted on by the individual, whoever it was, that had deserted her. At length, however, she was prevailed on so far as to confess that her name was Mealey, and that she had come "from there beyant," pointing to the fort of Corrybracken, which, as our readers are aware, is situated on the hill just over Thubber-na-Shie.—When we consider the powerful influence which fairy superstition has over the minds of our peasantry, we cannot be surprised that this last unlucky acknowledgment removed at once many charitable doubts concerning poor Mealey's origin; for though a path, much frequented, ran close by the fosse of Corrybracken, and it was suggested that the foundling merely intended to indicate the direction in which she had been brought, still there was a combination of circumstances sufficient to excite a suspicion, which we all know when once excited is not easily destroyed. Notwithstanding, however, that poor little Mealey was regarded as a wanderer from Fairyland, there was something so irresistibly engaging about her, that even to the most timid, she was an object of interest and love. She lived amongst the neighbours, from house to house. On the winter mornings, when the family would be seated around the smoking potato-basket, Mealey would stray in and sit down among them, an unbidden, but never an unwelcome guest; or, when at night, the children would be huddled together amongst the straw and blanket, there would be the fairy child, with her pale face, and long black hair, lying calm and unconscious at their feet. But as time rolled on, and Mealey became gradually aware of the fearful distinction between herself and all her young associates, her habits became more and more strange and solitary. The belief that she was a preternatural being, produced, of course, a state of feeling, which seemed to afford additional evidence of the fact; and while, from a morbid sensibility, she imagined that none ever regarded her but with secret horror, she would wander away through the mountain glens, and without sympathy or comfort, mourn for that fancied home, from which she imagined herself an exile. The poor child was evidently sinking under the influence of this melancholy illusion. She became every day more unhumanized; shunning every frequented place, and living almost altogether among the secluded rocks of Dhuhatti. Often has the inmate of some poor but hospitable cabin met Mealey wandering through the dewy fields, and compelled her almost by force, to accept of a night's shelter, and whatever the house could afford; and often, when invisible in the darkness, have her silvery tones been heard, quivering probably through a rising storm, as she sung one of her musical and wild incantations. It was unfortunate that those very qualities which rendered her

most beloved, favoured the popular superstition, as well as her own unhappy conviction. The susceptibility of her little heart, and the constancy and enthusiasm of her affection, particularly evinced in her attachment to Sally McCartan, were far beyond what is usually found in children of her years; but this was probably not more owing to any natural excellence than to her singular and unhappy lot. Her beauty, too, it must be confessed, was of an elfish character. Her cheek was of the purest white, but even at that early age it was thin; and very rarely was the slightest trace of colour perceptible. Sometimes, indeed, when her feelings would be strongly excited, her eyes would flash, and a deep crimson glow give a new character to her countenance. Her hair was black, rich, and abundant. Her eyes, too, were of the same colour; but they were larger than black eyes usually are, and wonderfully bright and intellectual.—There was only one individual with whom Mealey felt herself on terms of perfect freedom and equality. We have already mentioned the piece of scenery which stretches eastward from above the borders of Lough Fay.—Many is the fearful legend associated with those precincts, and, indeed, when viewed in all their proper circumstances—when the light of an autumn moon is above them, and utter darkness in their labyrinths and caves—when the solitary trees, standing like imprisoned beauties within the rocky limits, have their dark foliage on—and when no sound is heard but the occasional splash of the waters—you would say that Dhuhatti was as lovely a spot as ever fay or fairy haunted. We fear, however, that its spiritual inhabitants have ere this been obliged to "wander from their dwelling," a stately castle having been recently erected on its confines by the proprietor of Ferney—a descendant of the accomplished and unfortunate Essex.

High up in the face of these rocks, and looking out on a rugged domain of heath and underwood, may still be seen the mouldering walls of a cabin, which a stranger can with difficulty believe was ever the abode of a human being. It is absolutely inaccessible from below; and even from above access is both difficult and dangerous. This hovel, at the period to which we refer, had been for some years the residence of a singular character; who, partly from her mode of life, her principal means of support consisting in the produce of the milk of a few goats; and partly that her real name and origin were alike unknown, had received the professional nomenclature of Mary-the-Whew.—Poor Mary was a harmless, simple-minded creature, but such qualities it was supposed, were not incompatible with a knowledge beyond human wisdom, and a power greater than mortals inherit; and some idle suspicions as to her intercourse with the invisible creation, were strengthened by the connexion which seemed to exist between her and the fairy-child. The only clue which had ever been afforded to the history of this latter, was the circumstance of such a relationship. It was more than a year after Mealey's first appearance, that an old woman came to the door of McCartan's cottage, and begged a night's lodging and some food. Mealey, who was sitting by the hop, started when she heard the stranger's voice, and it seemed as if some vague recollections were awakened, as she gazed long and earnestly in her face, while the mendicant, on her part was observed to eye the child

with a look of more than ordinary interest. That entire night Mealey continued silent and nervous, but she never mentioned to any what her feelings were, and in a little time the circumstance was forgotten. Soon after this, the stranger, having, by the aid of charitable contributions, procured a goat, took up her residence at Dhuhatti, where her herd gradually increased, her own character and that of her whey being in equally high and universal estimation. Mary was probably in possession of more gossiping secrets than any other individual in the parish, for being "a wise woman," people spoke to her with confidence; and even McCullough himself, who was somewhat of a valetudinarian, and used frequently to walk out to the Rocks to drink the goat's whey, was said to be less reserved with Mary than with the neighbours in general. Such was the personage with whom Mealey had latterly resided, when she had adopted the groundless idea that she was an object of aversion to all others.

Whatever was McCullough's object in cultivating the acquaintance of the family at Derrylavin, whether, as he professed, to save an unfortunate being from the ruin, which his dissipated courses were likely to entail, or, as Sally and her friends suspected, of a less laudable nature, his influence over McCartan hourly increased. People were surprised at this strange friendship between a man proverbially unsocial and austere, and one whose life was a regular outrage on morality. But the latter, with little interruption to his enjoyments, saw everything flourish around him. His patrimony, though greatly reduced, was still considerable; and never had any previous summer afforded promise of a wealthier autumn. He was on the best possible terms with himself and the world, and had no reason to doubt the fidelity of his friend. But Sally viewed matters in a very different spirit. She was perfectly convinced that the hosier was actuated by dishonest motives, though she was still perplexed as to their exact nature. He had never, on any occasion, addressed her in the character of a lover, and yet it was evident her father looked on him in such a light; and it was this, which of all her cares weighed heaviest on her heart. The prospect of Johnny's return was too uncertain and remote to afford her any comfort; and she could only console herself with the reflection that amongst the many evils which encompassed her, the darkest of all could never be realized without her own voluntary participation. Andy Brennan became more and more uneasy about the result of this state of things, and more suspicious of the hosier's views. He had vainly endeavoured, by hints and insinuations, to awaken the fears of the unsuspecting farmer; but when at last McCullough was talked of universally as Sally's suitor, he thought it high time to speak out, in vindication of the rights of his absent friend. He was hardly prepared, however, for the manner in which his interference was received. The farmer affected wonderful indignation—

"I see what you're at," he said; "you, and that scapegrace vagabond. You'd put me agin' an honest man, if you could; but you can't in troth, with all your roguery."

"Is that what you say to me, Paddy McCartan?" said Andy, quite taken aback.

"It is what I say to you, Andy Brennan," said the other.

"It is what you say to me! Why then bad lu me if ever I throuble my head about you or your consarns again, the longest day you live."

"Well, and who the Devil's axin' you," cried the farmer with petulance. "You're a mighty wondherful fellow to be sure; but if you'd just mind your own consarns, it would fit you a dale better, Andy."

"Ah, in troth, ould man," said the smith, "it's a shame for you. You don't know what you're talkin' about; and I'll tell you what's more, you don't know the throuble you're bringin' on yourself, and your little girl."

"Don't I now?" said the other.

"No, you don't—but you'll know it afore long goes about. Sure it's the talk o' the whole town, the way Ned McCullough has you, that you dar'n't bless yourself without axin' his leave."

"Well, now, Andy Brennan, will you just pass me by. If Ned McCullough's desavin' me, it's my own loss; but I'm thankful no man ever strove to take advantage of me yet, Andy, but I seen into his ways." This was accompanied by a wink not very complimentary to Andy's motives. However, the honest smith cared little for either winks or nods.

"Mr. McCartan," he said, "would you answer me one question, and I'll be obliged to you."

"Ay—if you don't ax me how many blasts is in your big bellows beyant."

"Oh, in troth, I won't mind axin' you what you know d—d little about," said Brennan, somewhat piqued at the unconciliating manner of the other; "but answer me now, do you mane to go back o' your word to Johnny Fitzpatrick?"

The farmer, to use Andy's expression, was regularly bothered. It was too much to renounce formally, and for ever, the object to which, in spite of himself, his purest feelings and affections clung—he looked up in the other's face with a most indescribable expression of vexation and perplexity—

"Andy," he cried at last, "God Almighty bless you, will you go home out of my sight. Go home, I bid you, Andy Brennan, and don't be aggravatin' me."

"Troth Paddy, the devil a one inch I'll budge, till you'll give me satisfaction. Come now, tell us plain and honest, is it what you'd be after doin', to take a dirty advantage o' the boy! That's the chat," and Andy flourished his shut fist in a manner peculiarly suited to give force to his brief and downright interrogatory.

"Oh, musha! musha!" cried the poor farmer, scratching his head with the utmost vehemence, "what's this for at all, at all! Andy, will you lave my sight, and, in troth, I'll be obliged to you."

"Arragh, don't be makin' a fool of yourself, ould man. Faix, Paddy, you'll cry salt tears for those do-in's yet; I may as well tell you as send you word. You'll find the ould friends was the thurst after all; and maybe it's when McCullough has made you the scorn of the world, you'll think of my words, and of how you sarved the boy that never spared himself when he could do a good turn by you or yours."

"Well, but listen to raison, man," said McCartan, somewhat mollified by this last appeal to his feelings. "I know well that Johnny Fitzpatrick's a remarkable civil boy, but where's the harm of bein' friendly with an honest neighbour, like Mr. McCullough?"

"Oh no harm in life," said the other, "and a mighty steady husband he'll make for Sally—not all as one.

Paddy, remember the first dalin's ever you had with M'Cullough, how you lost all your luck. Why tunder an agers, man, wasn't it him got Thubber-na-Shie out of your hands, and what are you talkin' about!"

"Well, but Andy, avick, you don't know all he done for me."

"Troth I don't," said the smith.

"Well, but I'll tell you, and then you'll see if he ben't a thrue friend at a pinch. I tould how the agent would only give me to last Patrickmas, and I have a notion, says I, to get Jemmy Fitzpatrick to speak to him. Fitzpatrick's a civil obleeging neighbour, says I; and he knows well for as much as I'm pushed now, I'm able to pay all's agin' me, ten times over."

"Why, then, by my sowl," says Mr. M'Cullough,—"barrin' that he never swears, Andy—' why then upon my honour," says he, "you might thrust another to do you a good turn as well as Fitzpatrick, obleegin' as he is."

"Oh, in troth I would," says I back again to him, "and if it's yourself you mane," says I, "the devil a man in the county I'd sooner ax to do me a trifle o' sarvice."

"Faith, I'm obleeged to you," says he, "for your good-will, and if it's a thing I can sarve you with Mr. ——— I'm sure," says he, "I'll be proud and happy to do it." So with that he goes off, and he tells the agent how cruel hard set I was, but if his honour would be pleased to give me till the harvest would come round, he'd give his word and hand for all the ould balance entirely. Now, wasn't that remarkable friendly! Faix, Andy, it's a folly to talk, but there's few goin' would do the like."

The smith shook his head, but made no reply.

Notwithstanding this proof of friendship, the farmer himself began to have some slight misgivings. Such interviews as this, with Andy Brennan, without convincing him of the perfidy of his friend, filled his mind with doubt and apprehension, not unfrequently mingled with some degree of remorse for the violation of his engagement with Johnny Fitzpatrick. They were productive of much pain to the unfortunate M'Cartan, without any advantage whatever.

One night, as the two solitary inhabitants of Dhu-hatti sat by their little *brusna-fire* in Mary's cabin, Mealey said, looking slyly from under her brows, to mark what effect her words would produce, "Well, now, isn't it remarkable what a friendly man that Mr. M'Cullough is! Sure, if it wasn't for him, it would be all up the country with them poor M'Cartans I think—and to see how lovin' he is to Sally!"

"Is it him!" said the other, a bitterly sarcastic smile wrinkling her withered face.

"Och ay!" said Mealey: "he has the real heart-love for her, that's plain to be seen; and sure it's himself'll make the darlint husband, not all as one as poor Shawn Oge, the crathur!"

"Mealey," said the crone, "you wouldn't harm a poor ould crathur like me!"

"No, in troth, I wouldn't Molly."

"Then never spake to mortal of what I'm goin' to tell you. The devil a notion M'Cullough has of Sally M'Cartan; but it's thyrin' to come round the ould man he is, and to sarve his own ends, as a body might say. He's a cunnin' man, the same Ned M'Cullough, and never fear him but he sees bravely what he's at. Now listen to me, Mealey. The whole town knows that

poor Padeen couldn't stand it much longer, the way he's goin'." I'm tould he's a great way entirely behind-hand with the agent; but then Johnny Fitzpatrick's people's all in a middlin' good way of doin', and there isn't one of them but would stand by Paddy if he came to the worst. Of course, it's natural they'd stand by him, and a boy of their's coortin his daughter. Well, it's what Mr. M'Cullough's at—he thinks to put between him and them every way he can, and the devil a doubt Mealey! they'll soon be mortal foes. You know the sarvice he did the ould man with the agent. Well, he took that mighty friendly entirely, but you see how it is; wanst the throuble's past, Paddy thinks no more about it. So the harvest'll come round, and a fine beautiful harvest it'll be, but Mealey, asthore, it's the last M'Cartan, or one of his name, will ever reap in Derry-lavin!"

"It is now, Mary!"

"Oh, in troth it is alanna; for till one thing happens, that will never happen, neither Sally nor the father will ever have a day's luck or comfort."

Mealey, in her heart, thanked all the fairy powers, that whatever might be the destiny of the two lovers, there was no such calamity in store, as that which she had apprehended, from the designs of M'Cullough, seconded by the authority of the maiden's father.

Having made this important discovery—for she never thought of questioning the authenticity of Mary's communications on any subject—she resolved, notwithstanding her implied promise of secrecy, to turn the communication to such account as she should judge necessary for the interests of her friends. She determined, first of all, however, to push her inquiries, a little farther.

"And what's the one thing must happen, Mary, afore Sally or the ould man ever has a day's luck?"

"It's no matter what it is, Mealey; it's no matter to you or me, alanna. It happened wanst, Lord save us!" said the old woman, crossing herself from her forehead to her breast, "and there's not one alive would be willin' to see it happen again!"

Mealey was perplexed—she knew the obstinacy of the old dame on some occasions, and that once she took it into her head not to be communicative, there was but little chance of her getting at this last, and probably most important secret—so she set herself to cogitate. But Mealey's thoughts were all clear and rapid, and she arrived, almost instantly, at the true conclusion.

"Sure," she said, "what a dale o' wisdom you have. It's till some unfortunate crathur, like Peggy Blake, washes her hands in Thubber-na-Shie, you mane."

"Well, and maybe it is that I mane, now; but it isn't soney, acushla, to be talkin' o' the like; only, that no kind o' good luck'll ever happen to one o' Paddy's people, for sellin' that blessed well out of his hands."

"Why, to be sure," said Mealey, "they'll not have the hoiight of good luck, but it's to be hoped they'll not be so bad as all that comes to."

"Well, your way of it—you know a dale better nor me, I'm sure."

"And now, Mary, do you tell me them poor M'Cartans will never have a day's comfort again!"

"No, in troth, Mealey: they'll never have a day's luck or day's comfort, as long as holly's green. They'll just go from bad to worse, till they all die off at last."

"Och ho! my poor Sally!" said the child; "but Mary, darlint," she added, after some moment's silence, "don't you think Mr. McCullough would give Paddy the well-field for another as good?"

"Ay! maybe that now. I tell you, Mealey, though Ned McCullough lets on that he doesn't believe a hap'orth of what the world knows is true, he has more wit nor to lose his luck."

"Oh, faix, I suppose you're right, Mary," and the child laid her head on her little hands; and her dark luxuriant hair falling about her, she certainly seemed a most extraordinary inmate for so wild and squalid an abode. She raised her head at length, and with an earnest and solemn expression in her large eyes and exquisitely beautiful countenance; "Mary," she said, "tell me one thing. Is it thrue *I'm not good*?"

"Och, by my troth," said Mary, "there might be worse; he, he, he."

"Ah, don't be gettin' on now, you funny old crathur, but tell me what I'm axin' you; am I a Christian, Mary! or what am I at all, at all?"

"Why then, by my sowl, Mealey, you're just as good a Christian as the best o' them."

"Is that what you think, now?"

"It is, in troth just what I think."

"Well, then, maybe I am a Christian after all, but sure if I am, it would be better to be lyin' quite in Maherross at wanst. *The childher will not be afraid of me then!*" she added with a ghastly smile, which told how dreadfully that circumstance preyed upon her heart.

"Musha, what are you talkin' about, child," cried the old woman; "why you look as if you wern't right, Mealey."

"Oh, don't say that ashore! but if it ben't a sin," she continued, folding her hands together, "I pray God to keep all bad thoughts away from us this blessed and holy night."

Mary might have been surprised at the child's anxiety for Sally's fortunes having given place so suddenly to thoughts concerning her own destiny, but the connexion was closer than she could have dreamed of. An idea which had sometimes occurred to Mealey's mind, but which she always resisted as the suggestion of an evil spirit, had come to-night with greater force than ever, and was now for the first time steadily entertained. It originated in her love for Sally McCartan, and a strong, though unaccountable, aversion to McCullough. The authority of the old woman had removed some slight doubts from Mealey's mind as to the soundness of the opinion which universally prevailed, that this man's good fortune, as also the decay of the other, were owing to the transfer of the fairy-well. But though hitherto inclining so far towards scepticism, she knew that that belief being correct, there was only one method whereby McCartan's luck could be restored. One of his fields adjoined that in which Thubber-na-Shie was situated; and we have already mentioned the superstition that the washing of hands in a spring occasions its removal, but is followed by some serious disaster to the individual so offending. In addition to this general fact, the well in question being a fairy-well, it was believed that any dishonour done to it was visited in a manner peculiarly terrible by its implacable little patrons. Thubber-na-Shie had already shifted its place on one memorable occasion, for though it had happened at least two or

three generations before the present period, the recollection of the event, and of the dreadful consequences with which it was attended to the unfortunate wretch who had wantonly braved the fairies' wrath, was faithfully preserved in legend and song. It was to this occurrence, Mealey, and her ancient hostess referred, and we cannot be surprised that the former did not immediately perceive the allusion, for it was one of those fearful traditions seldom spoken of, though never forgotten.

The term of McCartan's earthly prosperity was now nearly arrived. The warnings of his friends were all along unheeded. He reposed with a blind confidence, on the hopes held out to him by McCullough: and the consequences were such as all, but the poor dupe himself, had foreseen. The hosier had never actually proposed for Sally; but then McCartan considered it an understood matter; and the other, as long as he found it necessary to his purpose, allowed the deception to work. At length the harvest came round. McCullough regretted his inability to fulfil his engagement with the agent, and at the same time to save his friend: but the crops on the ground would nearly cover the amount of arrears; and the deficiency he undertook to make up on getting the lands into his own possession. The agent was, of course, well pleased at procuring, instead of the former, a solvent and industrious tenant; and, accordingly, McCartan lost his farm, and the hosier stepped quietly into the vacant holding. This man prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations. Everything seemed to thrive about him. His crops were good; his cattle, of which he acquired by degrees a considerable stock, were all healthy, and the best of their kind. At length he commenced building, and in a few months more he moved from his little dark parlour, at the back of his shop, to a stately residence, in one of the most delightful situations the country could afford. In the mean time McCartan experienced all the misery of his fallen lot. He had been only able to retain his cottage and garden, together with a small field at some distance, —part of a different farm, the same of which the field of the fairy-well had constituted a portion. Unfortunately, his altered circumstances had wrought no beneficial change in his habits; and while his daughter's frame was wasting away with care and fatigue, he endeavoured, by continued intoxication, to forget the consequences of his own guilt and folly. His cottage now no longer presented the appearance of comfort and wealth, which had in other days distinguished it. The out-houses were gone to decay; and even the garden, compared with what it had been, was little better than an unsightly wilderness. All this was regarded as a melancholy illustration of the tradition's truth; and indeed the curse seemed not far from its consummation, for Sally's health was evidently gone; and her father, whose constitution had been for some time rapidly breaking down, was at last seized with a disorder, which was at once pronounced fatal. Ever since the commencement of their misfortunes Mealey had participated, with the most soothing affection, in all the troubles of her friend. She would now sit, the whole night long, by the sick man's bed, and watch over him with all the tenderness of a daughter. It was observed, however, that her feelings had recently undergone some singular revolution. She no longer denounced, with her former enthusiasm, the author of

all this sorrow; but sometimes, when, in the bitterness of her heart, Sally would allude to their wrongs, she would turn pale as death, and keep her eyes fixed on the face of the dying man, with a look of inexpressible anguish. This change became gradually more and more remarkable,—her visits to Derrylavin were less frequent than heretofore; and it was now evident to Sally, and indeed to every one who observed her, either that her reason was disturbed, or that something dreadful was preying on her mind. Her eyes became more brilliant,—her features assumed a wilder and more unearthly character; and there was a nervous irritability about her, as if she was continually haunted by some fearful thought. There was lately, however, but few opportunities for observing these symptoms, for Mealey was hardly ever seen beyond the precincts of her own savage residence.

A longer interval than usual had elapsed, and she had not appeared at Derrylavin, when one day, old Mary came to the cottage with some goat's-whey, and certain medicinal decoctions for the invalid.

When she had delivered her instructions as to the patient's treatment, Sally inquired for her little fairy friend.

"There's no seein' a sight of her," she said, "these times, good or bad."

"Och, weary on me," said Mary, "for a pratin' ould fool,—from ever I tould her that unlucky secret she can't bear comin' near yiz, at all at all."

"What secret, Mary?"

"What secret? Och masha what am I talkin' about! In troth myself doesn't know what secret you mane, Sally. And sure it's hard for me to tell why the girsha doesn't come near ye: maybe it's that you'd as lieve she'd let it alone."

"Oh no, Mary!" said the other; "the child knows bravely there isn't one in the town would be welcomer, or half as welcome here as her own self; and I'd be obleeged to you, Mary, and now I'd take it remarkable kind if you'd tell me what secret it is you have; for faix I'm very unaisy intirely about her—the young crathur!"

It was quite evident, even to Mary, that Sally was influenced by no idle curiosity in her desire to learn this secret; but really, as she professed, by the most ardent interest in the child's welfare; and the old dame was at last prevailed upon, partially, to comply with her solicitations.

"Why, then, all the secret myself knows,—but sure you wouldn't desthroy me, Sally,—you wouldn't kill an ould crathur like me, out and out; and troth if you'd ever tell this to mortal man, you might as well kill me at wanst."

"Oh never fear, Mary,—I'll tell nothin' about it."

"Well, then, as I was sain', all the secret I know is, that Mr. McCullough used the child cruel badly; that is, he didn't use *her* badly, but *another*; but sure it was her all the time, as one might say. But any way, it has put the hathred in her heart agin him, that you never seen the like."

"Well; but what was it he done, Mary?"

"Ah now, maybe you wouldn't ax me to tell you."

"Oh yes, Mary, acushla, you'll tell me."

"Oh no, Sally, darlint:—I'm just thinkin' you got enough out o' me for this turn. So go and look afther the ould man, and never trouble your head about what doesn't consarn you, alanna."

Sally found that entreaty was useless; but she tortured her mind conjecturing what new piece of villainy this man had perpetrated. She would have gone instantly to Dhuhatti, but it was impossible for her to leave her father.

A few days after this occurrence, Sally was administering some medicine to her father, when, on turning round, she saw the fairy-child standing on the hearth. The girl started as if she had seen an apparition; for the conflict of her feelings was manifested in the wan and wasted features of this unhappy being.

"My poor little Mealey," said the girl, embracing her with the fondest affection. "Where have you been, darlint, this many a-day! You're sick and sorrowful, Mealey,—Och you are, my poor little sister!"

"I am sick and sorrowful," said the child, unable to restrain her tears; "but *he'll* soon be well, Sally; and your heart'll be light, a-chora; and the blush'll be on your cheek when Johnny comes home;—*but there'll be could hands afore then!* Och God help you, Mealey!" she cried, clapping her own wildly above her head; "God help the motherless orphant!" and, in a passion of tears, she flung herself on the maiden's bosom. Sally strained her to her heart as if she would have kept her there for ever, safe from all the ruin that was before her.

"My poor child!—my darlint Mealey!" she cried, and the tears fell fast on the head of the sweet enthusiast.

When this paroxysm had subsided, Mealey said to the other, "Well, Sally, I'm a wondrous fool—surely I am: but here's the purtiest ballad ever you seen," she added, unfolding the paper which she held in her hand. "Read it for us, alanna; you that knows how."

"Why, Lord save us, Mealey! what makes you be mindin' the likes o' this! Sure it's the terriblest thing at all!"

"Well, but Sally, read it for us; I like to be hearin' about poor Peggy Blake."

"Troth, Mealey, I'll not read it for you; for the neighbours allows it's a dale better not to be talkin' of the poor unfortunate crathur good or bad."

Mealey, however, insisted; and Sally was at last obliged to read her the following ballad:—

Come all ye Carrick maidens
And Ferney boys so bold,
The bitter tears ye'll shed afore
My story be's half told.

I'll sing to you of Peggy Blake,
The pride of Carrick town,
Though now she lies all underneath
The blessed church-yard groun'.

Oh Peggy Bawn was innocent,
And wild as any roe;
Her cheek was like the summer rose,
Her neck was like the snow;

And every eye was in her head
So beautiful and bright,
You'd almost think they'd light her through
Glencarrigy by night.

Among the hills and mountains,
Above her mother's home,
The long and weary summer day
Young Peggy Blake would roam:

And not a girl in the town,
From Dhua to Glenlur,
Could wander through the mountain heath,
Or climb the rocks with her.

The Lammas sun was shinin' on
The meadows all so brown;
The neighbours gathered far and near,
To cut the ripe crops down.

And pleasant was the mornin',
And dewy was the dawn,
And gay and lightsome hearted,
To the sunny fields they're gone.

The joke was passing lightly,
And the laugh was loud and free;
There was neither care nor trouble
To disturb their hearty glee;

When, says Peggy, resting in among
The sweet and scented hay,
"I wonder is there one would brave
The Fairy-well to-day!"

She looked up with her laughin' eyes
So soft, at Willy Rhu;
Och murder! that she didn't heed
His warnin' kind and true!

But all the boys and girls laughed,
And Willy Rhu looked shy;
God help you, Willy! sure they seen
The trouble in your eye.

"Now, by my faith," young Connell says,
"I like your notion well—
There's a power more than gospel
In what crazy gossips tell."

Oh my heavy hatred fall upon
Young Connell of Shieve-Mast!
He took the cruel vengeance
For his scorned love at last.

The jokin' and the jibin',
And the banterin' went on;
One girl dared another,
And they all dared Peggy Bawn.

Till, leaping up, away she flew,
Down to the hollow green—
Her bright locks floating in the wind,
Like golden light were seen.

They saw her at the Fairy Well—
Their laughin' died away.
They saw her stoop above its brink
With hearts as cold as clay.

Oh, mother, mother, never stand
Upon your cabin floor!
You heard the cry that through your heart
Will ring for ever more.

For when she came up from the well,
No one could stand her look;
Her eye was wild—her cheek was pale—
They saw her mind was shook.

And the gaze she cast around her
Was so ghastly and so sad—
"O Christ preserve us," shouted all,
"Poor Peggy Blake's gone mad!"

The moon was up—the stars were out
And shinin' through the sky,
When young and old stood mournin' round
To see their darling die.

Poor Peggy from the death-bed rose—
Her face was pale and cold,
And down about her shoulders, hung
The lovely locks of gold.

"All you that's here this night," she said,
"Take warnin' by my fate,
Whoever braves the fairies' wrath,
Their sorrow comes too late."

The tear was startin' in her eye,
She clasp'd her throbbin' head,
And when the sun next mornin' rose,
Poor Peggy Bawn lay dead.

"There now it's for you," said the girl; but as she looked at the child, she saw her eyes close, and before she could spring to her support, Mealey had fallen, pale and trembling, on the floor.

After this day she was seen only once or twice, wandering through the fields, with her hair all disordered; or sitting by the edge of the fairy-well, till overcome by fatigue, or the intensity of her own feelings, she dropt fast asleep beside the fatal waters.

Had Sally's mind been less engaged about her dying parent, she would, probably, have reflected more on all these appearances. As it was, she could only attribute them to constitutional excitement, heightened as she still believed, by a touch of insanity. Mealey's affection for her, and her resentment against the hosier, from whatever cause it proceeded, seemed the ruling principles of her mind. But though she was at a loss to account for many of her expressions,—particularly the obscure allusion to her own destiny, contained in the prophecy of better times to her friend,—she never dreamed of the fatal purpose to which that allusion referred.

One evening Sally had been at the apothecary's getting medicines for her father, and on her way out of town, she thought she would call in, for a few minutes, with her friends, at the "Cross."—Her appearance was sadly altered from the time we saw her first in that hospitable dwelling. Her soft and melancholy eyes were hardly less beautiful than then; but her form was wasted,—her countenance had lost its youthful expression; and every tint of health seemed to have faded for ever from her cheek. She was, in fact, a very interesting person, but no longer the beautiful girl of Derryglavin. The kindness of Andy and his wife had increased, if possible, with the sorrows of their young friend. Even the children appeared fonder than ever of poor Sally; and they were now all gathered about her, while their mother was assiduously preparing "something to warm her."

"In troth you'll just take this, acushla; for it's a wild night, and you're not as strong as you used to be, —God help you!"

"Ay, God help her!" said Andy; "and he's a better Christian nor me'll say 'God forgive them that wronged her!'"

"O Andy," said the wife, "there's no use in talking of him. He has a sorer heart, I'll be bound, nor one of us to-night; for it's the could home, Sally, where there's neither prayer nor blessin'.—But tell me, a-lanna, how is the ould man with you?"

"Och in troth, Jenny dear," said the girl, "I doubt he'll do no good; it's only weaker and sicklier he's gettin';—but we must all die," she added, half unconsciously, "and I'm beginnin' to think them's best off that goes soonest."

A silence of some moments succeeded. Jenny bent down to fasten the dress of one of her little, flaxen-haired urchins, while the smith looked, with a contracted and stern brow, on the downcast face of the maiden.

"Jenny," he said, "you're right enough, asthore; there's no use in talkin'; and troth there's no luck in talkin' of the likes of him. God gave him his way for a bit, but now let him see how he'll thrive the ruffian, with the poor man's curse."

"Ah God forgive him," said Sally; "that's the worst I wish him. Sure I'm tould he has broke poor little Mealey's heart, too; though I can't make out what it is the crathur has agin him."

"Well, Sally," said the wife, "it's just what Andy and me was allowin', that there's something wrong with that child. She came in here, th'other mornin', and after talkin' about you she said, 'I wish,' says she, 'Johnny Fitzpatrick was home. Johnny was always remarkable friendly to me; and, Jenny asthore,' she says, 'it would be a hardship never to see him again.'"

"The crathur!" said Sally. "Och it'll be a long day afore she sees Johnny, I doubt!" For the time first appointed for the return of Johnny and his master was long past; and it was, of course, quite uncertain now, when either might be home. But this was to be an eventful night for Sally. The tramp of a horse was heard without,—the door opened, and a fine-looking young fellow stood on the threshold. It was Johnny Fitzpatrick.

As Sally and her lover wandered homeward, through the paths they had so often roamed before, she gave him an ample account of all that occurred since his departure. Many and deep were the curses with which Fitzpatrick interrupted the fatal narrative; but when she had concluded, with a softened account of the miseries they had endured, such as might, in some degree, prepare him for what he was about to witness, and when the young wanderer gazed on her wasted and altered countenance, and saw her but the ruin of the lovely being he had left, he forgot all but her, and he folded her to his bosom with a tenderness he had never known before.

"Sally," he said, "I'll never lave you more. I'll never lave you, achora, and afore them stars comes out again, the holy words will make you my own for ever."

Sally had suffered as much as most persons; and her feelings had undergone the change which sufferings necessarily produce. The buoyancy of youth had left her, and many hopes had perished, and all had faded, in her heart; but never in their brightest time, had she experienced a joy so perfect as that

which now diffused itself through her soul, as she felt that after all, her lover was returned true and fond as ever.

When Johnny had gone home, McCartan, who had received his young friend with mingled feelings of shame and delight, said to his daughter, "I wonder, Sally, what's the matter with that poor child. She was here to-night, and now you never seen such a way as she was in. Faix, Sally, I'll tell you the truth, myself was half afraid of her. She says to me, 'Paddy,' says she, 'I'm sorry you sould the well-field. It was ill done o' you,' she says; 'but it's no matter now. It'll soon be over,' she says, 'and ye'll not die off, you and yours, for all that.' And now, Sally, she looked at me in that way that I couldn't spake a word to her, if it was to save my life."

"And did you say nothin' at all to the child, father?"

"Oh, the not a word, Sally, till she came over, and bid God be with me: 'and tell Sally,' says she, 'not to fret, when she hears the news,—for my heart was broke, any-way.'"

"My God! and you never axed her what she meant, or where she was goin', or a hap'orth," said the girl, dreadfully alarmed at this strange intelligence.

"To be sure I axed her, though; but she said, 'it's no matter, Paddy; you'll know time enough; and then,' she says, rubbin' her hands through other, this away, 'Augh,' says she, 'Paddy, my hands is could!' and then she roars out laughin'; and that's the last I ever seen of her."

"Queen of Heaven!" cried Sally, "the child's lost!—I see it now, father—I see what she was at all along!" and she rushed out, hardly knowing in the darkness whither she went.

In a few minutes she reached the fairy-well, but all there was silent and solitary. Sally felt relieved at not meeting with the child at that fatal spot. She thought of proceeding to Dhubatti, but the night was dark and tempestuous; and besides, the danger of leaving her father in his present state, for the length of time which must have elapsed before she could possibly return; she now reflected that these passionate moods having occurred more than once before, there might be time enough to prevent any rash measure being adopted, if such was seriously contemplated by the child. She returned accordingly to the cottage; but the whole night long her mind was disturbed, and she watched, with sleepless anxiety, for the first dawn of light.

Before that dawn poor Mealey's heart was at rest. She had been seen by one of the neighbours, on leaving McCartan's cabin. She appeared greatly agitated; her step was hurried, and once or twice she stopt, as if uncertain whether to proceed or return; when, rushing forward, she was soon lost in the gloom.

About twelve o'clock that night, the Old Woman of the Rocks was sitting in her miserable hovel, when Mealey rushed in and stood before her. Her appearance was dreadfully disordered: her countenance was wild and ghastly; and when she put forward her hands to clasp the face of the old woman, the latter shrunk back, and making the sign of the cross upon her breast:—

"Mealey," she said, "I ax you, in God's name, what's the matter with you?"

To this adjuration the child replied by singing out,

with startling vehemence, a verse too truly descriptive of her own condition.

Young Willy caught her in his arms—
"Oh Willy Rhu," she said,
"It's over now! The weary eyes
Are darkenin' in my head.

Come with me to my mother's home,
And lay me at her knee,
The sun will set to-night, Willy,
But never rise for me!"

The old woman, started up, for a horrible thought flashed upon her mind; but Mealey twisted her cold and attenuated arms round her neck.

"Ay, Mary, it's done—it's done!" she cried; "I washed my hands in Thubber-na-Shie!!!"

The old woman fainted on the floor. The next morning a girl coming down to the well, saw Mealey lying among the long grass, beside the fort. The night had turned out extremely stormy, and during the greater part of it, till after daybreak, there had been one continued torrent of rain. The woman, supposing Mealey asleep, endeavoured to raise her from the earth; but her head hung back, and the wet hair falling from about her face, discovered the fixed and open eyes, and the bloodless lips of the poor fairy-child.

Sally McCartan was sitting by the bed where the corpse of her little friend lay, dressed out with the knots of white ribbon, and all the other usual decorations of the dead. The event had almost deprived her of reason; but her sorrow was of that deep and silent character which, it is said, preys most on the heart. Even the kind but misguided old man had received a shock which was likely to hasten his end; and this was probably rather increased by the circumstance that the fatal spring was once more in his own possession.

That very morning,—so the story goes,—the place which Thubber-na-Shie had occupied in McCullough's field, was but a dry, stony hollow; while a clear, deep well had opened in the field below it—the only piece of land, as we have already mentioned, which McCartan had been able to save from the wreck of his former property.

The Old Woman of the Rocks was nearly frantic when she heard of Mealey's death; but she appeared to have some unaccountable reluctance to go near McCartan's cottage, where the body lay. At last she came; and after weeping and wailing over the dead, she went over, and kneeling beside the sick man—

"Paddy McCartan," she said, "it's what I doubt your days is done! and, though you think I'm an unnatural woman, in troth I'm sorry in my heart, to see it come to this with you. But I have a secret to tell you, Paddy, if you only say you'll forgive a poor ould crathur that'll not be long after you in this world, in troth."

"Why, what do you mane, woman?" said the other. "Sure, you unfortunate crathur, you never harmed me."

"Och, musha God help you," said Mary. "The poor child that's lyin' could in that windin' sheet—"

"What about her," cried Sally, eagerly.

"Och, in troth, Sally darlint, she's what you never thought,—she's your own flesh and blood, Paddy—the

child of your unfortunate daughter. Ay, in troth; poor Rose McCartan! God be merciful to her and her infant, this blessed day."

The dying man half rose from his bed, and glared with the eyes of death on his informant. The latter laid her hand on his shoulder. "Be aisy, now, God bless you, and let me say all out; for there's more nor that to be tould—ay, and worse nor that,—ten to one. She had the sweet, good mother, if God had spared her—but the Divil took care of his own. The desavin' thief that broke your poor Rosy's heart, he lived to dhrove you out of house and home. Ay, in troth; and here he's come to see you die, acushla," she added, as McCullough entered the cabin. The old man sank back, and closed his eyes, as the hated object approached his bed.

"McCartan," said the latter, in the coolest manner possible, "I'm sorry to see you so ill."

Suppressing his rising anger, "Leave me, McCullough," said McCartan, "for God's sake leave this house. You have done enough, and it isn't worth your while to disturb the mind of a dyin' man."

"Well, but there's a matter," he said, "on which we must have a few minutes' conversation. There lie the remains, as I understand of my child and your grandchild—I am sorry I was not aware of the circumstance sooner, or I should have provided for the infant—but this unfortunate creature, to whom it appears she was intrusted by her mother, wilfully, and from what cause I cannot imagine, deceived me as to her destiny. She led me to believe that the child had not survived the mother."

"Oh God forgive you, Mr. McCullough!" cried the old woman; "God forgive you that isn't afeard to say the likes to a dyin' man. I desaved you about the child! Oh musha! musha! after that—now you needn't be lookin' at me, I tell you—I'm not afeard of you; and I don't care the worth of that ould brogue for your dirty money, when my poor child's lyin' there could fornenst my eyes. Will you deny to my face, that when I tould you how it became you to look after the poor baby, that you axed me why I didn't dhrown it! Ay, by my sowl! and when the time came that the poor mother allowed me to tell her who she was, and what she was, if she didn't know it afore, I tould her them words, and she looks in my face so pitifully, and she says, 'Mary, is that what he said!' And when I tould her again that it was, and what you thought, she turns up her beautiful eyes to heaven, Sally, and says, in a way that you'd pity her, 'God look down on me!—Mary,' she says, 'the time 'll come when he'll rue them words!' And may be it isn't come!" cried the old woman. "I wondher where Thubber-na-Shie is, this mornin'."

Sally turned from the speaker to McCullough, with a look of horror and disgust. He met her glance; and, with all his assurance, he quailed beneath it. He walked over to where Mealey lay, and after kissing her, he took out a guinea, and laid it on the bed. Sally snatched up the gold, as if it desecrated the place.

"Wretch!" she cried, take your money—and lave the house," she added, as she looked over towards her father, "lave the house, Mr. McCullough, for God's sake, and don't be about where a Christian's dyin'."

McCullough was willing enough to comply with this request.

It was a day of sorrow and mourning, and ere it had closed Sally was fatherless.

After a becoming time had elapsed from the occurrence of these melancholy events, Johnny and his bride entered on a new career, all the gloom of which arose from the recollection of the past. He was enabled, by his own industry, and the judicious management of a small farm, consisting of the memorable field to which the well had shifted, and a portion of ground allowed him by his father, to struggle through for a while, respectably enough. But there were better days in store for him and his young wife. The feeling excited against McCullough, when these important circumstances were disclosed was alike intense and universal. He had been hitherto considered by all his neighbours, as a model of morality. He had not possessed their attachment then, and there was no indulgence extended now to the heartless hypocrite, who abandoned his own child to misery and ruin. The occurrence to which Mealey's death was attributed, attached a degree of horror to his character. Callous as his heart was, he could not bear up against the hatred manifested in every look he encountered. The belief that his luck was gone,—and frequently the wish was father to the thought,—tended probably, in a great degree, to bring about that consummation. His undertakings having been extensive, his debts were, of course, considerable; and this opinion, willingly indulged, operated to the material injury of his credit. No labourer would work for him, who could possibly procure employment elsewhere. He was, to all intents and purposes, excommunicated from the benefits and comforts of society. It was said, he was haunted by Mealey's ghost; for he was sometimes seen late at night down by the fairy-well, or on the margin of Lough Fay; and it was probably in one of those nocturnal rambles he contracted the cold which carried him off at last.—McCullough had no relation to claim any inheritance.

The farm having come into Johnny Fitzpatrick's hands, he continued to reside in the cottage, while the house was suffered to fall to decay. And there I beheld it, a monument of human frailty and fairy power.

My rustic historian, having concluded his narrative, proposed that we should adjourn to the cottage; but he first called to the boy within the ruin, and whispering something to him, the latter turned up his little face:—

"Sure," said he, "Andy, she's gone to Dhuhatti, with some broth for Mary the Whey."

"Off, sir," said the other, giving him a slap on the shoulder; "how do you know but she's come back?" and off the little fellow scampered in a full gallop before us.

"That's Sally's eldest boy, your honour," said the peasant; and as like the grandfather as two beans."

We had not proceeded half-way to the cottage when we met the boy returning, flushed and panting after his race. There was an expression of horror in his countenance; and before he reached us he shook his hand towards my companion.

"Och, Andy," he said, "sure poor ould Mary's dead!"

"Murder!" said Andy. "Well, God be merciful to her sowl, the ould crathur.—We'll not mind Sally, now, if you please, sir," he added, turning to me.

"She'll be mighty distressed, I know, about the ould sowl; but if your honour wouldn't scorn a poor man's axin' maybe you'd come in to the forge on afore us here, where Jenny'll give you—the height o' welcome any way."

I said I would partake of his hospitality with infinite pleasure,—and so I did.

From the New Monthly Repository.

THE TRUTH OF SONG.

On! think not that the Muse's child
No heartfelt anguish knows,
Because his plaint, tho' deep and wild,
In measured accents flows.

Think not his warmly-gushing tear
From fabled sources springs;
The living fount of grief is near.
And murmurs while he sings.

'Tis not amidst the turbid roll
Of passion's whelming tide
That words escape the prostrate soul;
But, when its waves subside.

Deep wells of bitterness remain
Within the sufferer's breast,
And then it pours its anguish'd strain
That will not be repress.

Oh! never has the trembling Lyre
To passion's lay been strung,
Save when the heart that waked its fire
Had felt the woes it sung!

C. P.

From the New Monthly Repository.

MEXICAN SKETCHES.

NO. I.—THE VOYAGE.

I HAD my hammock slung in the steerage among the Mids. I made sundry efforts to obtain one of the little cabins, but from the number of persons, both necessary officers and supernumerary gentlemen, who had been beforehand with me, I found it impracticable. The captain's brother was in the same predicament. Finding he took it greatly to heart, I advised him to offer a pecuniary acknowledgment to one of the warrant officers for a share of his berth (that is, for the use of it during the day; not to sleep there) in the steerage, where the berths were quite as large as those in the gun-room. He did so, and was presently installed in the gunner's berth very comfortably, for one so little used to "rough it" either by sea or land. I made similar overtures to the boat'son, and was refused. The reason he gave I thought a good one: he said "he did not know what to make of me." The remaining warrant officer, the carpenter, I could not apply to, on account of a rather ridiculous circumstance which I am about to explain. The first few nights I slept on board, everything was in such confusion, that scarcely any of those officers who had no private cabin could find a more commodious bed than a sea-chest, or the lockers of the Midshipmen's berth. For my part I slept upon the gun-room table, and D—— slept there also. The second night, how-

ever, that I had got my hammock slung, was just before we left Falmouth, and the wives of many of the inferior officers being still on board, they were frequently crossing the steerage to one another's cabins. I was just in the act of springing into my "flying crib," when I saw Mrs. Jones, the carpenter's wife, a pretty young woman, coming directly towards the place. In order to avoid her I ran round the mainmast to get into the dark till she had passed; and succeeded to admiration, for the hatch of the arlop deck being off, I fell down and lay there immovable till the master-at-arms with his lantern and several others (among whom was Mrs. Jones) came and lifted me out, chafed my temples, washed away the blood, and put me into my hammock. The anecdote that was built upon this prevented me from applying to the carpenter for a share of his cabin.

After we had been at sea a few days, Captain Smith introduced me to the Ambassador. * * * He was something of a courtier. I had had several conversations with the Baron de Zandt before. The treasurer, Senor Castillio, was a very quiet gentlemanly man. I dined with them the same day in the state-cabin, and was no wiser when I got up than when I sat down. I mean with respect to the express business we were upon; so guarded were they all in their expressions. But I had an opportunity of considering their characters, which was something gained.

The Ambassador was a man of about fifty years of age, low stature, small delicate make, yet with somewhat of a sinewy, hard favoured appearance. His countenance was lean and cadaverous, and so imperturbable that, even when speaking, he scarcely ever moved any other muscles of the face than those necessary to the opening of the mouth. He had a keen quiet eye, and never looked hard at anything. He spoke seldom, and then in a low voice and very quick. All these seemed to me the signs of a capable character; yet there were some points connected with previous circumstances which I could not reconcile with a belief of his penetration. How far he might have suffered his own judgment to be influenced by other considerations (whether connected with the desires of the Mexican Government or his credence of certain documents and reports) I cannot say. He was dressed in a dark blue jacket, very much braided and frogged, with a little pinched-up tail behind. Moreover he was a great epicure, and had brought his French cook aboard with him.

The Baron de Zandt was a fine soldier-like person, of commanding appearance, mingled with the suavity of a man of the world. He seemed about five-and-forty, had light hair, enormous fine-formed moustaches of the same hue, and a large square tuft below his nether lip. His countenance was easy and good-tempered, though his steady gray eye, which nothing escaped, would at times fire up as he spoke. There were few lines in his face except round the eyes, and those were far more expressive of subtle calculation and knowledge than age. He was one of the very few men I have met, who could talk incessantly and never commit himself. His usual dress was a gray frock buttoned close up.

Senor Castillio was a quiet courteous Spaniard of five or six and thirty, a great reader and a little talker. He had dark eyes, hair, and small jetty whiskers, the only one of the three who wore any.

Whenever he spoke, and this was chiefly to the Ambassador, he always seemed in the greatest haste to finish and have done with it. He had an immense collection of books aboard, all splendidly bound. Captain Smith I had already known some years.

The conversation was principally carried on in French, though the General always replied in Spanish; and was frequently of a very entertaining character, the Baron having seen much service, which, added to an ease and force of recital, made everything "tell." He did not evade speaking of our present expedition, alluding to it occasionally in a way most calculated to please the officers engaged in it, yet without giving us the least notion of the plan of operations, or even of our primal destination. The dinner was of a very luxurious description, especially the ragouts and fricassees. Worthy was the General's cook of his great fame, and at his salary let no man shake his head. The coffee and cigars were also excellent.

By way of contrast I will here make a few observations upon the Midshipmen's berth, in which I was for the present compelled to mess. A cabin of about twelve feet by six, the whole of which was filled up, except with just leg-room, by a long table and seats with lockers underneath, was the sole mess-room of sixteen "gentlemen." It was as hot as an oven, and not half so clean. The live-stock we had provided was soon out, as we were unable to purchase much on account of having no place to put it in, the whole of that part of the ship appropriated to such uses being occupied by the sheep, fowls, turkeys, &c., of the Ambassador and Captain. Of lamb and poultry, therefore, had we none; but we had very fine salt pork, the fat whereof was only two inches and a half thick. The ship's beef was of the colour and solidity of mahogany, and might have been sawed in slices before brought to table, if our caterer had been a proper person. We had pudding, too, with huge gross plums in it and large lumps of transpicuous suet. Our coffee was no better than burnt crust and hot water would have been; the biscuits very sandy and as hard as flints. It was literally Macadamizing the stomach to eat a couple of them. But wine and rum we had in abundance. I dined frequently in the gun-room, however, and was content to wait for a vacancy.

To counterbalance these disagreeables there was certainly a vast deal of fun going on in the steerage and Mid's berth. The chief annoyance, and that a very great one, was the impossibility of getting any rest night or day; at least, not until one got used to sleeping amidst singing, capering, drinking, smoking, story-telling, flute-blowing, and sundry practical jokes; all of which require long habit, or great exhaustion, before you can set them at nought and "compose yourself." And the game was carried on by these means. We seldom felt inclined to sleep till eleven or twelve, consequently the noise we made prevented those who had the next watch, and were not "used" to the disturbance, from getting a wink: at twelve the mid-watch was "turned out," and those in the first night-watch then coming down, were prepared to take their grog and make merry in the berth; this they frequently kept up till three or four, at which hour the morning-watch commences, so that be in which watch you might there was little sleep all night for those who required peace and quietness for

the occasion. The noise, indeed, from four in the morning to eight, though of a different character, was worse to my thinking than the other. A little before five deck-washing began, and the banging of the iron pumps at work, while the wooden buckets were pitched down upon their hollow bottoms on the deck as they passed them from one to another; all which thunder being directly overhead, and scarce ten inches from the noses of those who were lying in their hammocks (having little more than the deck between their heads and the actual blow) rendered sleeping a very difficult effort of the will. Besides, the Ambassador's live-stock just about this time began to clamour for their morning meal, and the oaths of the sailors above were therefore nearly drowned by the crowing of cocks, the baaing of sheep, grunting of pigs, crying of young goats, cackling of ducks and geese, &c. It was as bad as sleeping in the spare den of a menagerie.

I pass over the "larks" that were frequently carried on at night in the steerage upon those who wanted rest; merely observing that to find your bed filled with shoes and saucepans, or a quart of split peas and a tar-brush, is extremely disagreeable at the best of times; and that to have your hammock suddenly cut down by the head or feet, at the mercy of the larkist, whereby you are instantly shot out headforemost or otherwise, upon the hard deck below, is an unhandsome joke that might break one's back. Neither can I altogether approve of turning the sleeper's hammock suddenly round so as to face the deck, upon which his own weight instantly brings him lump down, unless he be quick enough to catch hold of the sides, where he hangs like a roasting-pig until he recovers himself sufficiently to let his legs drop gently down. But flinging handfuls of shot about in the dark, that rain sharp peppering upon the faces of snorers, was a game that amused me exceedingly. A heavy fall in one's sleep, however, is a thing not to be smiled at: it is bad enough to dream of. I generally slept with double laniards to my hammock, and an awning for my head in case of accidents. The worst trick almost I ever heard was played one night upon C—. They put a broken claret bottle in his bed. This was done from sheer spleen and envy, because he was the Captain's brother, since he never assumed upon the strength of it. The individual was not exactly discovered, and as there were two or three in the berth very capable of such a thing, it was rather difficult to fix a suspicion strong enough to act upon. It was not many nights, however, before I cut down one, upon a venture. * * *

Both the boat'son's mates were characters, and well worthy the short sketch I am about to give of them. The chief boat'son's mate of the starboard watch was Bill Jones. He was a thin man of moderate height, all bone and sinew what there was of him, with narrow shoulders, no chest, spare thighs, and grisly arms. He had a lean physiognomy, very much seamed with the small pox, a moist eye and a sensual, I wot; large ear-rings, long greasy corkscrew ringlets at the side of his head and face, and a hungry-looking mouth. It was after we had been out at sea a long while, that sitting upon the spar-deck one night (for he was in my watch, which was the starboard) there being a lull of wind, he had collected several round him, and he then told us his history, from going to

sea at "nine years old, up till now," he being six-and-thirty. The account was simply this. Bill Jones had been to every part of the world in the merchants' service; seen everything and done everything that sailors commonly see and do, and a little over. This is saying a great deal. Bill Jones had also been in men-o'-war in every service, and had "done duty" under all colours; he had fought for the king and against the king. This he particularly piqued himself upon. The last service he had been in, previous to the Mexican, was that of the Venezuelians, which he entered in consequence of being badly paid by the Spaniards, for whom he had been fighting against them; and he left the Venezuelians because he considered himself treated in an ungentlemanly sort of way by Bolivar. He now engaged himself in the service of the Mexican Government, because he had been ashore some time, and had spent all his money. Of shipwrecks he had seen and suffered many, and storms were his common-places; then, as to scars, it was hardly possible to find a fresh spot to tap him at. He told his story with a quiet indifference and naiveté worth a thousand pages of bare description, and his eye wandered aloft to the sails at times in a way that showed how little interest he took in his own eventful history, and how ready he was to "knock off" and pipe to the watch with the first breath of wind.

I remember I made the following very natural reflection upon him: "Here is a poor common fellow, of no particular strength of mind or body, who has seen and suffered all these vicissitudes, as a matter of course, merely from the chance of being a sailor. How different is this from the dull monotonous life of a tradesman ashore; he rises in the morning, serves his retail all day, eats his dinner, has 'words' with his wife, goes to church on Sunday, dies of worn-out flesh, and is buried decently. His son carries on the business."

The chief boat'son's mate of the larboard watch was a gigantic black man, whose name was White. Like most men of prodigious bodily strength, he was habitually grave, dull, and quiescent; the choice of that name, for it was not his real one, was probably the only joke he ever made in his life. He had fought successfully in the prize-ring several times, and had left it on finding his colour was against him. It was well known that he had alone quelled a mutiny that took place aboard a vessel he was in, by running headlong among the ship's company, and attacking, or rather cowing, above a hundred men. The sailors insisted that he had thrashed them all. He was the handsomest African I ever saw, having little of their squab features. The upper part of his truly colossal frame was perfect symmetry, and the smallness of his fine-formed narrow head and retiring forehead (as a physical character) and the make of the back of the neck, always reminded me of the Pharnese Hercules; particularly when he stood leaning against the shaded side of the mast, or with his shoulder lounged upon the gang-ways, as he bent over the sea. There was the same grave slumberous dignity of power about him. And he was self-conscious too, and seemed to be aware of the altitude and position of his limbs; but I have continually noticed the personal vanity of black men. He had a wife in the Cove of Cork, who went to service when he went to sea; nevertheless, he allowed her half his pay, though he approved of

her working, because, as he remarked in his peculiar solemn way, "it would keep her out of mischief." He was a firm believer in conjurors, second-sighted people, and ghosts of every description, several of which he had seen, as he said, "with his own eyes." I committed an error in saying he only made one jest in his life; he made *two*, and though he was never seen to laugh at any time, he seldom uttered the latter without the appearance of a smile; which, however, he immediately corrected, and his features assumed their former gravity. It was this: whenever asked what country he was of, he (having the fear of his wife before his eyes, I suppose) always answered that "he was an Irishman." He took a great liking to me, and told me privately that his real name was Syphax, and that he was a deserter from a British man-o'-war.

* * * One mid-watch, old Bryden, the second lieutenant, came to me and said in an under tone, "Mr —, I'll be d— to h— if the ship is not in a pretty — infernal state" (this was his usual way of talking) "and I can't leave the deck, though I fancy there's mischief brewing below. There's the master-at-arms dead drunk, rest his soul—there's the corporal of marines piping drunk—and the serjeant nowhere to be found — 'em all! I wish to the Lord above you'd just take the lantern in your fist and go down between decks, for we've a precious set of infernal rascals aboard."—"Certainly," said I, and taking the lantern, I descended. The lights were all out below, and all was silent. This, however, I thought betokened no good; it was too unusual, and it suddenly occurred to me that I would go the rounds in the dark, by doing which I should see anything that was going on wrong, without giving any warning of my approach, or being seen myself, which might not end pleasantly. I set the lantern therefore up in one corner of the Midshipmen's berth, and went groping my way round the lower deck. The first thing I came to was the drunken body of the master-at-arms, whom I nearly fell over, when, after a moment's pause, employed in listening if there were any sounds forward, I stepped lightly over his fuming carcass, and began to feel my way onwards. I soon came to the hammocks of the ship's company, and some being hung lower than others, or bearing heavier burdens, while some swung high and loose, their owners being in the watch on deck, caused an inequality which made my journey very awkward; because, if I had inadvertently thumped my head and shoulders up against a body hard enough to wake the sleeper, he might not be satisfied either with my silence, or the answer I should give, and jump out to seize the offender, which of course might have produced disagreeable consequences, in the mutinous state of things. To me there is always something awful in sleep. I sometimes see a loveliness in it also, but only when the person has a beautiful and amiable expression of countenance; and except in children and young females this is seldom the case. I generally see a being before me whose mind is prostrate with the body, that is, whose ideas are under the entire dominion of such internal sensations as the state of health and natural disposition of the person induces; but if the sleep be sound and perfect, I can scarcely separate the idea from death, for the eyes are glazed, the cheek and forehead marbly quiet, and

the expression of the mouth seems fixed in the one last unalterable conclusion—all is over—it will speak no more. As to sleep-walkers, it is just like meeting a ghost, and when people talk in their sleep it is generally the voice of an evil spirit; because virtuous emotions are seldom of so irritating and virulent a nature as to produce indigestion, night-mare, &c.—but, to return.

I went groping my way under the hammocks, and soon found myself in the midst of the snorers (ogres that eat little boys) the sound becoming articulate ever and anon as it grew into a low muttered curse, then gulfing itself at once with a snore and a gasp. Some kept up a low murmuring which might be a prayer or a malediction, while others distinctly uttered the most appalling oaths. There were indeed a terrible set in the ship. Sometimes also, and this was as disagreeable as anything, my outstretched hand, in feeling my way along, would come in contact with the hot clammy face of a sleeper half out of his bed, and the next moment perhaps I ran my head against some gaunt hairy leg flung over the side of the hammock to cool. I had now gone round and was groping back as fast as I well could, being quite satisfied, when my ears caught the sounds of voices, and, on listening attentively, I found it proceeded from behind a blanket near at hand, through a chink in which, it being fastened up with forks, or something of the kind, I fancied I could see the faint glimmer of a light. I approached cautiously, and now heard a voice which I knew to be Yeoland's (the ring-leader of our dawning mutiny) in a half-whispered conversation with another man, and what I gathered from amidst the blasphemous execrations wherewith it was ornamented, amounted to nothing less than the destruction of Bryden at the first place the ship touched at, or in the first action they were engaged in. Indeed it was not quite clear that they did not contemplate something of the kind immediately. I was about to make my invisible bow and retire with this information, when Yeoland, from some conscious feeling of villany (for I made no noise, nor had anything occurred likely to give alarm) put aside the blanket, and thrusting forth his head, took a survey all round. It was an equally true instinct that made Bryden send me down. Finding it difficult to make a clever retreat among the heavy nests that surrounded me, and expecting Yeoland was coming out to reconnoitre, I began to slide off backwards, keeping my eye upon the fellow, who still stood looking about him into the dark, as though he fancied there was danger at hand; till coming to the empty hammock of one on deck, I put both hands up to the bracket and lifted and lowered myself into it so noiselessly, that not a clew or laniard was heard to stretch. I lay here snoring moderately upwards of ten minutes, and if I dreamt of anything it was that Yeoland's pale villanous face came and looked over the hammock at me, saying, Aha!—it won't do. He and his fellows would have felt no scruple of conscience at cutting my throat, and throwing me, hammock and all, out of the bow-port. At length, finding myself perspiring profusely among the sailors' blankets, and also that several fasting fleas were regaling themselves at my expense, I gradually lifted up my head, and finding the coast clear, dropped down and made off to the quarter-deck for a little

fresh air, being nearly melted, as well as suffocated by odours as little resembling otto of roses, or *de mille fleurs*, as possible.

I mentioned nothing of this to Bryden at present, his watch being now just over, and knowing, from his habitual conduct and want of discretion, that it would immediately create a disturbance that would last all night. I put my dirk under my pillow, however, before going to bed, in case of emergency. Next morning I found one of the Mids toasting a biscuit with it, he having taken it from under my head while I was asleep. So much for being prepared!

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE MENDICANT.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

DAILY might have been seen, sitting under the lofty arches of one of the principal churches of Paris, a poor mendicant, whose hoary locks and decrepit appearance betokened the extreme of age and of misery. The period of our story need not be carried farther back than some two or three years, so that many even of English travellers may be able to bear in their recollection the remembrance of the very spot, as well as the features of the humble hero of this our simple narrative. His manners, behaviour, and language bespoke a superior education than is common to those who have to struggle against misery and adversity. His dress, though poor and ragged, was clean, and bore evident marks of having been the companion of one in happier days; and a noble mien expressed in every feature, combined with the characteristics we have mentioned of silvery locks and advanced age, strongly convinced us that he once had occupied some elevated station in society. Even the poorest and most wretched inhabitants of the place regarded him with a kind of veneration that plainly bespoke his acknowledged superiority. He bore the name of Jacques: he was as much beloved as respected by all the poor of the parish, for his kindness, goodness, quietness of temper, and even for his generosity in sharing with others, if possible, more distressed of his fellow-creatures, the alms which he himself had received.

The history of his life and of his misfortunes was meanwhile, to those who were his *intimate friends*, as well as to the authorities of the parish, wrapped in deepest mystery. Daily for twenty-five successive years had Jacques regularly seated himself in his wonted haunt, and each frequenter of the holy edifice had made himself so familiar with his appearance, that he seemed to them even as a living statue pertaining to the sacred precincts, just as much as the splendid entrance itself, and the many beautifully carved stone statues and Gothic ornaments, which, superabundant in kind and superior in quality, notwithstanding the ravaging hand of a sweeping revolution, were yet visible on every side. None of his companions were able to account for or relate the slightest particulars concerning him. This only was known, that, although a Catholic, he had never entered the threshold of the church.

Under its ceremonial services, when the zeal of pious devotees made the sacred dome resound with song, when the fragrance of the holy incense fuming from the altars, intermixing with the prayers and wishes of the faithful, ascended towards heaven, when the grave and melodious tones of the organ filled out and supported the solemn choirs of the Christians, then the old withered man was to be seen sunk in intense thought, and in deep and silent veneration he seemed to join with those who were thus engaged in their Maker's praise within the cathedral. With an eye full of sorrow, and with deep humility, he contemplated, at the entrance of this the dwelling of God. The reflection of thousand of tapers that dimly traversed the gorgeous structure, the shadow of the pillars for centuries supporting its sombre Gothic arches, like the great symbol of the eternity of religion, powerfully affected his soul. With trembling frame he involuntarily bent his knee with enthusiastic fervour, and tears of anguish rolled down his wrinkled and faded cheeks. The recollection of some great misfortune, or the gnawings of evil conscience, seemed to agitate his soul. At his first appearance at the church-door, he might have been regarded as a great criminal exiled from the society of the good and virtuous to linger life away in misery.

There was also a clergyman who went daily to this church to solemnize mass. This minister of religion was descended from one of the first families of France, and the possessor of an immense fortune; moreover, he abounded in virtue. To him no happiness was greater than in doing good and assisting and consoling the needy and unfortunate. The old mendicant was among the many who had fortunately become an object of his solicitude; and every morning the Abbot Paulin de St. C—— administered to him spiritual consolation, together with temporal assistance.

From some unexplained cause Jacques had absented himself for several days together from his accustomed place, which caused anxious inquiry after him from several persons who daily visited for mass; amongst others was our Abbot, who, chagrined at not having the pleasure of giving his old friend the long-accustomed daily alms, inquired after his place of abode. There visiting him, the good father found the aged mendicant stretched on a sick-bed.

The abbot at his entrance was astonished by the strange admixture of luxury and misery which pervaded this nevertheless miserable dwelling: a magnificent gold repeater hung over the wretched and mouldering straw couch on which he was lying; two large paintings in rich carved frames covered with crape were suspended on the old walls: a Christ of ivory, executed in most beautiful workmanship, was lying at the side of the sick; close to the bed stood a Gothic chair, which yet disclosed to view some remnants of red velvet, and was covered with old and seemingly much used books; amongst the volumes was a large family prayer-book with heavy silver clasps; but every other article of furniture represented a frightful spectacle of poverty and of the devastations of time.

The presence of the clergyman reanimated the weak old man, and in a voice full of acknowledgment he cried,

"Thank you, most reverend Abbot, for this your

condescension, in having had the kindness to remember an unfortunate old man!"

"My friend," answered M. de Paulin, "a true Christian never forgets the unhappy. I am come to see if I can be of any benefit to you."

"I want nothing," replied the mendicant; "my end is drawing nigh; my death hour is close at hand:—my conscience is the only part of my internal frame that calls for assistance."

"Your conscience! have you then any crimes or earthly sins by which your conscience is oppressed?"

"Yes; a crime, an enormous crime; a crime for which my whole life has been a fruitless act of repentance! a crime for which in heaven there is no pardon—on earth no punishment."

"There exists not," replied the tender father, "in the wide region of heaven a crime without pardon, for the Divine mercy is far greater than all the sins of man."

"For a criminal polluted by the perpetration of the most horrible of crimes—what hope! pardon! forgiveness!—no, no; there is none for me."

"Yes, there is!" cried the Abbot, with enthusiasm; and to doubt His mercy would even be a more horrible blasphemy than all your crimes. Religion reaches her arms to the repentant. Jacques! if you sincerely repent, implore the Divine goodness, and He will not forsake or cast you off: confess through me, and I will open the pathway to heaven."

The Abbot then covered himself, and after having pronounced those sublime prayers that open the gates of heaven to the repenting, he lent an attentive ear to the following confession:—

"The son of a poor farmer, I was honoured by the affection of a high and noble family, under which my father cultivated a little land. From my earliest infancy I was brought up in their mansion, and, although intended at first for a servant, they took pains to have me educated; and from the rapid progress made by me in my studies, with the good will of my masters, my prospects in life were changed. I was elevated to the rank of secretary. I had already passed my twenty-fifth year when the revolution broke out. My principles were easily shook by the seductive language at that epoch circulated in the daily journals. My ambition rose above its just limits. I became weary with the easy position in which I was placed. I made projects to leave the asylum of my youth for the camp. Alas! had I but followed this first propensity my ingratitude would then have been comparatively trifling, and prevented the commitment of all my other horrible crimes;—but to proceed. The fury of the revolution soon spread over our provinces, and, apprehensive of being arrested, my master discharged all his servants. Hastily possessing himself of such moneys as were within his reach, and packing together some portions of his rich furniture, together with objects of value and family remembrances, we departed for Paris, to repose in security amongst the multitudes of that densely populated city: as a child of the house I had the privilege of accompanying them. At the period of our arrival terror reigned with the utmost fury, and tyranny was triumphant in every department in France; but the retreat of my master was a perfect secret. The family name was inscribed on the emigrant list, and the wealth of their house was confiscated in the name and to the service of the republic; but this seemed not to concern them, for they were in happy union,

unknown, and enjoying peace and tranquillity. Animated with strong faith in Providence, they submissively hoped and looked towards heaven in perfect confidence. Vain hope! the only person able to reveal their abode, to tear them from home, comfort, and security, to deliver them up to their pursuers, had the treachery to inform against them! and I—I was that informer!

"Father, and mother, four daughters, angels, in comparison, for their beauty and innocence, and a young child ten years old were dragged to a dark dungeon and delivered up to all the horrors of captivity, and proceedings were instituted against them. The most trivial accusation sufficed in those days of bloodshed to send the innocent to the guillotine; the public prosecutors could, meanwhile, not find evidence to ruin this good and noble family; but a man who was acquainted with their private family affairs was brought forward, who made depositions respecting their domestic concerns; making crimes of their most innocent actions, and affixing on them fictitious crimes, of being party to a frivolous conspiracy—and I was that false witness, that perjurer!"

"Their fatal judgment was made known to them, the awful sentence of death was pronounced over the whole family,—the young son was the only one to be spared. Unfortunate orphan, so early destined to mourn the fate of his whole family, and to curse their murderer, though unknown to him. Full of resignation, and finding a consoler in their virtues, this unfortunate family in their dungeon awaited the knell of the death hour. Through some mistake the order of execution had been omitted to be obtained. The day intended for their final suffering passed on, and if no one had been interested in seizing on those innocents, they would have escaped the scaffold, for it was close on ninth *Thermidor*; but a man, impatient to enrich himself by their spoil, went before the great revolutionary tribunal, directed their attention to the error, and received as a reward for his zeal the diploma of patriotism. The order for their execution was instantly drawn up, and the same evening the dreadful judgment was to follow. And I,—I was again that eager informer."

"At the eve of day, by the lights of dim burning torches, the fatal cart dragged this noble family to the scaffold. The father, in deepest grief and despair, clasped to his heart, with ardent affection, his two youngest daughters; whilst the mother, strong in Christian fortitude, pressed the two eldest to her bosom; then embracing her husband, they for the last time gave vent to their oppressed feelings, their remembrances, their tears, their hopes; and then, again repeating their farewell, they uttered the final prayers of death. The name of their murderer had never escaped their lips."

"As it was late, the chief executioner,* tired of his day's labour, had trusted one of his servants with this late execution; *he*, little acquainted with its horrible use, implored some of the surrounding multitude to lend him assistance. A man of the crowd readily advanced and offered his aid in this ignoble office. And I,—I was that man."

"And the price for such many crimes was the

* Paris counted, under this epoch of blood and horror, sixteen high executioners, distributed for the several guillotines erected in the different parts of the city; and, besides, allowed them servants' assistance.

sum of 3,000 fr., and those objects of value which you see around me,—the irrefutable witnesses of my guilt.

"After this crime I yielded myself into the arms of pleasure and debauchery, to spend my ill-gotten gold, and quench the voice of my overcharged and reproaching conscience. No project, no enterprise, no undertaking was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. The gains from charity were now my only resource, my only means to keep me from starvation; and I have for years availed myself of the offerings of the bountiful at the entrance of the cathedral! The memory of my crimes has always stood lively before me, constantly piercing and torturing my soul, so that I ever despaired of divine mercy, never daring to implore religious consolation, or even to enter a church. The alms I received, particularly from you, most reverend Abbot, have with strict economy and temporal forbearance enabled me to gather a sum equal to that I stole from my ancient master,—here it is! The objects of luxury which you remark in this room, this watch, this 'Christ,' these books, these portraits, are part of the property of my benefactors. Oh! how long, how deeply, and how profound has not my repentance been, but it has not been able to bring me consolation! Reverend father, do you then think I may flatter myself with the hope of receiving an Almighty's forgiveness?"

"My son," answered the Abbot, "your crimes are certainly revolting, and the circumstances that have led to them atrocious, and unequalled in barbarity. The orphans, through the Revolution deprived of parents and friends, are the most able to judge and appreciate their immensity. A whole life passed in tears and prayers is hardly enough to extirpate such misdeeds. But then the treasures of the divine mercy are also immense, and blessed be your deep repentance. You believe in the almighty, all-powerful goodness of God—I think I may assure you of your pardon."

The Abbot now raised himself from his kneeling position; the mendicant, as if animated with new life, left his bed and threw himself on his knees, ready to receive from the clergyman, after the rites of the Catholic religion, "the absolution for sins committed,"—when he cried out,—*"No, not yet holy father; before you communicate to me my forgiveness, release me from this gold, the fruits of my crimes; take these objects, sell them, and distribute the product of them amongst the poor."*

In the eagerness to display everything, the mendicant tore the crape away from the portraits, crying, *"Take all, all,"* then pointing to the portraits, *"THESE were my BENEFACTORS, MY VICTIMS."*

The Abbot threw a hasty glance upon them, and with a violent cry, clasping his hands upon his eyes, exclaimed, *"My father! my mother!"* and instantly the remembrance of the horrid confession, the presence of the assassin, the sight of the portraits, flashed vividly, in all its horrors, on his mind, and tore up the nearly healed wounds of his heart. His whole frame trembled, and, unable to support himself any longer, he involuntarily fell into a chair, his head drooping on his trembling hands, and with a flow of tears at last gave way to his oppressed and nearly suffocating feelings.

The mendicant had thrown himself on the ground, not daring to raise up his eyes upon his terrible, irrevocable judge, the son of his victims, who was to let fall on him all his wrath, to chase for ever all pardon from his thoughts; he writhed himself at his feet,

bathing them with his tears, crying aloud, in a voice full of despair, *"My master! my master!"* The Abbot restrained himself, and, without looking at the wretched being, urged him to control his grief.

The mendicant, raving, cried, *"I am an assassin, a monster, a murderer! Sir, dispose of my life; what shall I do to avenge you?"*

"Avenge me!" answered the Abbot, recovering himself at these words; *"avenge me! oh, unfortunate man!"*

"Had I then not the judgment to foretell you that my crimes were above pardon! I knew well that even religion would throw me off; repentance could not avail a sinner like myself. No pardon!—Pardon exists not for me."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, recalled to the Abbot his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial sorrows and the exercise of his holy calling ceased. Human weakness had for an instant claimed the tears of the grief-distressed son. Religion reclaimed the yet stronger soul of the priest. The clergyman rose, took the image of Christ in his hand, presented it to the mendicant, and said, with a strong and steady voice, *"Christian, do you sincerely repent?"*

"Yes."

"Your crime is then the object of your true and profound horror.—Then God, suffering on the Cross for mankind, accords you your pardon; finish your confession."

The Abbot, with one hand lifted over the mendicant, and holding the sign of redemption in the other, made the heavenly clemency and forgiveness descend on the assassin of his whole family. With his face bent towards earth, the mendicant still lay kneeling at the feet of the clergyman; the Abbot stretched forth his hands to assist and forgive him, but he was no more.

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE DOCTOR DISTRESSED.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

"So, my nephew is returned," said Dr. Beaumont, taking off his spectacles, and laying aside the letter he had been reading. "What will he do at home?" This remark was addressed to a stout, rosy, matronly looking woman of fifty, who was seated by the fire knitting, and who acted in the double capacity of companion and housekeeper to the reverend gentleman.

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Orams, without raising her eyes from her work. "Do! why, he will do as most 'young people' do in his circumstances; cut a dash as long as his money lasts, and when 'tis all gone depend upon his wealthy relations to pay his debts."

"He's an extravagant dog; but I can't think so harshly of poor Harry. No, no, Mary Orams; the half pay of a lieutenant in the army is but a trifle, a mere trifle. I must allow him *something* yearly to keep up his place in society." This was said in a hesitating under tone, and with a timid glance at the housekeeper, whose countenance, now pale, now red, betrayed considerable marks of agitation.

"Oh, your reverence may do as you please with your money, but I am sure, if I were in *your* place, I would never deprive myself of my little comforts to encourage a young man in his idle and expensive habits. If his half-pay is not enough to support him, let him do as many better men have done before him,—join Don Pedro at Oporto."

"'Tis a hard alternative," said the doubting but compassionate doctor.

"Not at all, sir," replied the crafty Mrs. Orams. "He's a fine young man; let him try his fortune in matrimony, and look out for a rich wife."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, whilst a frown drew his gray bushy eyebrows so closely together that they formed a shaggy line across his wrinkled forehead. "The boy would never be so absurd. In his circumstances 't would be madness. Pshaw! he's too sensible to think of such a thing."

"But young people *will* think of such things," replied Mrs. Orams, frowning in her turn; for well she knew the aversion the doctor had to matrimony.

"And old people *too*," said the doctor with a bitter smile; "in which they show their want of wisdom."

"I hope, sir, you don't mean *me* by *people*. I am not an old woman. It is my own fault that I am single. The foolish respect I entertained for your reverence," she added, adroitly applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "made me reject many advantageous offers. But I thought it better to enjoy the company of a clever man, and contribute to his domestic comforts, than to be the mistress of a house of my own."

"You were a wise woman, Mary Orams," said the doctor, greatly softened by this piece of flattery. "A married life embraces many cares. We are free from them. Our rest is unbroken by the squalling of children and nocturnal lectures. You may bless God that you are what you are."

"Indeed, Dr. Beaufort," said Mrs. Mary, in a sulky tone, "I never trouble the Almighty with blessing him for such small mercies; and since we are upon the subject of marriage, I think it right to inform you that I have received an offer of marriage just now, and to convince you that I am neither old, nor ugly, nor despised, I think I shall accept it."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Orams?" said the astonished old bachelor, sinking back in his chair, and staring the housekeeper full in the face.

"To marry."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Quite serious."

"A woman of your years, Mrs. Orams."

"Pray, sir, don't mention my years."

"Oh, I forgot; but what in the world can induce you to marry?"

"I wish to change my condition; that's all."

"Are you not comfortable here?"

"Why, yes, tolerably comfortable; but one gets tired of the same thing for ever. Besides, I don't choose to be despised."

"Despised! Who despises you?"

"Your nieces, and their mother."

"Mrs. Harford and her daughters?"

"Yes. They are jealous of the good opinion your reverence entertains for your poor servant. There's not one of them will speak a civil word for me; and this fine Mr. Henry, you are so fond of, the last time he was at home, had the impudence to call *me* a respectable woman, a *toady*, to my face. He might as well have called me a bad woman at once. I have been insulted and ill-treated by the whole family, and rather than be thought to stand in their way, which your reverence well knows is not the case," continued Mrs. Ormaus, casting a shrewd glance at the alarmed old man, "I will marry, and leave you; and then you know, sir, I shall no longer be a servant, but have a house of my own."

"And who is to be your husband?"

"Only Mr. Archer, Squire Talbot's steward," said Mary, simpering, and looking down into her capacious lap. "Your reverence can make no objection to him. He is a regular church goer, and never falls asleep in the midst of your reverence's sermons, as most of the other parishioners do. 'Tis true he is somewhat advanced in years; but who can attend to an old man's comforts so well as his wife? What hireling can take such an interest in his welfare, and all his domestic concerns? Gray hairs are honourable, as Solomon says; and he has plenty of money withal."

Dr. Beaufort groaned aloud during Mary's eloquent harangue on the advantages to be derived from the Archer connexion, which he suddenly cut short by exclaiming, in mournful tones, "And what am I to do when you are gone, Mrs. Orams?" For he perceived, with no small alarm, that the affair was likely to prove of a more serious nature than he had at first imagined.

"Do, sir! Oh, sir, there's plenty to be had in my place."

"Ah, Mrs. Orams! for the last twenty years I have depended solely upon you for all my little comforts"—

"La, sir, surely 'tis not more than ten?"

"Twenty, Mrs. Orams. Twenty long years you have been the mistress of this house. What can you desire more? Nothing has been withheld from you. Your salary is ample; but if you think it less than your services merit, I will make an addition of ten pounds per annum. I will do anything,—make any sacrifice, however painful to my feelings, rather than part with you." Mrs. Orams leaned her head upon her hand, and affected an air of deep commiseration. "I see the idea of leaving me distresses you, Mary."

"True, sir," whined forth Mrs. Orams; "but I cannot lose such an excellent opportunity of bettering my condition."

"But who will cook for me?" said the doctor, in a tone of despair.

"Money will procure good cooks."

"And nurse me when I have the gout?"

"Money will buy attendance."

"It is but a joke," cried the old bachelor, brightening up. "The thing is impossible. You cannot have the heart to leave me."

"Bless me, Dr. Beaufort," said Mary, bustling from her seat; "I am tired of leading a lonely life. Mr. Archer has offered me a comfortable home, and as I see no prospect of a better, to-morrow, if you please, we will settle our accounts." She sailed out of the room, and the old man sunk back in his easy chair, and fell into a profound reverie.

For twenty years Mrs. Orams had humoured the doctor, and treated him as a spoiled child, attended to all his whims, and pampered his appetite in the hope of inducing him to repay her disinterested services by making her his wife. But if Mrs. Orams was ambitious, the parson was proud; he saw through her little manœuvres, and secretly laughed at them. The idea of making such a woman as Mary Orams his wife was too ridiculous; and not wholly dead to natural affection, the indolent divine looked upon his widowed sister, her son, and pretty, unpretending daughters, as his future heirs. But what weak mind can long struggle against the force of habit! Mrs. Orams, step by step, insinuated herself into her master's favour, and made herself so subservient to his comforts, that he felt wretched without her. Year after year she had threatened to leave him, in the expectation of drawing

him into making her an offer of his hand. Matrimony was the parson's aversion, and year after year he increased her salary, to induce her to continue in his service. This only stimulated her avarice to enlarge its sphere of action. He was rich, and old, and infirm, and why might she not as well enjoy the whole of his property as a part; and she lost no opportunity of weakening the hold which the distressed Harfords had upon his heart. She hated them, for they were his natural heirs; were pretty and genteel, and young, and disdained to flatter her, in order to secure their uncle's property. The return of Lieutenant Harford frightened her. He was, in spite of all her lies and mischief-making, a great favourite with his uncle. The frequency of his visits might in time diminish her power, and render her company less indispensable. Mary was resolved to make one last desperate effort on the heart of her obdurate master, and in case of a failure abandon his house and services for ever.

Two hours had elapsed since she quitted the room, but the doctor remained in the same attitude. His head thrown back, and his hands tightly folded over his portly stomach. At length, with a desperate effort, he put forth his hand, and rung the bell. The footman answered the summons.

"Any thing wanted, sir?"

"John send up Mrs. Orams."

A few minutes elapsed, the doctor thought them hours, the handle of the door slowly turned, and the comely person of Mrs. Orams projected itself into the room, her countenance flushed a fiery red by leaning over the kitchen fire.

"Dinner will be ready, sir, in half an hour. If I leave the kitchen just now that careless Irish hussy, Sally, will be sure to burn the meat."

"Let it burn," said the doctor, with an air of ludicrous solemnity. "I have no appetite just now."

"La, sir, I hope your reverence is not ill?"

"Not ill, Mrs. Orams, but only a little *queerish*. Sit down, I have something to say to you." Mrs. Orams took a seat. The doctor drew close up to her, and, screwing his courage to the pinch, said, in a hurried voice, "You leave me to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wish to be married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any objection to marry me?"

"Oh, la, sir, not in the least," replied Mrs. Orams, courtesying to the very ground.

"Then I will marry you myself, Mary; for, to tell the plain truth, I cannot live without you. Now go, and send up the dinner."

Mrs. Orams courtesied still lower, and with eyes sparkling with triumph left the room, in obedience to her future lord's commands, without uttering a single word. Avarice, revenge, and pride were alike gratified.

The sequel is curious. After Mary Orams had attained the long-coveted dignity of Mrs. Dr. Beaufort, she attended less to the doctor's gustativeness, and more to her own; she ate more, and cooked less; the consequence was, that fat and indolence increased so rapidly, that before Don Pedro entered Lisbon the newly promoted Mrs. Dr. Beaufort expired one morning of obesity, in her easy chair, leaving the distressed doctor a widower in the first year of his nuptials. He has lately followed his spouse to the tomb, and, after all, the poor Harfords not only came in for all their

uncle's property, but for his wife's savings, a destination certainly little anticipated by herself or any of the young branches of the family.

From the Monthly Repository.

THE OPIUM-TRANCE;

OR, DANTESCUE CARTOONS.

THE war-whoop died away, and the groans of the dying grew fainter and fainter; and the whirl and singing in my brain gave way to a calm, smooth as the rippleless face of a summer lake. My wounds—from which pain had passed as a forgotten tale—now tingled with faint pleasure-throes; and a leaden lethargy, a dreamy, oblivious, and delicious torpor was creeping softly as the breathing of an infant, or the spreading of snowfall over soul and body. And it seemed as if my heart had well-nigh throbbled its last throb, and my pulse completed its allotted pulsations, when an icy hand fell with a sudden shock upon my heart! I had just strength to utter a faint shriek—"Who are ye! what want ye!" A cold whisper trickled through my ear—"Fear not! I am the soother of life's pains, life's sorrows; I am *DEATH the Comforter*!" A swimming in the brain, a gathering and creeping of the blood from the extremities to the centre now followed, as if those regions had grown too cold for its fleet transports. And, as from my lips broke one lingering, delicious murmur of the soft swoon, a joyous gush of sunshine fell on the path that lay before me—a path which mortal foot had never trodden—of bright and burning gold, margined on either side by a beautiful and ample sweep of rich, deep, emerald sward; a very foretaste of Paradise. The air was reeking with the delicious aroma that rose from shrubs and flowers fringing the way-side; and the ear was lulled by the bubble of the many springs that leaped up at every footstep, and, now lost to eye and ear, wandered, like fairy music, on their silvery eccentric way. And it seemed as if the rush and spring-time of youth had come again; there was a nerve and vitality in every pore; my ear was attuned to the nicest shades of harmony, and my soul trembled into emotion at touch, sound, colour.

Night came; and I was in the midst of a mighty forest; and a solitary star shone over head. The black boughs of the colossal sycamore, and the cypress and cedar, interlaced and tangled, made a dark cathedral-like avenue of many leagues, and the gloomy splendour of their shades, shutting out the light of that solitary star, filled my soul with ineffable and trembling awe. So appalling was the stillness of these shades, that my footsteps on the fallen leaves were like the marching of an army; so painful and startling the silence that, as I paused for a moment, I could hear the breathing of the grasshoppers;—ay, the very thoughts travelling in my brain were audible. It was a silence as of earth, yet not of earth, but the hushed calm of an eternal gloom.

Darker and darker grew the path, and more than once I felt my heart die within me, and my limbs fail; but an imperious power, an overwhelming and inexplicable impulse, a vague and undefined suspense, as of a mighty something unfulfilled, together with the whisper within—"On! and accomplish!" upheld me, and I continued my way.

A weary time was it, I ween. At length I emerged from this "valley of the shadow of death" forest, and

the clear sky shone overhead. But my way was not the less fearful and dreary. Sometimes a break of landscapes of a gorgeous and dreamy splendour would fill me with hope for a short space; but again came many, many leagues so utterly bleak and desolate, that to gaze on might sadden the heart of a seraph. I felt my spirit wither and fade, and sat me down on a rock on the borders of a lake—the *Lake Desolate*—and listened to the dirge-music of the far-coming, many-toned, many-tempered wind, sweeping and creeping over and among the long dark grass and quivering reeds, and sobbing with its agony-music, like a lost spirit in a Wilderness of Tombs. It was ever varying and changing with pause and swell; now in long, dreamy and protracted murmur, moving the listener to sorrow like the plaintive and withering sighs from a spirit-world; now with quick sudden gush of clarion-blast, mingled with a shock of choral voices, and its accompaniment of crashing instruments; and then again, falling and dying away in solemn and touching moan, reminding memory of mingled things—the murmur of a receding sea—the music of a thousand harps—the peal of many bells, till finally the enraptured ear, with all its earnest, anxious leaning, catches but the faintest sounds, as of the silvery singing whisper of voices from fairy-land!

I had arisen from my seat on the margin of the lake, and had made some ascent on a winding track in the colossal sweep of rocky mountains bordering the north side, and was now threading a dizzy and narrow path that wound around rock and mountain, all danger and desolation; where nor leaf nor grass shot up to refresh the eye or gladden the soul; and where the dreary and sterile rocks piled to the clouds, rising on either side with an air of horrible and sublime defiance, struck to my inmost soul with a sense of utter desolation. Below, ten thousand feet below, spread a lake of unknown depth, and dark as midnight; and as at almost every step fell a fragment of the loose and crumbling rock, it sent up a low, wailing, plashing tone, that made my brain to reel, and my blood to creep. And though, at every step I took, I felt my courage die within me, and a cold spasmodic tremor came over my limbs, and the sweat-drops stood on my brow as big as beads; and though my eyes ached dizzily at gazing down the bottomless void, while suddenly would rush upon me the horrible impulse to plunge headlong into the abyss, yet still I held on, strengthened by the whisper within, and continued my way as if under the guidance of an unseen Power, unalarmed, unhurt.

It was the dawn of the ninth sunrise, and day was just breaking from its short slumber; and the black clouds, which had lain like huge moveless mountains, were dividing and breaking away, like a flock of desert-birds scared by the marauder. A piping, singing, south-west wind, bearing on his bosom odours like the gums of Araby, was blowing freshly, and played grateful as the dews of heaven on my flushed cheeks and brow. The sun had arisen; that orb of glory, of a blood-red hue, had lain upon those cloud-masses like a ruby on an Ethiop's brow, and was now bursting into meridian splendour, when I looked upon the most enchanting scene that ever upon rapt vision broke on this side Paradise, or perchance within its very bowers.

It seemed as if I were at the centre of a radii of colonnades, arched and coloured as rainbows, and supported by columns of crystal and gold, and stretching

out unto the Day of Doom; to gaze on which any eye but a spirit's would recoil o'ertasked, and fall back upon itself withered, pain-stricken, and lost. From the focus of the radii fell ample and undulating slopes, overspread with a mantle of the richest verdure; at the foot of each slope lay a vast and beautiful lake, many leagues in circumference, whose waters were of a deep, silvery, pellucid green; in the midst of which arose fair islands of eternal flowers, of celestial roseate and carnation blooms; whose aroma ascended to heaven, and filled the air around with everlasting incense, giving to soul and sense intense and ravishing delight. Here all that is impressive in nature and wondrous in art prevailed; it was a realization such as the most exalted and brilliant mind, revelling in all the felicities of a rich and poetic imagination, conveying the grandeur of nature through the medium of art, could alone accomplish.

I wandered in dreamy wonder and delight among these solitary abodes, and these beautiful lakes, and these eternal flowers; and it seemed as if I were suddenly gifted with the power of song, and involuntarily gushed from me a torrent of richest sound, which, dying presently away, left me in a state of delicious and dreamy lassitude; and sinking on the velvet sward, my eyes wandered in voluptuous trance over the waters at my feet, in whose lucid depths, unbroken by a breath or ripple, the azure sky reflected lay true as in a mirror. A billowy sweep of seagreen and golden foliage (broken only by masses of shadow, or an occasional cedar rising up and stretching out its black-green banner-like branches) sloped gradually from the horizon, like an amphitheatre, on every side, to the water's edge; where the banks were overhung with the scarlet weeping-ash, and the sweet and mournful willow. The margin of the lake was fringed with the delicate and slender flag and tassel-grass; the one rearing erect its stately head, the other arching and drooping, as pondering on its graceful beauty in the water, where (as emblematical of the material and spiritual) they lay reflected together with the white and yellow lotus, like gold and silver chalices, quiet and motionless as in rock crystal plane. A solitary heron, poised on his slender prong, was basking under the shade of the overhanging willows; and no sound of living thing disturbed the perfect Solitude. I lay a long, long time on these enchanting banks, and my soul had become endued and imbued with the spirit of the place. It might have been the abode of the genius of Grace and Sadness; every object was touched with the sweetest sorrow, all around wore an air of profound melancholy; and I lay in that state of deep and dreamy tenderness which comes after the passionate floodings of strong grief. I lay gazing on the tranquil water-mirror with eyelids slumberful, when suddenly its crystal surface was broken by a snow-white bird, whose track upon the water touched the heart as would a flaw in the pure mirror of some high-gifted talisman. I could have wept to see thus marred a thing so beautiful. The bird alighted on the banks, shedding music from its wings, and, circling overhead a moment, dropped upon the ivory shoulder of a daughter of Paradise.

She stood before me in unveiled and pristine loveliness; a torrent of ravishing black hair, deep as Indian dye, broke over her neck and shoulders with the profusion of a flood, and playing around her uncinctured zone, murmured downward to her feet, unsan-

dalled, save by those delicate azure veins which upon her ankles shone clear as pure sapphire on Parian. The fragrance of her parted lips was richer than myrrh or frankincense, sweeter than the breath of roses after a summer shower! And her eyes beamed upon me with the lambent lustre of twin morning stars. Then, in a voice whose tone was music and silver, sweet as liquid dropping in a dream, she said:—"Oh, beloved spirit! I have sought thee long and late, and have at length found thee—Oh, my soul's joy! what happiness is mine! I thought my heart had died of its own wealth of love, but thou hast stirred its depths again!—Let me tell thee of my short sad history.—I was born of a globule of naphtha, blown by a sea-sprite in a frolic, who—when the creature of that generative mirth blushed forth in the purple light and rosy flush of life, its hair flowing round its polished limbs redolent of grace and beauty—stood all amaze at the unlooked-for presence; then, in the delirium of his joy, dashed headlong down unfathomed void, and never again upon the sea-foam rose. Then did a blight fall over the beings that peopled these magnificent abodes, and they died away one by one, until I was left alone,—alone! Oh, that the measureless love of my heart should have been lavished on this little bird! Yet I have found thee, and all pain is departed, and sorrow hath flown. Look on me; centuries of summers have not touched the perennial bloom of this cheek, or faded the rich die of my crimson lip.—Sweet! we will dwell together evermore! Thou wilt not leave me—I know thou wilt not; if I could think it, I should droop, and fade, and die!"

Never came healing to the worn wanderer on the wings of sleep, with such welcome as did these words to my enraptured ears. My soul yearned to her; and forgetting, in that ravishing and thrilling hour, the whisper within, and, whilst the delirium was tempered with a hallowed glow, as of the presence of a thing divine, I locked her gently in my embrace, and murmured in her ear, in a tone of ineffable tenderness:—"Beautiful Spirit! I am thine, thine! for ever thine!"

Suddenly the face of all things changed. A loud and piercing peal of laughter broke upon the air and shivered into infinite vibrations; and I stood upon a rotten plank over a fathomless abyss! The *Tempter*, undisguised, stood a few paces from me on the same rotten plank! "Thou hast sworn to be mine, and wilt abide by thine oath?"—"Never! I recant, abhorrent betrayer! I am not thine!" He smiled a sardonic smile, and said, "Behold, there is but this plank betwixt thee and eternity!—swear me fealty, or it snaps, and down the bottomless pit thou descendest!"—"Never!" I cried, while the blood crept from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot.

Instantly it snapt; and I fell with terrific velocity, whirling round and round with deadly and sickening speed; and my sight swam from me as on a rapid river; and my blood boiled, and my brain spun like a whirlpool, and the sweat rolled from me like rain. Presently the gyrations and rotatory motion ceased, and I was propelled headlong with incredible speed; swifter than ball from cannon's mouth; increasing in ratio with time and distance, and tripling every second. Fierce heat kept pace with speed, until my blood became as molten fire, and dissolving away into the elements from whence I came, I again electrically condensed.

But my organization was now so exquisite and com-

plete in all its parts and appointments, that the most subtle, refined, and sensitive of earth's sons were dull and lethargic to that vitality, as it were a sublimation of the five senses at every pore. And thus was my agony made terrifically acute, for I sped headlong through the vortex-like amphitheatres of doomed souls and demons! And they shot forth clouds of poisoned barbs upon me as I passed; and every shower brought the death-throes, the death-swoon, the resuscitation!

It seemed many thousand years since that plank had snapped; and onward I still sped headlong, seemingly for ever, for ever! Between each Vortex of the Doomed there was but a few minutes respite, and then again came the death-throes!—the death-swoon!—the resuscitation!—with the cry from above—"Room, room! make clear the way; room for the damned!"—and the response from below—"On! on! there is way enough!"—with the sudden cataract-like shock of voices, laughing in chorus—laughs of thunder, with the multiplied echoes throughout the limitless vaults of Space! I had now reached the *Universal Centre*; and the *Tempter* again stood beside me, and said:—"Dost thou yield?"—"Never," I cried, "through eternity!" At this moment I descried a weapon suspended in the air, flashing like elemental diamond, and on its blade the burning syllables "*Accomplish!*"—Breathing a short quick prayer—"God of veiled-mysteries nerve my spirit to this great deed!"—my arm was lifted:—"If it be possible, die! Soul-destroyer!" and the blade sped to his heart's core. A wild demoniac death-yell, and my own ungovernable and triumphant shout of joy, hurled back and dispersed the mighty shadows of the hour.

CHIARO 'SCURO.

From the Metropolitan.

SNARLEYTOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken finds great cause of vexation and satisfaction.

Is the meanwhile Mr. Vanslyperken was anything but comfortable in his mind. That Corporal Van Spitter should assert that he saw the devil at his shoulder, was a matter of no small annoyance any way; for either the devil was at his shoulder or he was not. If he was, why then it was evident that in consequence of his having attempted murder, and having betrayed his country for money, the devil considered him as his own, and this Mr. Vanslyperken did not approve of; for, like many others in this world, he wished to commit every crime, and go to heaven after all. Mr. Vanslyperken was superstitious and cowardly, and he did believe that such a thing was possible; and when he canvassed it in his mind, he trembled, and looked over his shoulder.

But Corporal Van Spitter might have asserted it only to frighten him. It was possible—but here again was a difficulty: the corporal had been his faithful confidant for so long a while, and to suppose this, would be to suppose that the corporal was a traitor to him, and that, upon no grounds which Vanslyperken could conjecture, he had turned false: this was impossible—Mr. Vanslyperken would not credit it; so there he stuck, like a man between the horns of a dilemma, not knowing what to do; for Mr. Vanslyperken resolved, had the devil really been there, to have repented immediately, and have led a new life; but if the devil had not been there, Mr. Vanslyperken did not perceive any cause for such an immediate hurry.

At last, an idea presented itself to Mr. Vanslyperken's mind, which afforded him great comfort, which was, that the corporal had suffered so much from his boat adventures—for the corporal had made the most of his sufferings—that he was a little affected in his mind, and had thought that he had seen something. "It must have been so," said Mr. Vanslyperken, who fortified the idea with a glass of scheedam, and then went to bed.

Now, it so happened, that at the very time that Mr. Vanslyperken was arguing all this in his brain, Corporal Van Spitter was also cogitating how he should get out of his scrape; for the corporal, although not very bright, had much of the cunning of little minds, and he felt the necessity of lulling the suspicions of the lieutenant. To conceal his astonishment and fear at the appearance of the dog, he had labelled Mr. Vanslyperken, who would not easily forgive, and it was the corporal's interest to continue on the best terms with, and enjoy the confidence of his superior. How was this to be got over? It took the whole of the first watch, and two-thirds of the middle, before the corporal, who lay in his hammock, could hit upon any plan. At last he thought he had succeeded. At daybreak, Corporal Van Spitter entered the cabin of Mr. Vanslyperken, who very coolly desired him to tell Short to get all ready for weighing at six o'clock.

"If you please, Mynheer Vanslyperken, you think me mad last night 'cause I see de tyfel at your shoulder. Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see him twice again this night on lower deck. Mein Gott! Mynheer Vanslyperken, I say twice."

"Saw him again twice?" replied the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see twice again—I see him very often since I drift in de boat. First, I see him when in de boat—since that I see him one time, two times, in de night."

"It's just as I thought," said Mr. Vanslyperken, "he has never got over his alarm of that night.—Very well, Corporal Van Spitter, it's of no consequence. I was very angry with you last night, because I thought you were taking great liberties; but I see now how it is, you must keep yourself quiet, and as soon as we arrive at Portsmouth, you had better lose a little blood."

"How much, Mynheer Vanslyperken, do you wish I should lose?" replied the corporal, with his military salute.

"About eight ounces, corporal."

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, turning on his pivot, and marching out of the cabin.

This was a peculiarly satisfactory interview to both parties. Mr. Vanslyperken was overjoyed at the corporal's explanation, and the corporal was equally delighted at having so easily gulled his superior.

The cutter weighed that morning, and sailed for Portsmouth. We shall pass over the passage without any further remarks than that the corporal was reinstated into Mr. Vanslyperken's good graces—that he appeared as usual to be harsh with the ship's company, and to oppress Smallbones more than ever; but this was at the particular request of the lad, who played his own part to admiration—that Mr. Vanslyperken again brought up the question of flogging Jimmy Ducks, but was prevented by the corporal's expressing his fears of a mutiny—and had also some secret conference with the corporal as to his desire of vengeance upon Smallbones, to which Van Spitter gave a ready ear, and appeared to be equally willing with the lieutenant to bring it about. Things were in this state when the cutter arrived at Portsmouth, and, as usual, ran into the harbour. It may be supposed that Mr. Vanslyperken was in all haste to go on shore to pay his visit to his charming widow, but still there was one thing to be done first, which was to report himself to the admiral.

On his arrival at the admiral's, much to his dissatisfaction, he was informed that he must hold himself ready for sailing immediately, as despatches for the Hague were ex-

pected down on the next morning. This would give but a short time to pay his addresses, and he therefore made all haste to the widow's presence, and was most graciously received. She almost flew into his arms, upbraided him for being so long away, for not having written to her, and showed such marks of strong attachment, that Vanslyperken was in ecstasies. When he told her that he expected to sail again immediately, she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and appeared, to Vanslyperken at least, to shed a few bitter tears. As soon as she was a little more composed, Vanslyperken produced the packet with which he was entrusted, which she opened, and took out two letters, one for herself, and the other addressed to a certain person in a house in another street.

"This," said the widow, "you must deliver yourself—it is of consequence. I would deliver it, but if I do, I shall not be able to look after my little arrangements for dinner, for you dine with me of course. Besides, you must be acquainted with this person one time or another, as it will be for our advantage."

"Our advantage?" how delightful to Mr. Vanslyperken was that word! He jumped up immediately, and took his hat to execute the commission, the injunction of the widow to be soon back hastening his departure. Vanslyperken soon arrived at the door, knocked, and was admitted.

"Vat vash you vant, sare?" said a venerable looking old Jew, who opened the door to him.

"Is your name Lazarus?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Dat vash my name."

"I have a letter for you."

"A letter for me!—and from vare?"

"Amsterdam."

"Shee! silence," said the Jew, leading the way into a small room, and shutting the door.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, which the Jew did not open, but laid on the table. "It was from my worthy friend in Billen Shaeten. He ist vell?"

"Quite well," replied Vanslyperken.

"Ven do you sail again, Mynheer?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Dat is good. I have the letters all ready, dey come down yesterday—vil you wait and take them now?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who anticipated another rouleau of gold on his arrival at Amsterdam.

"An den I will give you your monish at de same time."

More money, thought Vanslyperken, who replied then, "With all my heart," and took a chair.

The Jew left the room, and soon returned with a small yellow bag, which he put into Vanslyperken's hand, and a large packet carefully sealed. "Dis vas of de hutmost importance," said the old man, giving him the packet.

"You will find your monish all right, and now vas please put your name here, for I vas responsible for all de account;" and the Jew laid down a receipt for Vanslyperken to sign. Vanslyperken read it over. It was an acknowledgment for the sum of fifty guineas, but not specifying for what service. He did not much like to sign it, but how could he refuse? Besides, as the Jew said, it was only to prove that the money was paid; nevertheless he objected.

"Vy vill you not sign? I must not lose my monish, and I shall lose it if you do not sign. Vat you fear—you not fear that we peach; ven peoples pay so high, they not pay for noting. We all sail hang togeder if de affair be found."

Hang together! thought Vanslyperken, whose fears were roused, and he turned pale.

"You are vell paid for your shervices—you vas vell paid at doder side of de vater, and you are now von of us. You cannot go back, or your life vill be forfeit, I can assure you—you vill sign if you please—and you vill not leave dis house, until you do sign," continued the Jew. "You vill not take our monish and den give de informa-

tion, and hang us all. You will sign, if you please, sare."

There was a steadiness of countenance and a firmness in the tone of the old man, which told Vanslyperken that he was not to be trifled with, and assured him that he must have help at hand if requisite. If left to himself, the Jew would have been easily mastered by the lieutenant, but that such was not to be the case, was soon proved, by the old man ringing a small silver bell on the table, and shortly afterwards there was a rustling and noise, as if of several persons, heard in the passage. Vanslyperken now perceived that he was entrapped, and he also felt that it was too late to retreat. Actuated by his fear of violence on the one hand, and his love of gold on the other, he consented to sign the voucher required. As soon as this was done, the old Jew was all civility. He took the paper, and locked it up in a large cabinet, and then he observed,

"It is for our own shafty, sare lieutenant, dat we are obliged to do dis. You have nothing to fear—we are too much in want of good friends like you, to lose them, but we must be safe and sure; now you are von of us—you cannot tell but we can tell too—we profit togeder, and I will hope dat we do run no risque to be hang togeder. Fader Abraham! we must not think of that, but of de good cause, and of de monish. I am a Jew, and I care not whether de Papist or de Protestant have de best of it—but I call it all de good cause, because every cause is good which brings de monish."

So thought Vanslyperken, who was in heart a Jew.

"And now, sare, you will please to take great care of de packet, and deliver it to our friend at Amsterdam, and you vill of course come to me ven you return here."

Vanslyperken took his leave, with the packet in his pocket, not very well pleased; but as he put the packet in, he felt the yellow bag, and that to a certain degree consoled him. The old Jew escorted him to the door, with his little keen gray eyes fixed upon him, and Vanslyperken quailed before it, and was glad when he was once more in the street. He hastened back to the widow's house, full of thought—he certainly had never intended to have so committed himself as he had done, or to have positively enrolled himself among the partisans of the exiled king; but the money had entrapped him—he had twice taken their wages, and he had now been obliged to give them security for his fidelity, by enabling them to prove his guilt whenever they pleased. All this made Mr. Vanslyperken rather melancholy—but his meditations were put an end to by his arrival in the presence of the charming widow. She asked him what had passed, and he narrated it, but with a little variation, for he would not tell that he had signed through a fear of violence, but at the same time he observed, that he did not much like signing a receipt.

"But that is necessary," replied she; "and besides, why not? I know you are on our side, and you will prove most valuable to us. Indeed, I believe it was your readiness to meet my wishes that made me so fond of you, for I am devotedly attached to the rightful king, and I never would marry any man who would not risk life and soul for him, as you have done now."

The expression "life and soul," made Vanslyperken shudder, and his flesh crept all over his body.

"Besides," continued the widow, "it will be no small help to us, for the remuneration is very great."

"To us!" thought Vanslyperken, who now thought it right to press his suit. He was listened to attentively, and at last he proposed an early day for the union. The widow blushed and turned her head away, and at last replied, with a sweet smile, "Well, Mr. Vanslyperken, I will neither tease you or myself—when you come back from your next trip, I consent to be yours."

What was Vanslyperken's delight and exultation! He threw himself on his knees, promised, and vowed, and thanked, kissed hands, and was in such ecstasies! He

could hardly imagine that his good fortune was real. A beautiful widow, with a handsome fortune—how could he ever have thought of throwing himself away upon such a bunch of deformity as the Frau Vandersloosh! Poor Mr. Vanslyperken! Dinner put an end to his protestations. He fared sumptuously, and drank freely, to please the widow. He drank death to the usurper, and restoration to the King James. What a delightful evening! The widow was so amiable, so gentle, so yielding, so, so, so—what with wine and love, and fifty guineas in his pocket, Mr. Vanslyperken was so overcome with his feelings, that at last he felt but so so. After a hundred times returning to kiss her dear, dear hand, and at last sealing the contract on her lips, Mr. Vanslyperken departed, full of wine and hope—two very good things to lay in a stock of.

But there was something doing on board during Mr. Vanslyperken's absence. Notwithstanding Mr. Vanslyperken having ordered Moggy out of the cutter, she had taken the opportunity of his being away to go on board to her dear darling Jemmy. Dick Short did not prevent her coming on board, and he was commanding officer, so Moggy once more had her husband in her arms; but the fond pair soon retired to a quiet corner, where they had a long and serious conversation, so long and so important, it would appear, that they did not break off until Mr. Vanslyperken came on board, just before dark. His quick eye soon perceived that there was a petticoat at the taffrail, where they had retired that they might not be overheard, and he angrily inquired who it was. His wrath was not appeased when he heard that it was Salisbury's wife, and he ordered her immediately to be put on shore, and sent for Corporal Van Spitter in his cabin, to know why she was on board. The corporal replied, "That Mr. Short had let her in; that he had wished to speak on the subject, but that Mr. Short would not speak," and then entertained his superior with a long account of mutinous expressions on the lower deck, and threats of doing him (Mr. Vanslyperken) a mischief. This conversation was interrupted by a messenger coming on board with the despatches, and an order to sail at daylight, and return immediately, without waiting for any answers.

The reader may wish to know the subject of the long conversation between Jemmy Ducks and his wife. It involved the following question. Moggy had become very useful to Nancy Corbett, and Nancy, whose services were required at the cave, and could not well be dispensed with, had long been anxious to find some one, who, with the same general knowledge of parties, and the same discrimination, could be employed in her stead. In Moggy she had found the person required, but Moggy would not consent without her husband was of the same party, and here lay the difficulty. Nancy had had a reply, which was satisfactory, from Sir Robert Barclay, so far as this. He required one or two more men, but they must be trustworthy, and able to perform the duty in the boats. Jemmy was not very great at pulling, for his arms were too short as well as his legs, but he was a capital steersman. All this had been explained to Nancy, who at last consented to Jemmy being added to the crew of the smuggler, and Moggy had gone off to the cutter to persuade Jemmy to desert, and to join the smugglers.

Now, as for joining the smugglers, Jemmy had not the least objection; he was tired of the cutter, and being separated from his wife had been to him a source of great discontent; but, as Jemmy very truly observed, "If I desert from the vessel, and am ever seen again, I am certain to be known, and taken up, therefore I will not desert, I will wait till I am paid off, unless you can procure my discharge by means of your friends." Such had been the result of the colloquy, when interrupted by the arrival of Vanslyperken, and the case thus stood, when, on the next morning at daylight, the cutter weighed and steered her course for the Texel.

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